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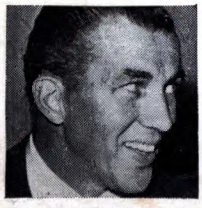

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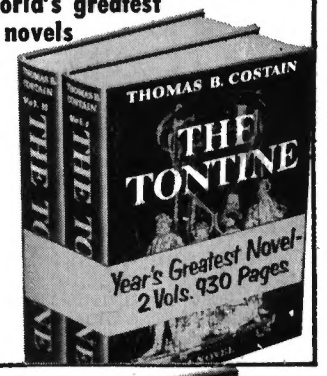

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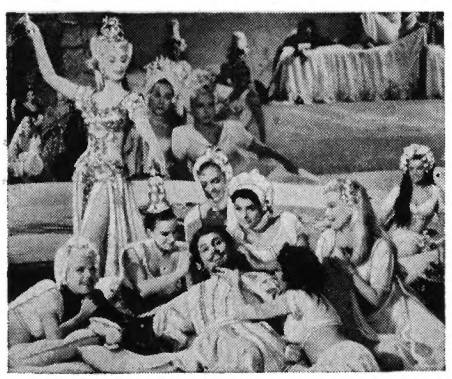
PICTURE of the Month IN CINEMASCOPE

Allah be praised for the perfect musical. M-G-M be praised for "Kismet"!

M-G-M really rolled out and let fly its most magical carpet to welcome Broadway's most sumptuous and exciting extravaganza to the CinemaScope and Color screen. And what a ride's in store for all dreamers of love, devotees of song and dance, epicures of entertainment!

Stars Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Dolores Gray, Vic Damone are some of the many reasons why from here on, "Kismet" will always mean both "Fate" and "Great!"

Keel as handsome, poetic Haaj is irresistible as he sings his vagabond way through romantic adventure amid the storied splendors of a fabled land of mosques, minarets and not-very-veiled maidens. A casting coup brings Ann Blyth, lyrical and lovely, as Marsinah for whom a smitten Caliph turns colorful Bagdad upside down and sunnyside up.



Broadway's gift to Hollywood, Dolores Gray, sinuous in silks, pours out great songs in the racy role of LaLume, No. 1 wife of the wonderful Wazir. As the dashing young Caliph, Vic Damone lifts you to the skies as he sings the beautiful love song "Stranger In Paradise."

All the radiant and romantic excitements have been tastefully wand-waved into being by producer Arthur Freed and director Vincente Minnelli, the Academy-Award team of "An American in Paris."

The magnitude of "Kismet" in color on the big screen is unforgettable. The Pool of Love, the Oasis of Delightful Imaginings, the Harem and its beautiful young girls are just a few of the sights, as songs like "Baubles, Bangles And Beads," "This Is My Beloved" and others caress the ear.

Here is ecstasy of song, spectacle and love. So don't be a stranger to Paradise—that's "Kismet."

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope and Color "KISMET" starring HOWARD KEEL, ANN BLYTH, DOLORES GRAY, VIC DAMONE with Monty Woolley, Sebastian Cabot. Screen play by Charles Lederer and Luther Davis. Adapted from the musical play "Kismet." Book by Charles Lederer and Luther Davis. Founded on "Kismet" by Edward Knoblock. Music and lyrics by Robert Wright and George Forrest. Music adapted from themes of Alexander Borodin. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by Arthur Freed. An M-G-M Picture.

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COVER—*Add One Touch of Venus to Peter Pan and you have Mary Martin, a talented Texan who once, believe it or not, fizzled so many screen tests she was known as "Audition Mary." To impress Hollywood moguls she had to retreat to Broadway, where she outsizzled Sophie Tucker and other pros with "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." A true Texan, she can't pass up a shooting gallery. But she admits being slightly staggered by the NBC estimate that 40,000,000 television hearts now belong absolutely to her. The cover photo by Erwin Blumenfeld.*

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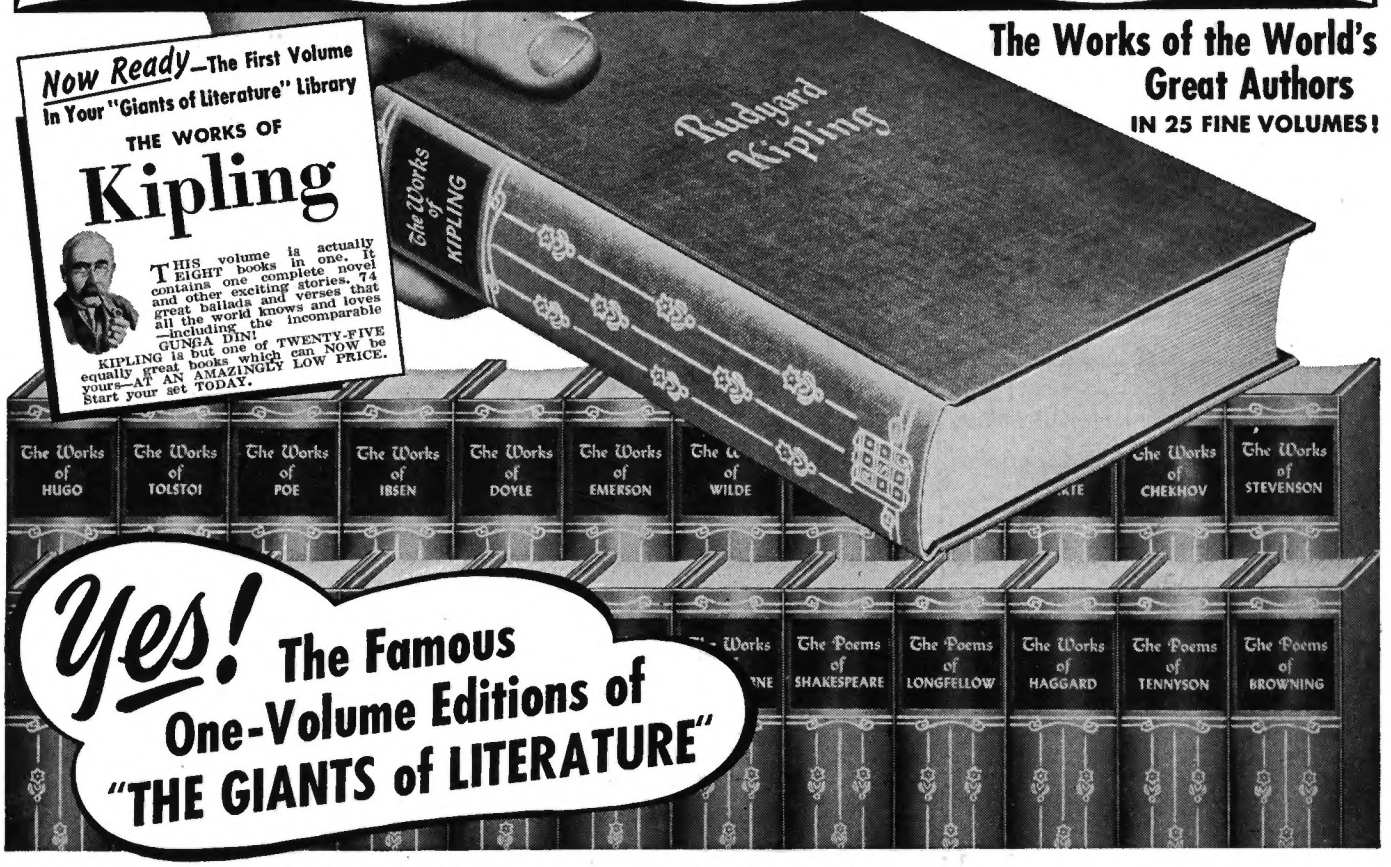

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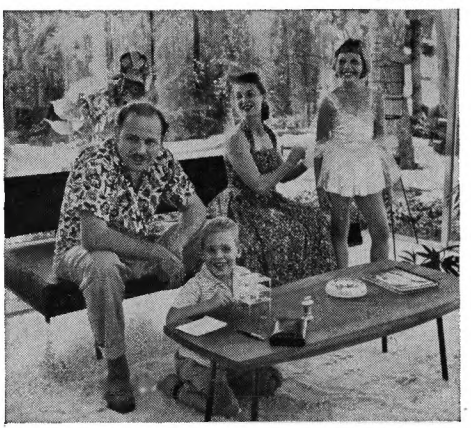
What Goes On At Cosmopolitan

BELGIAN BATHTUBS, FEARLESS WIT, HONEYMOON HUT

When we heard that illustrator Ben Stahl (see page 34) had built a $25,000 house in Sarasota, Florida, and had just forked over the last dollar of the $100,000 it finally cost, we decided to get the facts. After a series of talks with Stahl, we ascertained:

Steinmetz



Ben and family in new abode

That Stahl doesn't know how many rooms his house has ("I can't figure out what's inside the house and what is part of the patios"). That Stahl and his wife have no bathroom ("That is, our bathtub is in our bedroom. It's sunk three feet into the floor, measures five feet by six feet, and is made of black Belgian marble. We have a separate lavatory"). That the two Stahl children, David, 7, and Regina, 10, *do* have a bathroom but don't care much for bathing ("When they do bathe, they just jump into the Gulf of Mexico, in our front yard"). That it's costly to change your mind ("We had to pour one floor three times. This is a warning"). That Stahl's bar, besides having spigots for hot and cold water, has one that dispenses Scotch and one that gives forth rye.

Showered with all this exotic information, we're no nearer to figuring out where to tread warily when building, but we *think* it's around that black Belgian marble deal in the bedroom.

His Heroes Have Nothing on Him

"I write adventures that would frighten me witless if I were asked to share in them," Kem Bennett writes us from England. One of the Bennett adventures is our story, "Full Fathom Five" (page 34), and it's a *girl* who does most of the adventuring. She is an innocent-appearing beauty with a macabre sense of humor. We don't know where Bennett got the model for this girl but our guess would be it was during his seven-year British Army service as gunner, infantry officer, tank officer, and parachutist with Special Forces (the British O.S.S.). It could have been during that time he entered Sweden, disguised by a bowler hat and umbrella, to train a small secret Danish Army. Or that time in May, 1945, when he arrived in Denmark in a fishing boat and zestfully helped liberate Copenhagen, this time in uniform. Or possibly on either of the two occasions he dutifully sneaked into Occupied France. And on second thought, we wonder just what's left to scare Bennett witless.

Success on Two Islands

"There's too much month at the end of the money." That's the way one of our favorite comics describes the kind of plight that kept young couple Ellie and Bert Lang putting off their honeymoon for three years. But the Langs finally made it. They went to Hawaii and for ten days lived in a luxurious thatched hut. The Langs are shown on their belated honeymoon in our picture story beginning on page 90.

Designed by a baroness

For the startling clothes that girls will be wearing on honeymoons early or honeymoons late, turn to page 50 and our article on Baroness Gallotti of Capri, with accompanying pictures. You'll see why the Baroness, ten years ago a penniless weaver whose only loom was a bicycle wheel, now leads the fashion world around by the nose. **—H. LaB.**

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Naughty Noel Coward

THE BEST IN RECORDS BY PAUL AFFELDER

Playwright, singer, wit, actor, dancer and composer, Coward hasn't, as far as we know, tackled nuclear physics yet.

Naughty Noel. "On-the-spot" recordings made during public performances seem to be gaining in popularity. The latest entertainer to be caught in the act is Noel Coward, who did a stint at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas last summer. Always the sophisticate whose polished lyrics often have a naughty gleam, Coward is his old witty self in more than a dozen songs—mostly his own. Though he'd need a ticket along with his voice to get into the Metropolitan, there has never been anyone who could deliver a Coward ditty as well as its composer can. (*Noel Coward at Las Vegas.* Columbia ML 5063. $4.98)

Ragman's Prize. When Paganini gave his first concerts in Paris in 1831, he introduced his Violin Concerto No. 4 in D Minor, which he had written especially for the occasion. Though it was a tremendous success, he never performed it again, and, for some unexplained reason, he guarded the manuscript day and night. After his death the work disappeared until 1936, when two of his descendants sold a bale of old papers to a ragman in Parma. Sorting through his purchase, the junk dealer discovered the score to the missing concerto, and he made a neat profit from its sale to Natale Gallini, an Italian collector of musical curiosities. But the sly Paganini had written the solo part on a separate sheet of paper, and there were more years of searching by Gallini before it was found in the town of Crema. The concerto was given its "second première" in Paris in November, 1954, by Gallini's son Franco and the ***Lamoureux Orchestra,*** with Arthur Grumiaux as soloist. The same artists have made the first recording of the work. It turns out to be a powerful and beautiful score, musically more worth while than the popular Concerto No. 1, which is on the other side of this disk. (Paganini: *Violin Concerti Nos. 1 and 4.* Epic LC 3143. $3.98)

Merman Medley. If there's a song that Ethel Merman can't put over, it probably has never been written. She certainly passes the acid test in a medley of forty songs spanning the period from the Gay Nineties to the Roaring Twenties—from "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-Der-E" to "Give My Regards to Broadway." The brassy Merman soprano is ideally suited to the numbers in this collection, entitled "Memories" and neatly arranged and conducted by Jay Blackton, with ample assists from the ***Old Timers Quartet*** and the Mitchell Boys Choir. The disk-stoppers here are "Frankie and Johnny" and a tricky Merman-Merman duet in "Shine On, Harvest Moon." Prospects for the future are brightened by the announcement that this is the first of a series of musical back-glances by Merman. (*Memories.* Decca DL 9028. $4.95)

LP Stage Show. For this season's national tour, Fred Waring has put together a two-and-a-half-hour, completely musical stage show which he has appropriately named "Hear! Hear!" Enlisting the services of his entire orchestra and glee club in many different solos and combinations, it's an extremely smooth-running affair that covers just about all the ground from Gregorian Chant to Dixieland. Much of the slickness and range of the show are reflected on the disk of "Hear! Hear!" highlights. The scope and variety will appeal not only to those who have seen the stage production but also to other Waring fans. (*Hear! Hear!* Decca DL 9031. $4.98)

Musical Birthday. January twenty-seventh marks the two-hundredth birthday of one of the greatest musical geniuses who ever lived—Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Musical anniversaries are usually the excuse for all sorts of concerts and festivals, but this year the world-wide celebration of Mozart's birthday may outdo anything that has gone before. There will be a heavy accent on Mozart recordings; by the end of the year most of his more than six hundred works will probably be recorded at least once. Meanwhile, here are some outstanding Mozart records which have been released during recent months; any or all of them will enhance your collection.

Concerto No. 15 in B Flat Major for Piano (K. 450)—Solomon, Philharmonia Orchestra (André Cluytens) (RCA Victor)

Concertos No. 2 in D Major for Violin (K. 211) and No. 5 in A Major for Violin (K. 219)—Arthur Grumiaux, Vienna Symphony Orchestra (Bernhard Paumgartner) (Epic)

"Cosi Fan Tutte" (complete opera)—Schwarzkopf, Merriman, Philharmonia Orchestra (Herbert von Karajan) (Angel, 3-12″)

Divertimento in E Flat Major for String Trio (K. 563)—Pasquier Trio (Haydn Society)

"Don Giovanni" (complete opera, with vocal score)—Siepi, Corena, Danco, Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (Josef Krips) (London, 4-12″)

Piano Music—Gieseking (Angel, 11-12″); Kraus (Haydn Society, 7-12″)

Serenade No. 4 in D Major (K. 203)—New Symphony Orchestra (Peter Maag) (London)

Symphonies No. 25 in G Minor (K. 183) and No. 28 in C Major (K. 200)—Columbia Symphony Orchestra (Bruno Walter) (Columbia)

Symphony No. 36 in C Major (K. 425) ("Linz") (complete rehearsal and performance)—Columbia Symphony Orchestra (Bruno Walter) (Columbia, 2-12″)

Savoyard Rarity. After having omitted it from its American repertory for over thirty years, the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company brought that Gilbert and Sullivan rarity, ***"Princess Ida,"*** along for its current tour of this country, introducing a whole new generation of Savoyards to its many delights. London has made amends for its absence by issuing the D'Oyly Carte's authentic recording of the work, sung by substantially the same cast that presented it here. All the great and sacred Savoyard tradition is here, plus some spirited performances and top-quality reproduction. (*Princess Ida.* London Set XLL 1200/1201. 2-12″. $9.96)

THE END

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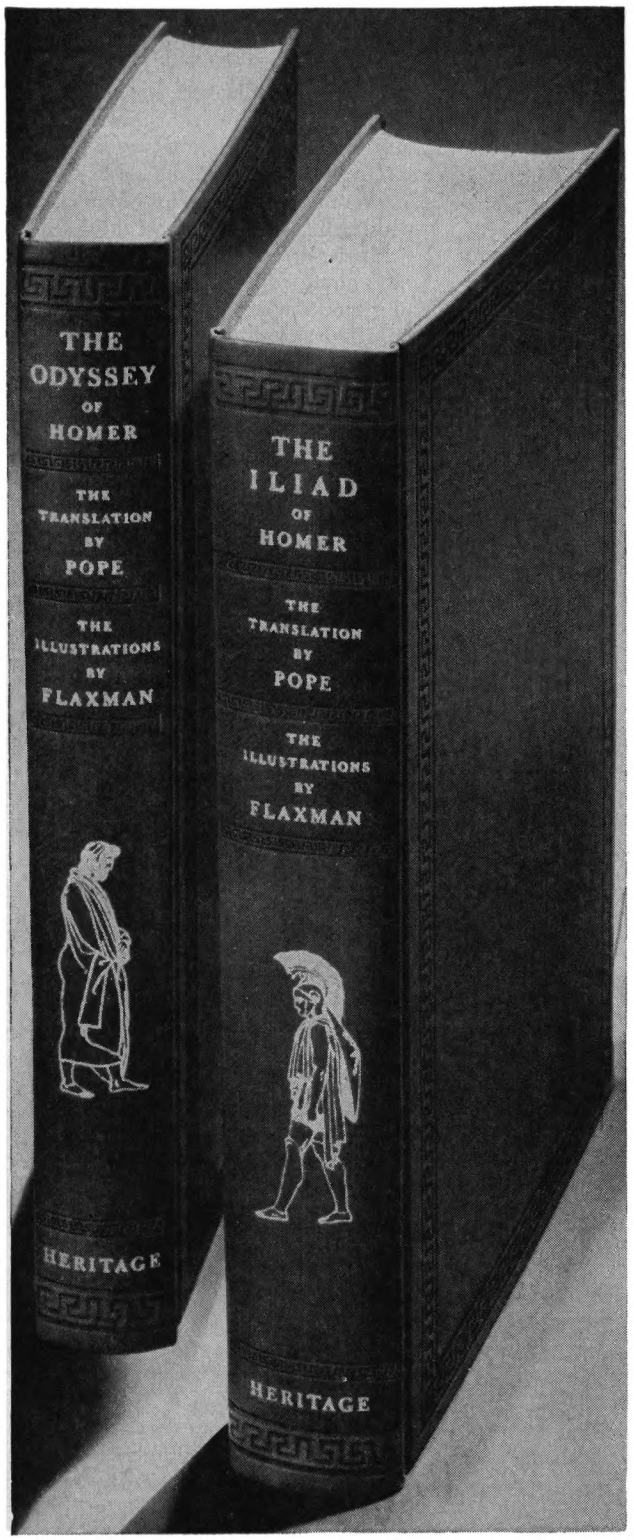

THE STORY of the travels of Ulysses is of course divided into two parts, *The Iliad* forming the first part, *The Odyssey* the second. Together, they have often been called "the first great novel." Pope's translation is one of the great poems of his age. The classical drawings which John Flaxman made in illustration are among the great drawings of the world. Now, in these two volumes, they have been gathered together for the first time!

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These are only a few of the titles.

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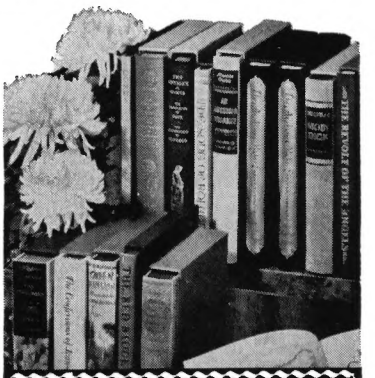

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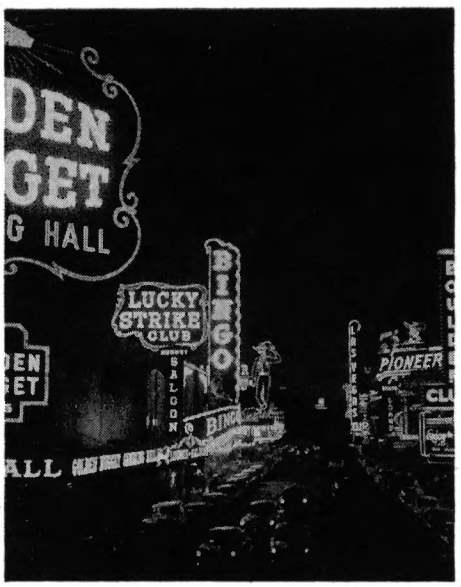


The neons of Fremont Street keep Las Vegas on the aerial map after sunset.

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

Las Vegas, the city that never sleeps, oddly enough lists its chief industry not as "gaming" but as "tourist business." Despite the omnipresent casinos and the one-armed bandits found everywhere, Las Vegas counted its tourist revenue, exclusive of gambling and drinking, at over $71,000,000 in 1954.

The city, with 47,812 inhabitants, has a healthy climate, ample recreational facilities, and a number of attractions for sightseers close by. The sun shines 82 per cent of the time, rainfall is less than four inches per year, and the average temperature is 62 degrees.

While your welcome in the ten big multimillion-dollar luxury hotels on "the strip" may depend upon how much you are ready to risk on the gambling tables, the commercial hotels, motels, guest ranches, trailer parks, and rooming houses are happy to have "just folks"—whether they gamble or not. One motel serves free coffee and toast to guests every day from 7:30 A.M. to noon.

Lake Mead, with a 550-mile shore line, is the largest man-made lake in the world. It provides boating, swimming, water skiing, and fishing.

Hoover Dam, equal in height to a forty-four-story building, is an exciting spot for sightseers who take conducted tours through spotless tiled tunnels and around the tremendous generators, the turbines, and the control room. High-speed elevators carry visitors up and down as in a big city skyscraper.

Mt. Charleston, a thirty-minute drive from Las Vegas, has skiing and tobogganing in winter.

Cupid gets an assist this year, with Mardi Gras and St. Valentine's Day occupying the same spot on the calendar. New Orleans will make it a day of hearts and flowers with spectacular parades and costumed merrymakers dancing in the broad expanse of Canal Street. This year the Mardi Gras cruise of the big river steamer S. S. *Delta Queen* will begin in Cincinnati, Ohio, on February 4. Passengers will spend four days in New Orleans, during which time they will use the ship as their hotel, and return to Cincinnati on February 25. The minimum rate for the twenty-two-day cruise is $325.

Rio's annual seventy-two hours of madness, February 12, 13, and 14, is the culmination of year-long preparations. The Cariocas spend months designing carnival costumes; samba composers pore over music they will enter in competitions; Carnival Clubs design elaborate floats; and artists dream up myriads of fantastic street decorations.

Black magic plays its part in Haiti's Mardi Gras, held on the same dates as the ones in Rio and New Orleans. Haiti's War of Independence furnishes inspiration for many of the carnival costumes. Others are designed to satirize political figures. A medieval army, dressed in bamboo armor, will thunder through the streets of Port-au-Prince, and another group, cracking long whips, will perform mystic sacrificial rites.

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

Sun Valley, Idaho, one of the nation's top winter sports centers, is repeating its popular "Learn to Ski" weeks with an inclusive rate of $92 for bed, meals, and use of all ski facilities. "Learn to Ski" weeks are January 1-7; 8-14; 15-21; 22-28; January 29-February 4; February 5-11; February 26-March 3; March 4-10; 11-17; 18-24; and 25-31.

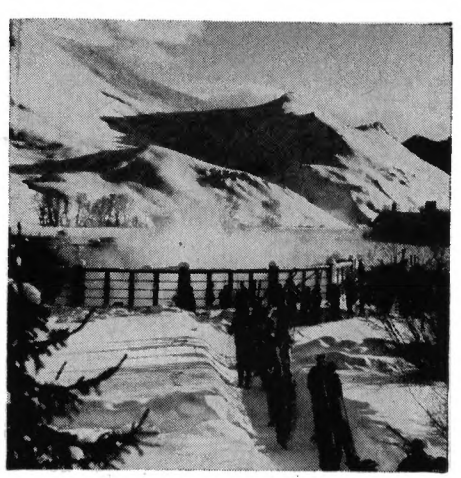
The big snow resort, owned by the Union Pacific Railroad, has some of the finest above-timberline slopes in the country and a virtually guaranteed supply of good powder-snow skiing surface.

Free ski buses carry guests from the chalets to Dollar or Baldy Mountain, where lessons in the ski school, headed by Sigi Engl, are included as well as unlimited use of the various lifts. Ski boots or skis may be rented for about $2 a day, with reduced rates for weekly rentals.

Meals are included in the $92 base rate, along with a berth in a comfortable four-bunk room, but those who prefer to buy their meals separately may sign up for room, lessons, and use of the lifts at a weekly rate of $60.50. Swimming privileges in the outdoor heated pools at Sun Valley are free to "Learn to Ski" guests.

Other extras at Sun Valley are available to all guests at regular rates. Bowling costs 40 cents a game; movies are 90 cents; an evening of dinner and dancing at the Ram will cost about $6. Drinks are 90 cents. Sleigh-ride parties to Trail Creek Cabin for dinner and an evening of games and folk dances cost $3.50 on a chicken dinner night, $5 on a Basque dinner night, and $6 when the big item is an oversized steak. Skiers go for the after-ski hour in the Ram, where beer costs 25 cents and a hot pizza pie 35 cents.

Round-trip rail fare between New York and Sun Valley on the Union Pacific's streamlined, air-conditioned coach trains is $138.22, tax included. The round trip by Pullman, with a lower berth, is $244.81, tax included. THE END



A heated, glass-walled swimming pool draws slope-wearied Sun Valley skiers.

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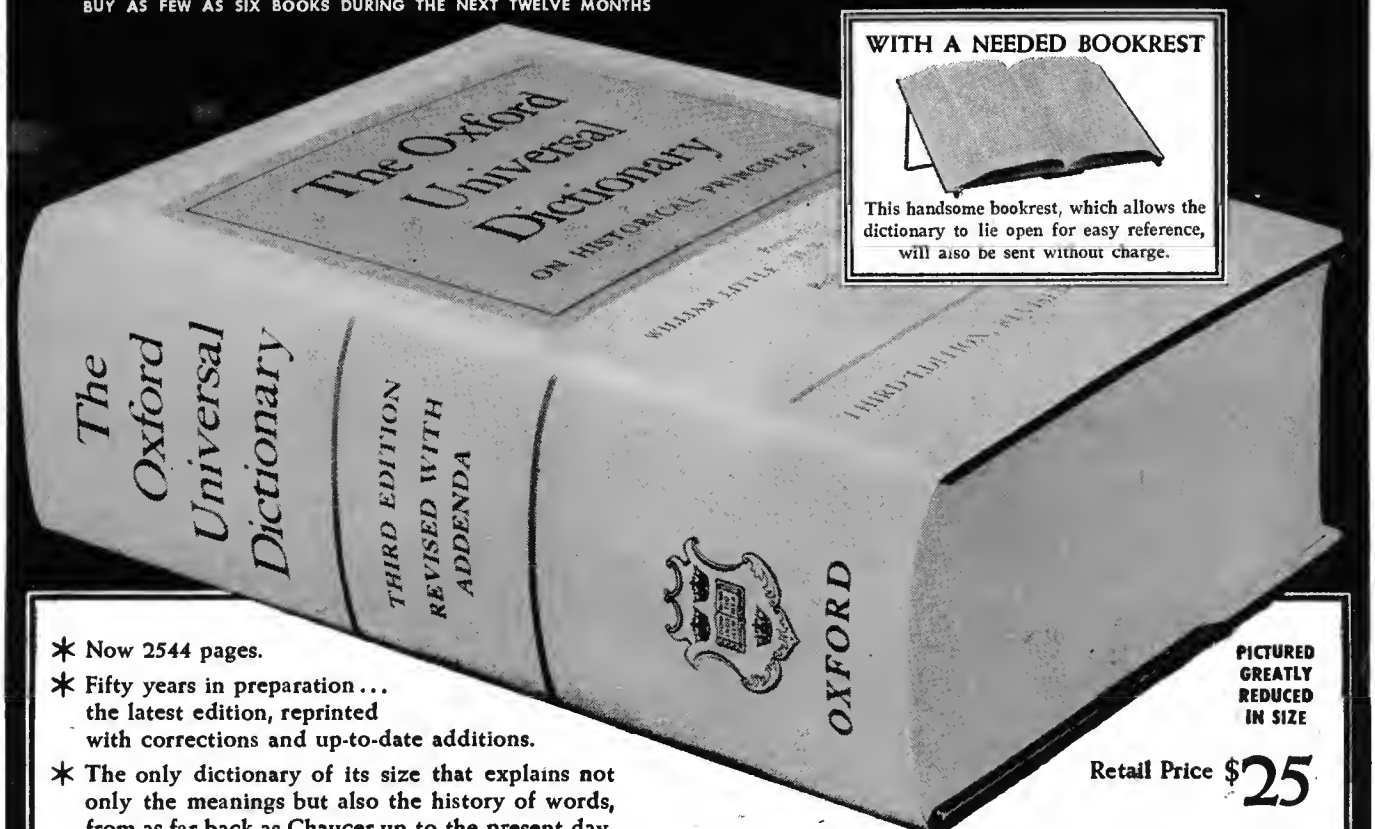

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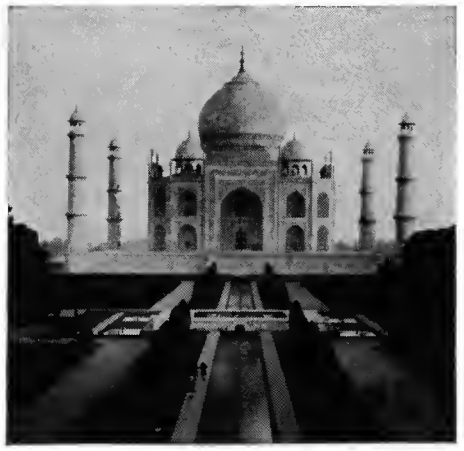
On Top of the World

Facts Picked Up Around the Globe **BY DAVID E. GREEN**



INDIA . . . A new kind of protest has been born. By marching through town without their shirts, ten thousand Indian Government clerks started a "strip-tease" protest to win a minimum weekly wage of $6. Each week the clerks took off another garment and marched again. Women members were exempted.

FAR EAST . . . Experience, says an Eastern proverb, is a comb which Nature gives to men when they are bald.

SWEDEN . . . After thirty-five years Prohibition has come to an end. The only proviso is that shops may not sell wines and spirits at the same counter with beer. This arrangement is intended to lessen the possibility that a beer drinker will be tempted to buy something stronger. Also, all bottles must be displayed horizontally so that their tempting labels won't tempt. Swedish Prohibition was a qualified prohibition. Alcohol was rationed according to the individual's occupation, sex, and position. Swedes naturally drank the permitted maximum when they got the chance and thus their nation became the greatest per capita consumer of spirits in the world.

FRANCE . . . News-slanting is as ancient as newspapers themselves. The classic illustration is a Parisian paper's successive headlines reporting Napoleon's escape from his first exile in Elba.

"The Corsican Monster Has Landed in the Gulf of Juan."
"The Cannibal is Marching Toward Grasse."
"The Usurper Has Entered Grenoble."
"Bonaparte Has Entered Lyons."
"Napoleon Is Marching Toward Fontainebleau."
"His Imperial Majesty Is Expected Tomorrow in Paris."

DENMARK . . . Anti-spinsterhood insurance is here. The policy comes in ten parts. If the insured is unmarried at each stage, a payment is made.

JAPAN . . . Tokyo police are getting tough. The bathing beauties who sit on your lap while you sip coffee in sandwich shops must now cover their thighs. Shop owners say business is terrible.

AUSTRALIA . . . Tasmania has its own version of "The $64,000 Question." First prize in a forthcoming lottery will be a Hobart luxury hotel. Fifty thousand tickets will be sold for £4 ($9) apiece, and the winner will have the choice of taking Hadlay's Orient Hotel, or £140,000 ($315,000).

ENGLAND . . . The first permanent television set has just been installed at the Prime Minister's residence at 10 Downing St. Before this they were hired temporarily. For the Coronation, Churchill borrowed a set from a friend. For the General Elections he rented one. THE END

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TCHAIKOVSKY: Nutcracker Suite
RAVEL: Bolero
MOZART: Symphony No. 40 in G Minor
HAYDN: "Surprise" Symphony No. 94
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Scheherazade
BACH: Brandenburg Concertos
SIBELIUS: Finlandia
BRAHMS: Hungarian Dances
GRIEG: Peer Gynt Suites No. 1 and 2
DEBUSSY: Afternoon of a Faun
STRAUSS, Richard: Tyl Eulenspiegel
MENDELSSOHN: A Midsummer Night's Dream
DVORAK: "New World" Symphony
SMETANA: Bartered Bride Overture
DEBUSSY: La Mer
GRIEG: Piano Concerto
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MUSIC TREASURES OF THE WORLD 100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N.Y.

Law Heads Oldest, Nurse Marrying Patient, Trilby Phoney, and Passion Inherited

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Law heads oldest. Respect for age and experience among their cohorts is greater among lawyers than in any other professional group, reports Professor Harvey C. Lehman (Ohio University). Surveying leading professional organizations, he found the presidents of the American Bar Association have averaged the oldest—sixty-four years old.

Nurse marrying patient. Romantic, perhaps, but it's strictly frowned on among hospital nurses themselves. As

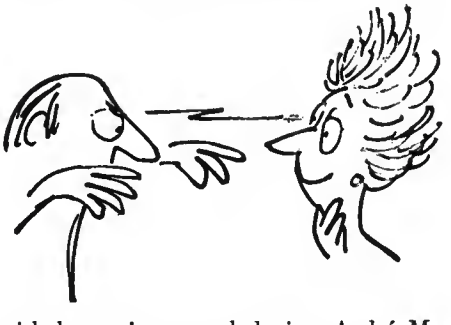
sociologist Isidor Thorner (Los Angeles) has discovered, there's an unwritten "nurse's code" which prescribes that a nurse's sympathy for a male patient should not lead to involvement. If a romance does develop, and is encouraged by her, it is presumed that the nurse "has taken advantage of the patient's vulnerability" while he has been in her care, and has allowed her own interests and feelings to rise above professional obligations, and further, that the motherlike impartiality which she should show to all patients has given way to discrimination in favor of one of them. Also learned: When a male patient begins to tell his nurse off-color stories, she tends to show decreasing interest in him and to give him less attention than she gave him before, because it's a sign that he's convalescing and needs her less than do other patients.

Civil service exams. Many persons flunk or score low on these or other job tests, not because they are ignorant or poorly informed, but because they take the tests in the wrong state of mind. Personnel expert Dorothy W. Otten (Columbia University) gives these hints: Get full information beforehand about what the job requires, where the exam is to be held, and exactly how to get there. Begin studying well in advance and regularly, so there'll be no need of frantic final plugging. Relax the night before with pleasant recreation, don't stay up late, and get up early enough to make a leisurely trip. Dress comfortably ("a written test is not a fashion show"). Take along only what was specified, and a newspaper or magazine to read while waiting. Last-minute cramming, says Miss Otten, will help little and may only tire and clog your mind.

Success OR friendship? We hate to upset Dale Carnegie's thesis, but doubt exists about whether you *can* win friends *and* influence people at the same time. At least, that doubt exists among a large group of insurance salesmen queried by sociologist Lauren G. Wispe (Ohio State University). These men revealed what they consider most important in influencing people to buy policies: "aggressiveness" and "hard-hitting persistence." These qualities are quite different from the traits of "sympathy," "understanding," and "sociability" which they required in fellow workers whom they liked to invite to their homes and to have as good friends.

Coeds aren't money-minded. Surprising or not, almost the last thing today's college girls look for in the men they want to marry is—money. This was revealed in the answers received from the representative sampling of several thousand coeds in colleges in the South, North, and West, as reported by psychologists M. C. Langhorne and Paul F. Secord. Leading the list of traits preferred for a husband-to-be were a loving, affectionate, and sympathetic disposition, thoughtfulness, and an agreeable personality. Next came good character: honesty, conformity to social and ethical standards, and (listed by some girls) religiousness and temperance. Also stressed were good health, good heredity, intelligence, and emotional maturity. But the money angle—that the man be wealthy, thrifty, or a good provider—was mentioned by most girls almost as an afterthought (possibly because under present prosperous conditions few fear that their husbands won't earn a living).

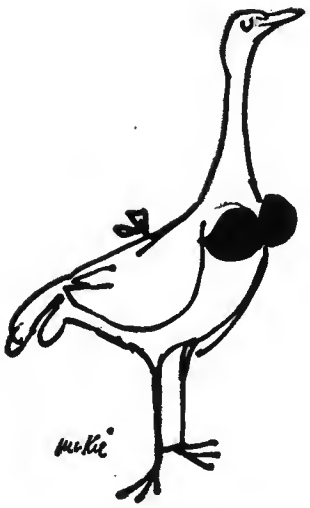
Trilby phoney. With the Trilby-Svengali story flourishing again in the movies (and recently acted on TV by Carol Channing and Basil Rathbone), psychologists are swatting its basic theory: that a person under hypnotism can be made to perform physical, mental, or artistic feats far beyond his normal capacity. In the story, Trilby, a tune-deaf artists' model with a frog voice, was suddenly transformed into a phenomenal prima donna under Svengali's spell. The spell broken, Trilby croaked again. But it couldn't have happened, say modern experts. Reviewing recent experiments



with hypnotism, psychologists André M. Weitzenhofer (Ann Arbor, Michigan) and Professor William T. Heron (University of Minnesota) reached the conclusion

that no individual under hypnosis can be made to surpass the best performance of gifted nonhypnotized persons, or even the best performance of which he himself is capable in a nonhypnotized state.

Passion inherited. It has long been suspected that women of some families inherit stronger sex drives than those of others, but not even Professor Kinsey has proved this. However, a recent study of sexual behavior in turkeys by geneticist J. Robert Smith, Jr., may have significance. It's the female turkey who institutes sexual relationships, and some years ago Dr. Smith found that certain females were extremely amorous, while others were just cold turkeys. After generations of selective breeding he has developed two distinct strains: the females of one strain, the turbulent turkettes, incite more than twice as much sexual activity as do females of the second strain, the Greta gobblers, who mostly want to be alone. Although this suggests the possibility that "passion" genes (hereditary factors) may be found in human females also, it must be stressed that any hereditary tendencies in the individual girl or woman toward greater or lesser sexual expression



are often overshadowed by the effects of training, psychological factors, and circumstances.

Problem eaters. "Nize baby, eat opp all the spinach," the mama in the old Milt Gross cartoons used to say. As if on a cue from this, Mayo Clinic doctors have found that young children not only eat particular foods to please parents, but also may greatly over- or under-eat in order to do so. Thus, among "problem eaters," the doctors found that very fat children often came from families that loved food and beamed approvingly when the kids packed it in. Likewise, skinny children resulted when the parents made them feel guilty if they ate too much.

THE END

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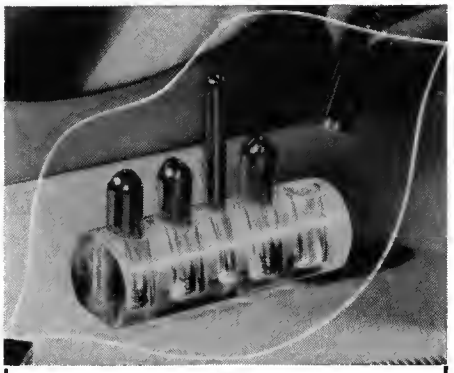

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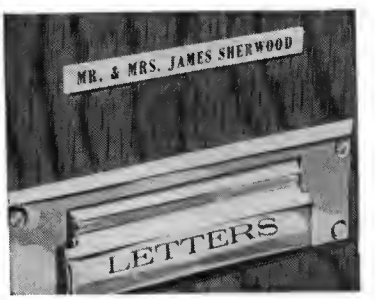

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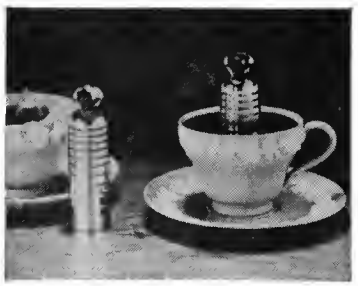

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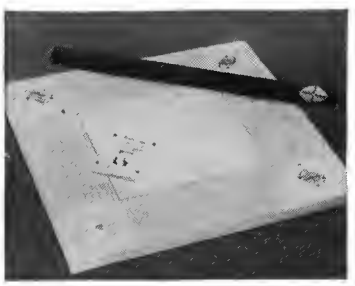

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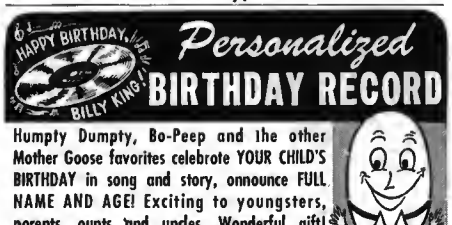

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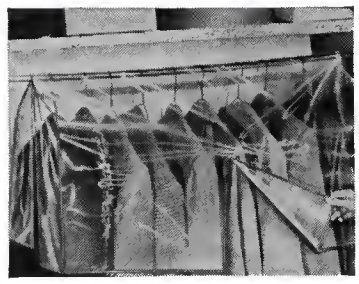

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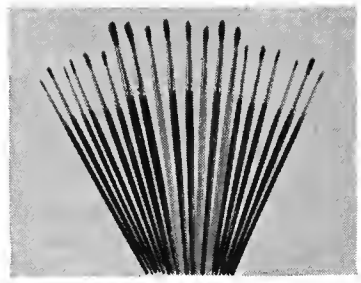

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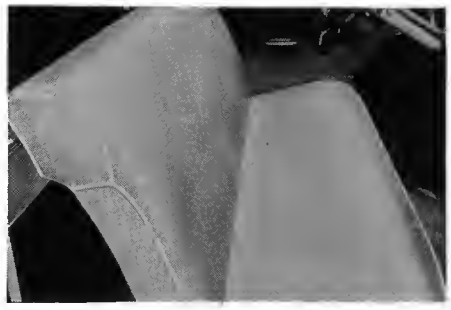

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Another Victory Against Breast Cancer

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE BY LAWRENCE GALTON

In Garfield Memorial Hospital in Washington, D. C., a new drug was tried as a last resort on a woman with a massive breast cancer. Her left breast had been replaced entirely by an ulcerated lesion, and X rays showed that it had spread to the bone. She was considered beyond treatment by surgery or irradiation.

Injected weekly at first, then at longer intervals, the drug brought slow but progressive healing of the ulceration. The patient regained some of the seventy-five pounds she had lost. At the end of ten weeks, she was able to resume part-time work. A few weeks later there was X-ray evidence of bone healing. After all signs of cancer had disappeared, the treatment was stopped.

Two months later, however, small nodules reappeared in the breast. Again the injections were started and again, slowly, the nodules regressed. Today the patient is working full-time and has no complaint.

She is one of ninty-nine men and women with far-advanced cancers of breast, ovary, cervix, lung, bladder, or other areas who received the drug, triethylene thiophosphoramide, a relative of nitrogen mustard. Although it is unlikely to prove to be a "cure" for any form of cancer, it did bring some improvement in four of every five of the cases: patients experienced an increased sense of well-being, a gain in appetite and weight and a reduction of pain. Regression of some tumor masses took place. These results have raised the hope that regular injections of triethylene thiophosphoramide may control some cancers.

Hopeful Results of Cancer Study

Other recent developments in cancer research have brightened the outlook at least a little:

o Recurrences of breast and genital cancer in women after surgery or X-ray treatment may be prevented by thyroid hormone, according to a British study. The hormone was tried because it is known to support normal cell metabolism; because life insurance company records show that more overweight women (who are more likely to have underfunctioning thyroids) get cancer of certain areas than do women of normal weight; and because studies on patients who have undergone partial removal of the thyroid indicate a greater tendency toward tumor development. After treatment for their cancers, all of a small group of women who were given daily doses of thyroid over a period of five years or more were clinically cured.

o For tumors of the eyelids, early X-ray treatment is producing good physical and cosmetic results. Treatment was successful in all of 89 patients with benign tumors. Of 226 with cancerous growths, there were recurrences in only 25, and 13 of these were relieved by additional X-ray treatment.

o For some cancers such as leukemia and Hodgkin's Disease, a new synthetic sulfur mustard called SM-1 appears promising. Extensive animal experiments have shown that it is more effective than the nitrogen mustard now used and only about one-tenth as toxic, and that, being more stable in the body, it is active for a longer period.

o For earlier detection of lung cancer, one new development is a sputum test. It is 90 per cent effective (X ray is only 50 per cent effective in showing up early cases), and it is inexpensive enough for routine use even when lung cancer seems only a remote possibility. Another discovery is that clubbing of the fingers, associated with painful joints, may be a first sign of lung cancer, appearing many months before any of the usual signs and symptoms. Of 25 patients with rounding of the fingertips and swelling of the fingers accompanied by pain in the joints, 23 had lung cancer.

o Early prostate cancer can now be detected before any symptoms have appeared by a technique simple enough for use in any doctor's office. With massage, a prostatic cell smear is obtained and checked for cancer cells. When 618 patients without symptoms were tested, unsuspected malignancy was found to be present in 37.

o Cancerous moles can be shown up by a new radioactivity test. A small and harmless quantity of radioactive phosphorus is injected into a vein and a special Geiger counter is passed over the mole. A significant increase in radioactivity in the mole indicates that it is cancerous and should be treated promptly.

Asthmatic attacks may be relieved and possibly prevented by a new bronchodilator drug known thus far as JB-251. When taken by mouth or by inhalation, the drug helps breathing. It has brought "striking improvement" in some cases which had previously not responded to other treatment. Even after prolonged maintenance dosage, the drug does not seem to bring about palpitation and other unpleasant effects often caused by other bronchodilators.

In peptic ulcer, a continuous drip method of treatment is reported to be helpful. It employs Nulacin, a slow-dissolving antacid tablet containing solids from whole milk, combined with dextran and maltose, magnesium trisilicate, magnesium oxide, calcium carbonate, magnesium carbonate, and peppermint oil. Almost all of a group of forty-six patients showed improvement in gastric symptoms when they kept a tablet in the mouth at all times during the day except while eating. A tablet at bedtime often prevented night pain. In patients with acute ulcer exacerbations and associated severe pain, the constant swallowing of saliva mixed with alkali from the tablet seems to relieve distress greatly without producing other complaints such as constipation or diarrhea.

Nasal allergy which does not respond well to desensitization shots may be helped by a combination of male and female hormones. Noting that endocrine gland deficiencies sometimes accompany allergic disorders, one physician prescribed hormone tablets for stubborn cases and reported that they improved nasal symptoms and, in addition, improved muscle tone and sense of well-being. In elderly patients, they also increased appetite and mental alertness.

Rheumatoid arthritis and osteoarthritis pain may be relieved when a vanishing cream containing 10 per cent diethylamine salicylate is applied. The relief, according to a British medical report, probably comes from absorption of the drug and local effects of massage.

In iron deficiency anemia, drinking large amounts of citrus juices is helpful because their vitamin C content makes it possible for more food iron to be absorbed. In one recent study, the addition of one gram of vitamin C to the bread eaten by six healthy subjects doubled or tripled iron absorption. Subsequently, vitamin C was found to increase the assimilation of food iron even more in iron-deficient than in normal subjects.

THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

Autoconditioning Can

If, like most people, you are searching for a way to live your daily life free from worry and depression, this exclusive report on autoconditioning is the most important article you will ever read

BY HORNELL HART

Not long ago a news release told about a survey of what science might be expected to do for us during the next five years. The story started thus:

Easier, richer, longer—that's life in the 1960's . . .

Happier? . . . That's one question left strictly alone. It's about the only one unanswered in the 1148-page survey being put out . . . by the Twentieth Century Fund.

Why should this question of happiness be "left strictly alone"? Our chemists and engineers are always creating new gadgets and new drugs. They have given us TV, big-screen movies, high-powered cars. They have made women's housekeeping roles less and less important by providing dishwashers, pre-frozen meals, and machine-cleaned homes. They have prolonged the life of old people who have lost their jobs—and who may have lost most of their reason for living. Can't science help us live more creatively and more joyously?

The answer, you may be surprised to learn, is Yes.

At Duke University, in research which has been going on for some years, a method has been developed for measuring happiness, and for curing and preventing emotional depressions. Recently these experiments have been so successful that engineers may soon be using them to test the real values of their gadgets, and doctors may use them to make people happy as well as healthy. Duke scientists call the method *autoconditioning.*

A New Measure for Happiness

A group of young women attended a psychology lecture not long ago at the Duke School of Nursing. The speaker told the nurses he was going to turn the tables on them. They had been taking the body temperature of patients in the hospital all through their training. Now he was going to show them how to take their own *emotional* temperatures.

The heart of the testing instrument which the lecturer distributed was a "Mood-Meter"—a list of thirty words worked out through analysis of hundreds of experiments. (See page 20.)

Each of the thirty-five nurses recorded her own score on the Mood-Meter. The results showed that fifteen of them—nearly half—scored below zero. If every

Make You a Happy Person

one of the nurses had scored minus fifteen, the group would have been maximally depressed.

After the nurses checked their Mood-Meters, the lecturer gave them seven rules. If they followed these, they would transform depressed emotions into joyous and creative emotions. The seven rules are called "The Four Don'ts and the Three Do's."

Seven Guides to Joy

1. *Don't acquiesce ignobly!* This means: Don't let your energies turn inward, in the form of self-pity and helpless frustration.

2. *Don't evade cravenly!* This means: Don't use your energies in panicky flight. Don't let the excitement and shock of a dangerous situation drive you into running frantically away.

3. *Don't attack vindictively!* This means: Don't turn your energy into anger, rage, resentment, or impulsive attempts to destroy and frustrate someone whom you blame for your problem.

4. *Don't rush rashly!* This means: Don't use your energy in dashing off along the first road which suggests itself. The danger which you are confronting has stimulated precious, vital forces in you. Don't waste them on any ill-considered, short-sighted activity.

Each of the four Don'ts is a warning against the misdirection of vital energies. The three Do's suggest positive and constructive ways of using those energies:

1. *Do grapple courageously!* This means: Summon your best resources—your goals, your keenest intelligence, your knowledge, your skills. Take an inventory of your problem, select the most promising line of action, and then pour all of your energy into an attempt to work out the solution.

2. *Do cooperate creatively!* This means: Channel your energies into creative teamwork. Try being a partner, not a lone wolf.

3. *Do adventure spiritually!* This means: Test the hypothesis that, when disaster threatens, superhuman resources are available to the sincere seeker.

If we always practiced these three Do's, we would be consistently cheerful, and quite often we would be joyous. Of course, we know that we ought to be courageous, peaceable, and cooperative. But unfortunately, most of us find it impossible to cultivate those sensible virtues. Before we realize it, we find ourselves sinking into discouragement, or

(continued)

Photos by Maxwell Coplan

The first truly scientific answer to unhappiness, autoconditioning is no mere theory, but a proven, demonstrable technique. Try it and see how quickly you can learn to face your problems with joy and courage

feeling resentful, or lying awake at night in an agony of worry, fear, and, perhaps, self-disgust. Such emotions press us down into the negative end of the Mood-Meter.

Autoconditioning, however, enables one to rise swiftly out of a depression, and to live fairly consistently on levels of cheerful courage. The Duke student nurses found this out when the lecturer put them through an eight-minute exercise in the new technique. After having participated

MOOD-METER	
15 ECSTATIC 14 TRIUMPHANT 13 JUBILANT 12 ELATED 11 DELIGHTED	
10 JOYFUL 9 GAY 8 LIGHTHEARTED 7 HAPPY 6 PLEASED	
5 ENCOURAGED 4 CHEERFUL 3 ALERT 2 PURPOSEFUL 1 DETERMINED	
0	
-1 WORRIED -2 ANXIOUS -3 LONELY -4 UPSET -5 FRUSTRATED	
-6 DOWNCAST -7 GLOOMY -8 DISILLUSIONED -9 DOWNHEARTED -10 DISCOURAGED	
-11 DISGUSTED -12 DESPAIRING -13 DEPRESSED -14 DESPERATE -15 MISERABLE	
TOP PLUS NUMBER LOWEST MINUS NO.	
SUM = SCORE	

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Going both up and down from the zero space on the Mood-Meter, put a check mark opposite each word which describes the way you feel now. Check all the happy words and all the unhappy ones which are correct for your present mood. Always be sincere when you check the list; otherwise, this instrument will be of no value to you.

2. Now note the number which appears at the left of the highest word above 0 which you have checked. Enter that number in the space opposite the words "Top Plus Number" at the bottom of the Mood-Meter. If the highest word which you checked has a minus number, enter 0 here.

3. Do the same for the number of the word farthest below 0 which you have checked, entering this number opposite the words "Lowest Minus Number." If you checked no word below 0, enter 0 here.

4. Now find the sum of these two numbers. If both the words have positive numbers, the total will be positive. If both have negative numbers, the total will be negative. If one number is positive and the other negative, the smaller number must be subtracted from the larger one, and the difference must take the sign of the larger. The answer is your mood-score. Put a circle (O) at the level of that score.

in this experiment, each of the nurses was asked to take her own emotional temperature once more. When the new scores were studied it was found that every one of the fifteen nurses who had been depressed had made a gain in the direction of happiness. Eleven of them had gained an average of more than ten points apiece, and were now above zero, at an average level between "cheerful" and "encouraged." Four were still below zero, but were much less depressed than before.

Educating the Emotions

But, you may ask, are not the effects of such an experiment merely temporary? Certainly they would be, if there were no follow-up to the lecture; probably most, if not all, of the group would slip back into their habitual cycle: depression alternating with moderate cheerfulness. But several groups of students have been given *courses* in autoconditioning. After three weeks in such courses, about four out of five students have learned to avoid depression. If they find themselves getting even a little depressed, they autocondition themselves and promptly surge back up to a level of cheerful courage. One outstanding example is a young man whom we will call Jim Norris.

Jim was a research associate of a small foundation in a midwestern city. He had one child, two years old, and both he and his wife wanted to have more children. Norris had a master's degree in sociology, but his professional future depended upon his earning a Ph.D. At this juncture he was offered a $1,500 fellowship at Duke University. He told his wife about it, but said, "Of course, we'll have to turn it down." His wife retorted, "I'm going to start packing right now, Jim!"

The Norris family rented a small three-room house on the outskirts of the university town. Jim pitched into the task of earning his doctor's degree, and his wife into the job of taking care of the family on a discouragingly inadequate income.

In one of the courses in which Jim enrolled, a series of experiments on the control of attitudes was being conducted. Each member of the class was invited to record the ups and downs of his moods several times a day on the Mood-Meter. During a period of ten days, Jim registered about twice as much depression as the average student. Half of his scores were below zero. Several times he went down to "gloomy"; once he plunged to "downhearted," and later to "depressed."

Jim was not what a psychiatrist would regard as pathologically depressed. He was just persistently—and often deeply—unhappy.

There were several obvious explanations for these moods of discouragement. Jim worried a great deal about the precarious family finances. They lived so far from the campus that they had to buy a cheap second-hand car which was constantly eating up money in repairs. His wife insisted on trying to raise chickens to piece out the family income, and this led to some angry words.

After charting the ups and downs of his moods for two weeks, Jim Norris was introduced to autoconditioning. In a matter of weeks he discovered that if he found himself starting down toward the depths of gloom, he could reverse the trend within ten or fifteen minutes by a simple session of autoconditioning in which he re-affirmed his intent to grapple courageously with the situation in which he found himself. He discovered that he could alter his basic attitudes toward the financial difficulties inherent in his struggle for a Ph.D., and he found that he could change his impulsive irritation and resentment toward his wife into understanding and cooperation.

This upward shift in Jim's happiness level was not achieved instantaneously, but his case clearly demonstrates how autoconditioning can gradually free a person of mental depression.

Meter Diagnoses Moods

Now let's see how autoconditioning helped a college boy whom we will call Robert Hare at a time when he seemed to be facing stark tragedy. Robert was preparing to study medicine and had just begun his senior year at college, when his father had a heart attack. The boy's plans to become a physician—or even to finish undergraduate school—were threatened. Shocked by this fact, and worried about the other problems in his home, Robert plunged repeatedly to "downcast," "disillusioned," "downhearted,"

"discouraged," "depressed," and "miserable" on his Mood-Meter.

As his first project in the experiment, Robert undertook to condition himself to react to this menacing situation with courage and faith. Later he conditioned himself to be a source of courage to his father, his mother, and the rest of his family when he visited them. He also carried on autoconditioning to improve his study habits and his social relations.

A Student's Lift Toward Joy

His father's heart attack occurred toward the end of July. On August twenty-fifth Robert reported the following results of his autoconditioning experiments:

I haven't been sinking into depressed moods as often as I did before I learned of autoconditioning. My Self-Chart shows that reactions down toward the lower end of the Mood-Meter have shrunk almost to the vanishing point. My roommate has told me he has noticed lately that I never get into a depressed mood . . .

Autoconditioning has changed my social attitudes. I have learned to adjust myself to be a pleasant individual in a crowd. And I have learned to view misfortunes as assets instead of as liabilities.

Autoconditioning has also proved to be a potent force in revitalizing marriage. The story of a girl we'll call Marylin Curtis is a good example. Her father and mother had been ardent church workers, and her mother especially had drilled into her the idea that it was a sin to poison the body with alcohol and nicotine. Her husband, Tom, smoked a good many cigars. She felt guilty and resentful about this. Also, she went to church twice every Sunday. Usually he went with her to the morning service. But he almost always seemed to have something else to do when the time came for the evening church service.

Tom was making a good income, but a lot of it had to go into building up the business. They moved into a duplex apartment whose back yard abutted the back yard of the home of Tom's mother, a widow who lived alone in a large house. Marylin dreaded the day when her mother-in-law might be taken sick and they would have to move into the old mansion with her. Also, she found herself crying out inwardly for privacy. Then she learned that an ideal house was going to be for sale in another part of the city. She told Tom that she wanted to make the down payment on it, but he said that buying that house would take money he needed to expand his business. For an awful moment Marylin felt her marriage totter.

Then she learned about autoconditioning. At first she resisted the idea. She was afraid that it might be a substitute for her religion. But she came to realize that autoconditioning was not a substitute for faith and prayer. Rather, it was a technique by which she could make effective in her life the ideals of wifely love and devotion which seemed so shining at moments of spiritual illumination, but which she found herself failing, over and over again, to put into practice in real life. So Marylin seized upon the first quiet hour that she could find. She went off by herself, relaxed deeply, and then gave these instructions to herself:

Your job as a wife is to help Tom to achieve what he himself, at his best, really wants to achieve. You're not to make him over! Whenever you find yourself beginning to feel the least bit irritated with him, that will be a signal which will remind you to understand him better, to work with him instead of against him, to be his partner in whatever he himself feels is good and true and worth while.

Change Problems into Projects

From that moment, tensions began to subside in her marriage. She went back to her quiet hour, time after time, linking up, deep in her unconscious, the thought of her husband and the awareness of all that was strong and lovable and creative in him—ignoring and forgetting the molehills which she had been making into mountains. She found a new and wonderful partnership. All the joy of her love surged back again, strong and fresh and creative. Difficulties? Problems? Certainly—life is full of them. That is what makes life challenging and interesting. But if your heart and mind—conscious and unconscious—are welded in partnership to one you love, it becomes a magnificent project to work at problems. The anguish disappears.

Autoconditioning has also helped people who are on the edge of serious mental illness. "Ned Bradlow" is more than ready to testify to this fact. Bradlow was a successful engineer, fifty years old. To most of his friends, Bradlow seemed to be above average in success. He had a well-paying job. He enjoyed his work. He and his wife seemed to their friends to be models of married happiness.

But Bradlow told of suffering from repeated, deep, and protracted depressions. He reported three major sources of unhappiness in addition to minor ones.

First, he had lost heavily on the stock market in recent years. Second, his four

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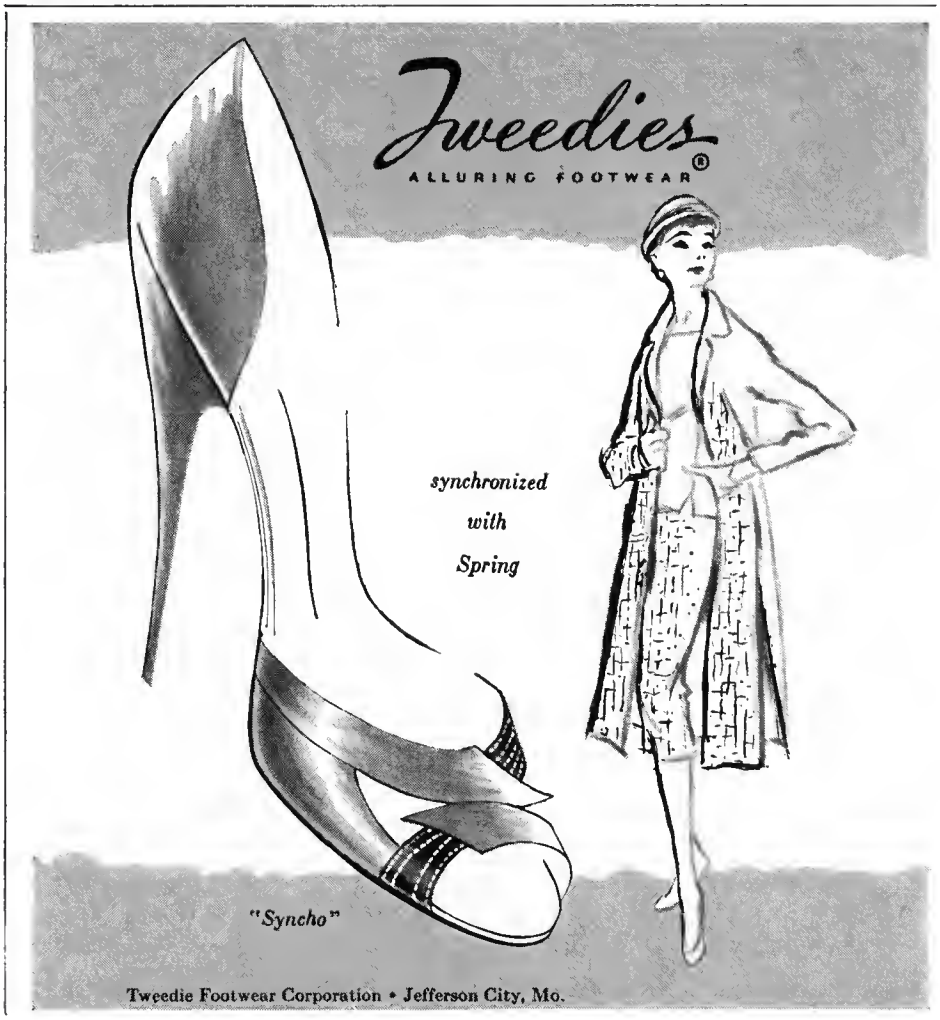


children irritated him in the evening. Ned would try to keep his temper, and then would burst out with scoldings and angry punishments which his high school son and daughter would resent.

Bradlow's third complaint was about his marriage. He loved his wife deeply. But he described her as an energetic woman, with firm ideas about how the family should be run, and even about how he ought to do his professional work. When any question came up in their conversation she was likely to lay down the law without stopping to discuss the matter. Rather than quarrel with the children looking on, Bradlow usually settled into morose silence, and sulked for hours —even for days.

Besides these black moods of silence, Bradlow had other symptoms which worried his wife. He developed a severe facial grimace and began to catch himself saying out loud: "I'm no good. I wish I were dead!" He reported that these words were likely to spring to his lips when his thoughts turned to his losses on the stock market, to his angry outbursts against his children, and to his quarrels with his wife.

The surges of Bradlow's moods on the Mood-Meter often reached high points, occasionally getting up to "elated" and even "jubilant." But he also went down repeatedly to "discouraged," "miserable," and "despairing." Several times when he was in one of these depressed periods, he made plans for suicide.

At this stage he was introduced to autoconditioning. Under skilled guidance, he found that he could change the basic attitudes which produced his depressions. Within a period of two weeks after he had been trained in autoconditioning, Bradlow had cured his grimace. His "I wish I were dead" outbursts had ceased. He reported that his relations with his wife had been raised to a new level of mutual happiness. The periods of angry sulking had completely disappeared. His relations with his children, he said, had been basically improved. He had stopped feeling self-contempt. He had freed himself from suicidal impulses. He was recording moods which ranged between "purposeful" and "joyful," and which only at rare intervals dropped below zero—and then no further than "upset."

The Whole Family Benefits

Autoconditioning did not, by itself, solve Bradlow's problems, but it did help him grapple courageously with them. He found that, once he had conditioned himself so that even his wife's domineering attitude produced friendly, understanding, affectionate reactions on his part, she responded in like manner. She seemed to discover, for herself, how strains and irritations could be lessened. The Bradlows' marriage became a second honeymoon, one which they both knew how to perpetuate.

Bradlow felt that he had won his diploma when his son burst out one day: "Why, Dad, you're a lot different from what you used to be. It's real fun to be with you now!"

These people are only a few of the scores of men and women who have learned from autoconditioning how to cure their own depressions and face courageously whatever life may bring them. By now you, too, must be eager to try autoconditioning. Here is how to go about it.

Retreat for Reinforcement

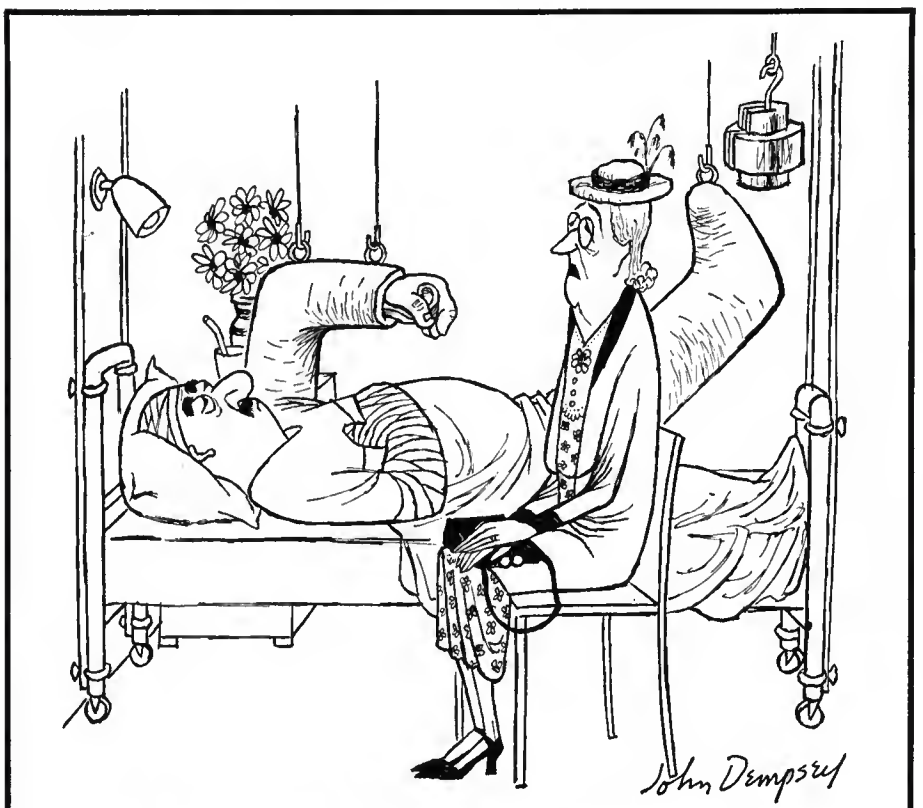
Whenever you find yourself in the slightest degree depressed, go where you will not be interrupted. Shut out, or at least muffle, street sounds, telephone bells, music, loud-speaker announcements, radio broadcasts, and other noises. Dim the lights. Sit in a comfortable chair —the more comfortable the better.

The next step is to become deeply relaxed. It takes some practice to do this quickly and deeply, but almost anyone who is willing to spend a little time at it can learn how. Several different methods may be used. One of the simplest is merely to shut your eyes and repeat silently to yourself four words: *Relax! Heavy! Peace! Reinforce!* These four words will lead you into deep relaxation if you will fill your mind completely with their full meanings. Here is what should be happening in your mind as you say these four words:

(1) *Relax!* As you say this, bring to mind feelings of profound rest. Particularly, you should relax tensions in fingers, hands, wrists, forearms, forehead, eyes, cheeks, mouth, and neck. This stage requires only a minute or two. The experienced autoconditioner will quickly recognize whether he has actually released his muscular tensions or not. When he has, he will recognize that he is ready for the next stage.

(2) *Heavy!* When you say this silently. turn your attention to the feeling of heaviness which tends to develop in your hands, and sometimes in your face and entire body when you are relaxed. It may help to suggest to yourself progressive stages of heaviness by silently repeating such phrases as these: "Heavy as wood!" Then think of your hands as being as heavy as a couple of two-by-fours resting on your knees. "Heavy as stone!" Then think of your hands, resting heavily on your knees, as though carved in stone like the hands of a statue. "Heavy as lead!" As you say this silently, think of your hands as being even heavier than stone, resting with great weight upon your thighs.

(3) *Peace!* When the feeling of great



"I had a touch of pleurisy yesterday and my stomach acted up again last night. My rheumatism left my knees but now it's settled in my . . ."

heaviness has become definite, turn your attention, by the quiet utterance of the word, to the feeling of tranquility which tends to flood your body through your hands. Again, a few seconds should be devoted to thinking of this powerful feeling of peace as flooding your arms, your chest, your entire body.

(4) *Reinforce!* As soon as the feelings of heaviness and peace have been well induced, say the word *reinforce,* to set off in your inner mind such autosuggestions as "This relaxation will now become really deep. It will keep on getting deeper until I count back to zero."

When you have uttered these phrases to yourself, giving active attention to their meaning and significance, and when deep relaxation has been fully achieved, you come to the very core of autoconditioning, namely the "courage" suggestion by which one's deep inner attitudes are changed. Still deeply relaxed, you say to your inner receptive mind: "No matter *what* happens, we will grapple with it courageously! We will face this difficulty, or any other difficulty which arises in the future, with courage and enthusiasm."

Help Yourself to Happiness

That word "we" means that you as a conscious ego and you as a deep unconscious mind will team up to meet courageously whatever discouragement or threat life may bring to you. It is essential to put into words, and at the same time to feel deeply, that you propose hereafter to use your head, and to direct your full energies as wisely as you can, instead of giving way to the wasteful and destructive reactions which the undisciplined side of your psyche is likely to bring forth unless autoconditioned.

After you have given the courage suggestion to your inner receptive mind, the final step is to come back to normal. To do this you simply say something like the following:

After I have counted back to zero, I will come out of this deep relaxation, feeling splendid. I will feel cheerful, courageous, and enthusiastic. Five, four, three, two, one, zero.

You should then open your eyes and come to grips with the outer world. If you have carried out the instructions thoroughly, you will experience an immediate and quite surprising upsurge of energy and confidence.

You have probably heard or read many theories about how to be happy, how to be courageous, how to live up to your own best ideals. But autoconditioning is more than a mere theory. It has been thoroughly demonstrated, and it is an experiment which anyone can try. Test it. If it works for you, you will find that you have made one of the greatest discoveries of your life. THE END

A woman like Cary has to pay for love ...One way or another!

She was a wealthy widow. He was her young gardener... and so the whispers ran. Now her friends talked behind her back, her children turned away in shame.

Yet, in this passion she was powerless to resist, Cary found what she needed most ...all the love *that Heaven allows!*

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Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK · Screenplay by PEG FENWICK · Produced by ROSS HUNTER

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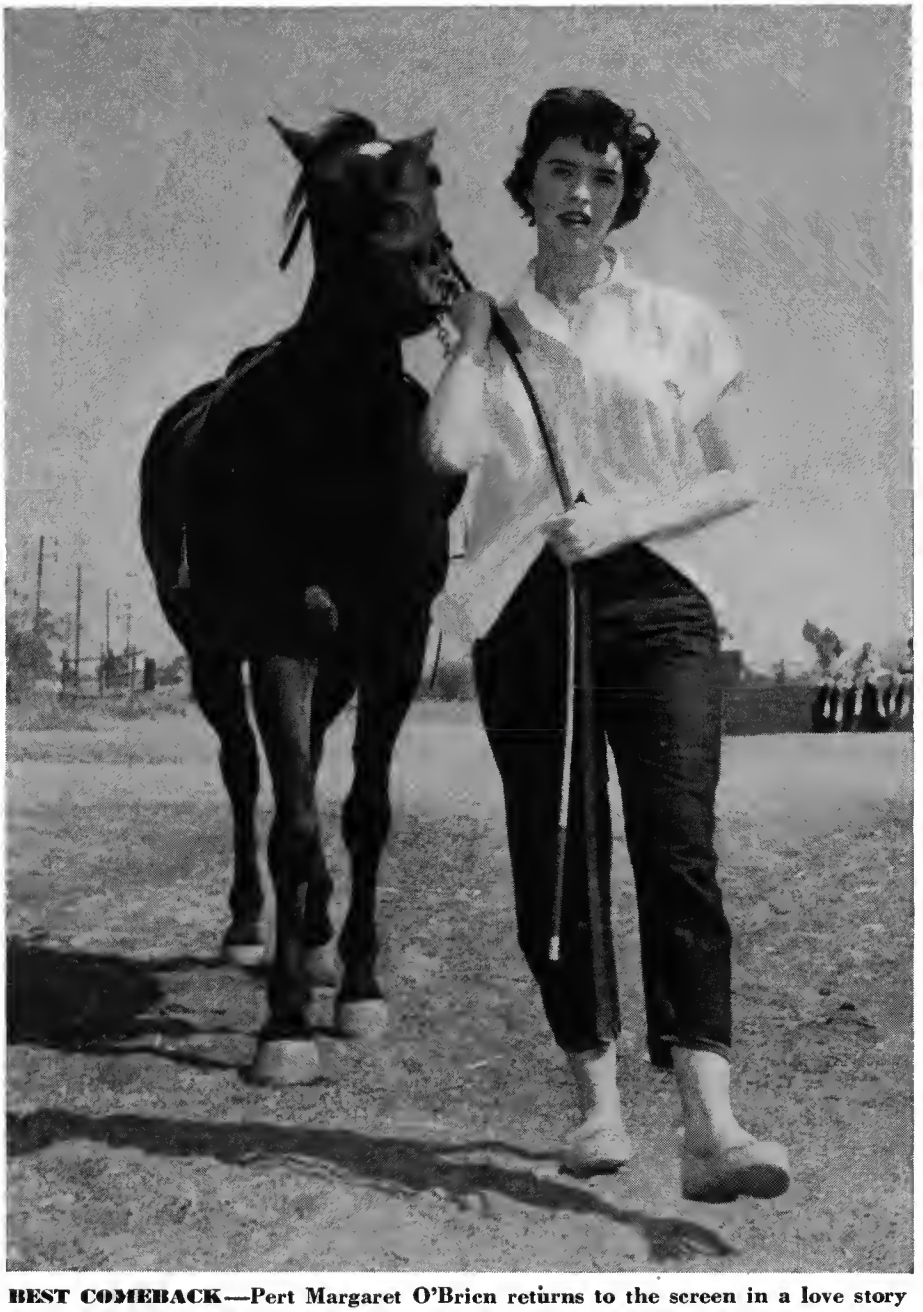


BEST COMEBACK—Pert Margaret O'Brien returns to the screen in a love story about a girl and a horse. The scenic background of Calumet Farms, on-the-spot pictures of the latest Kentucky Derby, a supporting cast which includes three-time Academy Award winner Walter Brennan, and Superscope accrue to RKO's "Glory."

Adult Margaret O'Brien

MOVIE CITATIONS BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

In the CinemaScoped, VistaVisioned, stereophonicked film world of today, a delicate production called "Glory" would get lost in the super-shuffle were it not for the presence of an eighteen-year-old beauty named Margaret O'Brien.

If you are more than twenty years old, you knew her when—when she was five and induced your tears in "Journey for Margaret." I remember her well as she was back there in 1942: the sweetest, most unspoiled little thing. She wasn't bubbling over with laughter, as small Shirley Temple had been, nor a natural clown like little Jane Withers. As a child, Margaret had a dark-eyed, touchingly innocent quality which always left the impression that the adults in her films all seemed to her to be just tall dolls.

She had poise, too, as befitted a young lady who had been working most successfully since the age of two. In quick succession, she sobbed your heart out in nineteen starring roles, racing against those enemies that all prodigies in show business know: time and inches. A star from the first, she yearned to remain one.

Early in her teens—that danger zone where Jane Withers floundered, where Mickey Rooney didn't grow tall enough, where the always-wise Shirley Temple coolly decided that what she wanted most was a husband and children—Margaret retreated into a couple of mildly successful stage plays and some mildly successful television shows. She continued her singing and dancing lessons, completed her high-school education, developed a saucy figure—and waited.

Her Wait Pays Off

Then along came David Butler, one of Hollywood's wiliest pioneer producer-directors, with a script by Gene Markey. Markey, who was once married to some of our loveliest glamour girls—Hedy Lamarr and Myrna Loy, for example—found the present Mrs. Markey in the Blue Grass country and moved to Kentucky to become a gentleman racing-farm owner. Therefore, what could have come more naturally to his mind than a story about a girl, a horse, and a race? When he read Markey's script, Dave saw that the leading role contained swift changes of pace: there were love scenes and comedy scenes, and there were singing and dancing as well as straight acting. The script demanded a girl who was natural and fresh but who was at the same time an experienced actress.

That's when he thought of Margaret—and "Glory" is the happy result. As Clarabel Tilbee, a poor girl with an expensive taste for thoroughbreds, Maggie never once overacts, is never once overcute, and looks much more like the nicest type of girl from the best type of school than like a sprout who has always been around show business. Her voice will never shake the Metropolitan, but it may earn her a recording contract. Her dancing is neat if not gaudy, and her sweetness is just as genuine as ever.

I expect Margaret to turn into an important adult actress—*if* that other danger spot of young players doesn't make her falter. Uh-huh, I mean love. She dates continually these days—couldn't be more popular with the college crowd. She still lives with her mother, but is an independent thinker and personality. With her name, her looks, and her figure, why wouldn't she be sought after?

And let me point this out to all who worry about the lost childhood of girls like Maggie—she has $200,000 of her girlhood earnings tucked away in government bonds. Tidy, isn't it? THE END

BEST MUSICAL—In "Artists and Models," Dean Martin plays an atypical Greenwich Village artist; Jerry Lewis, an aspiring writer of children's bedtime stories. There's a bat-lady ballet by Shirley MacLaine, too, in Paramount's VistaVision production.

BEST PRODUCTION—"The Benny Goodman Story," filmed by Universal-International with Steve Allen in the title role, brings to the screen all-time great jazzmen like Kid Ory, Ziggy Elman.

BEST MALE PERFORMANCE—As a highly eligible bachelor who thinks that he's found Utopia, Frank Sinatra captures high praise in M-G-M's "The Tender Trap." Marriage-minded Celeste Holm, Debbie Reynolds, Jarma Lewis, Carolyn Jones, and Lola Albright lure the prey with their most tempting bait, but though the elusive bachelor lets them make his life cozy, he manages to stay single. That is, he does until the wily Debbie springs the tender trap.

Her Heart Belongs to Forty Million People

Mary Martin, the girl who conquered Broadway with "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," has done the same thing to television with Peter Pan, Ethel Merman and Noel Coward. Her secret? A glow of pure joy which is as genuine as spring water. Here's an intimate picture of the happiest star in show business

BY JOE McCARTHY

The little girl in Houston, Texas, took a deep breath and began to print the words very carefully. It was bard to keep tbem straight and even because the fancy green letter stationery did not have lines on it like the paper in school. She wrote:

Dear Mary Martin. I am wirteing you because I like your Petter Pan show so much. I would like to see it again if you are not too busy. If you can not show it again please write and tell me. If you can show it again please wirte me anyhow. I will be 10 July the nineth and all I want is to see you in Petter Pan again. Please do not tell anyone about this.

Love,
Doris MacDonald

P.S. I ware glass's now and have short hare.

Television is in its youth, of course, and the really big moments of entertainment that it has produced can still be counted on the fingers of one hand. But it is safe to predict that no extradimensional extravaganza in the golden future of electronic show business will stir up a warmer round of applause from youngsters and grown-ups alike than the one that rocked the nation last March 7 when Mary Martin played Sir James M. Barrie's Peter Pan on the National Broadcasting Company's TV network.

Thousands of letters of praise poured in for months afterwards. Elementary education was interrupted. Lower grade teachers found their classes chanting, "We don't want to go to school! We want to think only *lovely* thoughts!" The kids shut up only when allowed to make crayon drawings of their favorite scenes in the show, which were delivered in bales by harassed postal workers to Miss Martin and NBC. Adults were also enchanted. Like Doris MacDonald, everyone begged for an encore.

This month Doris will get her wish. On January 9 Mary Martin will fly through the air once again in both color and black and white as Peter Pan on live NBC television. It will be the first time that a two-hour TV Spectacular has been repeated by popular demand.

A Venus Without Curves

The star who achieved this unprecedented triumph is a forty-two-year-old woman with a plain face. Her nose is too big. Her chin sticks out too sharply. She speaks with a flat Texas twang. Her figure is not worth mentioning. Some years ago she was offered the title role in a Broadway musical called "One Touch of Venus," but she hesitated to accept it because she was aware that she did not have the curves of the love goddess. Her husband and manager, Richard Halliday, took her to an art museum and showed her several statues of Venus by modern impressionist sculptors. Many of them looked like Elsa Maxwell and one had a shape like Frank Sinatra's.

"I'll take the part," she said. "If these dames can pass as Venus, then so can I."

But Mary Martin has something much more dazzling than physical glamour. She has pure joy. She comes out on a bare stage alone, smiles and does a few happy little dance steps, and everybody in the theater feels a warm glow.

"She takes you out of this world for a few minutes," a Broadway producer says. "With the world in the shape it's in, this is a priceless commodity these days. No wonder Mary rides around in a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce while so many much more beautiful girls are fighting their way into subway trains."

Joy is hard to fake. People who know Miss Martin say that she outsparkles other entertainers because the happiness she displays on the stage is as genuine as spring water. She loves everything and everybody connected with the footlights; and she has no enemies.

For example, nobody in the theater watches competitors more suspiciously than does Ethel Merman. Yet she felt no qualms about sharing a spotlight with Miss Martin when they sang the memorable duet medley in the Ford Fiftieth Anniversary TV Show in 1953. One of Miss Merman's rare compliments was paid to Miss Martin. Between the acts of "South Pacific," somebody asked Ethel what she thought of Mary's performance. Miss Merman shrugged her shoulders and said, "Oh, I guess she's okay—if you like talent."

Like Peter Pan, Miss Martin is always

"THE MOST EXALTED FEELING THERE IS" Mary says of Peter Pan's antics, flights thirty feet into the air.

"The greatest thing in life is to love your work and work at it until you're exhausted. That's what I do"

thinking lovely thoughts. One result of the success of her theater and television production of Barrie's fantasy especially pleased her: it earned $100,000 for the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children in London, to which the playwright bequeathed his "Peter Pan" royalties. When she was interviewed by Edward R. Murrow on his "Person to Person" TV show, she displayed to Murrow and his audience a needlepoint rug on which she had worked for three and a half years. On the rug was her favorite Chinese proverb: It said:

"*If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. If there be beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the family home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. When there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world.*"

Murrow was so overwhelmed by requests for copies of the proverb that he borrowed the rug, photographed it, and mailed out thousands of pictures of it.

Miss Martin continually collects trays, dishes, and other art objects shaped in the form of outstretched or warmly clasped human hands, a symbol of love and friendship that fascinates her. Her Norwalk, Connecticut, home is full of hands, and she is always handing hands to friends. Her husband wears a pair of hand-shaped cuff links. She attributes her apparently perpetual joy to the love she feels for her work.

All at Sea After a Show Ends

"I'm just crazy about what I do," she says. "The greatest thing in life is to love your work and to be able to work at it until you're exhausted. That's what I do. When I'm exhausted I take a cruise on a freighter where I can't do anything but rest. After I'm rested, I start working hard again. That's the whole story of my life: work, exhaustion, rest, work, exhaustion, rest. I just love it. So why shouldn't I be happy?"

Unlike many congenial people, Miss Martin never allows sociability to interfere with her work. "When she goes into a show, it's as if she were going into a nunnery," her husband says. "During rehearsals and during the early weeks of the run, there are no cocktails at lunch, no friends for supper after the show, no late hours, no entertaining on weekends. Until she has the role down to perfection, she thinks of nothing else." She rarely fails to appear for a performance. There were many nights when Ezio Pinza did not show up at "South Pacific," but Miss Martin missed only three performances during the three years that she played on Broadway in the Rodgers-Hammerstein classic. On the evening of the 505th performance, she had been sick and feverish for a week with a virus infection. She collapsed on the stage after the final curtain came down, and then passed out again in her husband's car near the George Washington Bridge while he was driving her to their home in Connecticut. That was on a Thursday. The doctor refused to let her appear in the show on Friday and she missed the matinee and evening performances on Saturday, but she was back on the stage again Monday night. Last year, while on tour in "Peter Pan," she fell seventeen feet to the stage during one of her flying scenes, injuring one side of her body severely. She stayed in the show, taking injections for several days afterward to kill the pain.

Everyone Gets into the Act

Miss Martin has found a simple remedy for avoiding the conflict between work and family life that confronts most married career women: she is never separated from her husband and her fourteen-year-old daughter, Heller Halliday, because they both work with her in the theater. The complex job of running the business affairs of Mary Martin keeps Dick Halliday constantly at her side. Heller played the role of Liza during the thirty-one-week run of "Peter Pan" on Broadway and on tour. She also appeared with her mother and Helen Hayes in the recent Paris and New York revivals of Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth." When the Hallidays embark on their periodic freighter voyages between engagements, Heller goes, too. Heller attends the Professional Children's School in New York, which specializes in the unusual task of educating stage youngsters. When she travels, her parents take over her schooling. Miss Martin's twenty-four-year-old son by her first marriage, Larry Hagman, also worked with her in the theater before his recent tour of duty in the Air Force.

"I don't know how much longer we'll be able to keep Heller in the act," Miss Martin said a few weeks ago. "She says that she's had it as far as the stage is concerned. She wants to go to boarding school and she's decided to be a nurse."

Heller was born in Hollywood just after her mother completed a movie with Bing Crosby entitled, oddly enough, "The Birth of the Blues."

"We decided to call her Heller," Halliday says, "because we knew any child of ours was bound to be a heller." When the choice of the baby's name was disclosed in the newspapers, women's clubs all over the country protested strongly. In deference to public opinion, the child was baptized in the Episcopal church as Mary Hope Halliday, but she has been called Heller ever since.

Retreat from Hollywood

In 1943, when Miss Martin decided that she was getting nowhere in Hollywood, the Hallidays moved to Connecticut. They lived first in New Canaan and then, when Mary prospered on the stage, they bought the property in Norwalk which has an old green clapboard house, a wisteria-covered terrace, a swimming pool, six acres of lawn, and a view of Long Island Sound. On the gate posts at the entrance to the driveway are two ceramic roosters, a gift from Mary's old Hollywood friend, Jean Arthur. In the house there are paintings by other friends —Noel Coward, Beatrice Lillie, Henry Fonda, Janet Gaynor and Edward Molyneux, the couturier. Heller's baby dresses are framed on the wall of her bedroom. One of them, the frock she wore on her third birthday, was designed for her by Main Bocher.

But right now, after twelve years of this chic and comfortable commuter-country domesticity, the Hallidays are looking forward excitedly to an experiment in a new way of life. On January 10, the day after Mary repeats her "Peter Pan" television show, they will travel to a valley in the interior of Brazil where they plan to build a home; and, if all goes well, they will settle there for the rest of their lives.

"We think we've found a Shangri-La," Halliday says. "The best way to tell you about the place is to tell you about a New York woman who went down there to visit a friend. She was well established here. She had a good job with a broadcasting company and she had a nice home in Connecticut. She went to this place in Brazil to spend two weeks. After she had been there a few days, she sent a

MARY'S FAMILY: from left to right, husband Richard Halliday, daughter Heller, and Mary's son by her first marriage, Larry Hagman, now an entertainment officer in the Air Force. He teamed with Mary in the London production of "South Pacific" and in 1950 he did a happy-go-lucky duet with her for Columbia Records, Inc.

wire to her boss in New York, resigning from her job. Then she wrote to a real estate man, telling him to sell her house. She never came back."

A Brazilian Neverland

Mary and Dick discovered this Neverland last spring during the freighter voyage to South America that followed Mary's long and exhausting stint in "Peter Pan." They stopped off in Brazil to visit Janet Gaynor and her husband, Adrian, the dress designer, who were living in the high inland state of Goyaz, fifty miles of dusty oxen-road from the nearest telephone.

"To get there we had to fly in a small plane," Halliday says. "The roads are no good. The place where the plane landed looked terrible. But when we got to the valley where Janet and Adrian live, we found ourselves in paradise. It was green and lovely, full of beautiful trees and flowers. The thing that really got us was the climate. It's the same all the year round, never lower than 58 and never above 80, and the air is always dry and bracing. They say it only rains in the evening, between eight o'clock and midnight. Mary and I both suffer a lot from sinus trouble in New York. Down there we felt like Venus and Apollo."

"One day when Janet and I were looking the place over," Miss Martin says, "I pointed to the other side of the valley and said to Janet, 'Why didn't you build over there instead of here? It's much prettier.' Janet said they hadn't been able to buy land there. So I said to her, 'Well, if it's ever for sale, let us know and we'll buy it.' "

A few months ago the Hallidays received a wire from Miss Gaynor, saying that fifty acres on the other side of the valley were for sale. They bought them.

Their plan is to build a small house on the land for Mary's son, Larry, and his wife, a Swedish girl whom he met in England while he was serving in the Air Force. Larry intends to turn the property into a self-supporting coffee plantation, as Miss Gaynor and Adrian have done with their place on the opposite side of the valley. If the location lives up to the Hallidays' expectations, they will then build another house for themselves.

This doesn't mean that Mary is planning to retire from show business. She will continue to do big one-shot television shows, like this month's repeat of "Peter Pan" and last October's revue with Noel Coward, and she is in the market for a Broadway role. But she hopes to live in Brazil between engagements.

"I Don't Wanna Go to School"

Mary Martin's unbelievable valley in Brazil is a long way from the county-seat town of Weatherford, Texas, where she made her debut as an entertainer at the age of five in a show at Firemen's Hall. She sang "The Lilac Tree," a song about a little girl who tells a little boy that she will give him a kiss when apples grow on a lilac tree. It went over big.

Preston Martin, Mary's father, was a well-to-do lawyer who had served as a judge. In a desperate attempt to get

She fell seventeen feet during a Peter Pan flying scene,

some book-learning into her head, he sent her to Ward-Belmont School in Nashville. Mary did not show an interest in anything except dancing and singing, and she hated school. During her first Christmas vacation she made sure that she would not return to Ward-Belmont by marrying Benjamin Hagman, a boy from Fort Worth. The marriage lasted five years. When it broke up, Mary was running a dancing school in Weatherford with three hundred pupils. Then the building burned down. Mary talked her father into letting her go to Hollywood.

She spent three years trying to break into the movies. She took so many unsuccessful tests that she became known around town as "Audition Mary." Everybody told her to remodel her nose. Meanwhile, she supported herself by singing at the Roosevelt Grill and at a small club called the Casanova. One night at the Casanova Bing Crosby heard her singing "Shoe-Shine Boy." He kept her at the piano singing the same song over and over again until three o'clock in the morning. She went home in a mood of high excitement, feeling sure that Crosby's admiration would result in a movie job. But nothing came of it.

HELLER has been in twelve countries with Mary. She first worked with her at the age of six in a road company of "Annie Get Your Gun."

The turning point in Mary's career came at one of the Sunday night "opportunity shows" at the old Trocadero night club, where unknown young performers were given a chance to display their talents before a large audience of influential show people. Mary appeared in a short red skirt and a white blouse, wearing a bow in her hair. She sang the old classic opera song, "Les Filles de Cadiz," in the straight conventional manner. The audience became bored and sleepy. Then she did the same song again with a hot swing treatment. Everyone in the room stood up and cheered.

The next day she had phone calls from all the movie studios, an offer of $250 a week to sing on the radio, and an invitation to appear in a musical show which Lawrence Schwab was producing in New York. She decided to go with Schwab. After she arrived in New York, Schwab's project failed to materialize, but he obtained a role for her in Vinton Freedley's musical comedy, "Leave It to Me." When on the night of the Broadway opening she sang "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," Mary became a star. It was probably the modern theater's most stunning debut.

"Even before the show was over that night everybody in town was talking about her," a Broadway theatrical man says. "I never saw anything like it, before or since. That one song made her."

Not Modest, Just Confused

It took Mary a while to realize how instantaneous and solid her success had been. After the opening night performance, Jules Glaenzer, the jeweler, took her to supper at El Morocco. When she entered the restaurant, everybody applauded her. It never occurred to Mary that she was being acclaimed. She took it for granted that the people who went to El Morocco always passed their time there clapping their hands and cheering. "My, isn't this a noisy place?" she said to Glaenzer.

"After all, she was hardly the El Morocco type in those days," says a man who knew her during her "Leave It to Me" period. "She was a real hick. She had never heard of Main Bocher or Hattie Carnegie and she had a lot to learn

but stayed in the show, taking injections to kill the pain

about fixing her hair and her make-up. But she certainly knew how to handle herself on the stage. You know something else that seems strange today? She made a recording of 'My Heart Belongs to Daddy' with Eddy Duchin and his orchestra and I bet she didn't make a hundred dollars out of it. The record business was nothing in those days, in the middle of the Depression. If a hit song like that came out today and she made a record of it, she'd make a fortune."

A Bear-Hug and a Honeymoon

As a result of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," Mary signed a lucrative movie contract with Paramount. Dick Halliday was then working at the studio as story editor. On the day that Miss Martin reported for work on the lot, a publicity man had her pose for pictures, very much against her will, with a trained bear. During the posing, the bear knocked her down with a swipe of his paw. Then he sat on her and began to squeeze her. One of the horrified spectators was Halliday's secretary. She told her boss later about Miss Martin's ordeal. Halliday wrinkled his nose in disgust.

"Some people will do anything for publicity," he said.

A few weeks later Halliday met Miss Martin socially, and a year later he was married to her. When they were filling out the marriage-license application, she told him he had misspelled his name.

"That's the way I always spell it," Halliday said.

"Well, my goodness!" Mary said. "Here I've been chasing after you for months and all the time I thought your name was Holiday."

While she was at Paramount, Miss Martin appeared in several movies with Bing Crosby. She never mentioned the night that she had met him at the Casanova Club, but one day on the set between scenes, she went to a piano and began to sing "Shoe-Shine Boy."

"Don't play that song, Mary," Bing said. "It hurts me. One night I sat up until all hours listening to a girl sing that number. Next day I went to a lot of trouble arranging a screen test for her. When I went back to the joint where she was working to tell her the big news, she was gone, and nobody there could tell me where to find her. I often wonder what happened to her."

The arrival of Heller prevented Mary from appearing with Crosby and Fred Astaire in "Holiday Inn." She was then earning $117,000 a year and Halliday was making a big salary as Paramount's story editor, but they both felt that Hollywood was the wrong place for them. They decided to take a chance and go to New York. Mary was offered two Broadway roles, one in "Oklahoma!" and the other in a new Vinton Freedley production. She accepted the Freedley offer, feeling obligated for the chance he had given her in "Leave It to Me." The show flopped.

But then she enjoyed a big success in "One Touch of Venus." Noel Coward was so carried away by her performance that he came backstage, introduced himself to her, and asked if he could write a musical show especially for her. A few years later in London she appeared in the Coward production, "Pacific 1860." The show was not a hit, but Coward and Miss Martin have been eager to work as a team ever since. They have appeared together in benefit shows in England, and

(continued)

MARY AND HELLER sing "The Crowing Song," from "Peter Pan." They took three ballet lessons a week for two months before the show opened.

"You could tell the short, short story of my life by listing the people I'm grateful to"

last October Coward made his American TV debut in a 90-minute song and dance and dramatic-skit routine with Miss Martin as his co-star.

After "Pacific 1860" closed in London, Miss Martin came back to this country to take Ethel Merman's role in the road company of "Annie Get Your Gun." The tour was pleasant and rewarding, but of course it wasn't like playing a lead on Broadway. While they were on the road, Miss Martin and Halliday kept hearing occasionally from Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, who said they had something big in the works for her. "Annie Get Your Gun" closed in California and the Hallidays drove back to New York in their automobile. The night that they arrived, they went to Rodgers' home in Connecticut. Rodgers and Hammerstein were waiting for them with Leland Hayward and Joshua Logan. That was when Miss Martin first heard about "South Pacific."

Mary Meets Nellie

Logan, who was to be the director of the show, explained the role of Nellie Forbush, the Navy nurse, to Miss Martin and read the dialogue from one of Nellie's scenes to her. Rodgers played on the piano "Some Enchanted Evening" and a few of the other songs. Miss Martin had only one doubt: She and Halliday could not visualize a light musical comedy voice like hers singing "Some Enchanted Evening" in a duet with a heavy operatic basso voice like Ezio Pinza's.

"You'll just have to take my word for it," Rodgers said. "I figured it out and I know it can be done all right."

It was agreed that Miss Martin and Halliday would think about it over the weekend and let Rodgers and Hammerstein know their decision on Monday.

"We went home and we sat up all night talking about it, very excited and very happy with the whole idea of the show," Halliday says. "The next day was Saturday. I phoned Rodgers at nine-thirty in the morning and said to him, 'Look, do we have to wait until Monday to tell you that Mary will take the part?'"

Miss Martin did not realize at the time, of course, that playing in "South Pacific" would mean shampooing her hair three times a day for three years. (And five times on the days of matinee performances.) She washed it before each show to bring out her curls, again on the stage during her "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair" scene, and once more after the show to remove the soap that she didn't have time to rinse out on the stage.

Mary's career in television has been the envy of every performer who has toiled in that demanding and unpredictable medium. She and Halliday have picked her spots shrewdly; she has appeared only in big, elaborate, and very costly super-special spectaculars: The Ford Fiftieth Anniversary Show, The General Foods Rodgers-Hammerstein Show, the "Peter Pan" show, the two-hour teleplay version of "The Skin of Our Teeth," and the hour-and-a-half revue with Noel Coward. Even Miss Martin's eleven-minute unpaid appearance on "Person to Person" turned out to be something rather extraordinary. It drew more mail than she had received during the entire run of "South Pacific." In order to put on her performance of "Peter Pan," NBC had to dig deep into its own pockets after having collected from Ford and RCA-Victor, the two sponsors—a trade publication estimated the cost of the show at $500,000. Needless to say, a network does not indulge in such prodigality very often, but in the wall-to-wall carpeted offices at Radio City it was agreed that Miss Martin was worth it.

Television found Mary hard to get. It took Leland Hayward, probably the most persuasive and persistent salesman in show business, to induce her to appear on the Ford show in 1953; and Hayward had to search all over the Atlantic Ocean for Miss Martin and Mr. Halliday before he could do it.

She Was Hard to Land

The Ford Motor Company hired Hayward to produce the anniversary show partly because he assured them that he would persuade Miss Martin to appear on the television program. Mary was then in London winding up her British appearance in "South Pacific." She turned the frantic Hayward down flat, but when she returned to the United States he continued to follow her everywhere. The Hallidays sneaked away from the country on a freighter, keeping the ship's name and destination a secret.

Hayward refused to give up. He sent out all over the Atlantic a radio message which was almost an SOS. It was addressed: "To All Ships at Sea." The message begged the Hallidays to wire him at once, telling him where they were headed. Hayward was ready to meet their ship in South Africa or the Falkland Islands if necessary. Mary and Dick gave in reluctantly, and a few days later, when they arrived in Cuba, Hayward was waiting on the dock with outstretched arms. He said that the visit was purely social. He had simply been overcome by a warm desire to spend a few days with the Hallidays. He had their dinner for that night all arranged and so on.

"And, as a matter of fact," Mary says, "I think Leland waited almost five or six hours before he brought up the subject of the Ford television show."

"My Heart Belongs to Broadway"

The Ford show, a two-hour jamboree on two major networks simultaneously, worked out far more successfully than anybody connected with it had hoped, and Miss Martin was especially outstanding in her songs with Ethel Merman, in a dramatic scene from "Our Town" and in a side-splitting satire on the changes in women's fashions over the past fifty years. She has been kindly disposed to Leland Hayward and to television ever since, but neither television nor the movies will ever replace the stage in her affections.

"You get a feeling of timing and response working before an audience in a theater that you never get in a television studio or on a movie set," she says. "This television medium is fantastic. They tell me more children will be able to see 'Peter Pan' on TV than could see it in theaters if I played it for thirty years. Now you know that's wonderful. But my heart still belongs to Broadway."

THE END

NOW HELLER says she wants no more of the stage, intends to become a nurse instead. Her parents remain strictly neutral about her final choice, but admit they prefer a normal daughter to a star, teach her to put "friendship above applause." Mary rarely calls her "Heller," prefers "Madam-Queen" or else "La Belle."

Photo by Erwin Blumenfeld

FULL FATHOM FIVE

The upkeep on his beautiful and demanding bride was extremely high, even in Spain. But he'd do anything to keep her happy, including risking his neck for sunken treasure

BY KEM BENNETT ILLUSTRATED BY BEN STAHL

The old man was long, thin, and bent, with a face like a freakish rock formation and a terrible squint. He wore the baggy black trousers and cummerbund of the Catalan fisherman. His trousers were rolled up to the knees, displaying calves that appeared to have been knitted in old rope on large needles. His feet must have been more leathery than any blacksmith's apron because he was hopping about from rock to rock, and in and out of the pools, paying absolutely no attention to encrustations of barnacles that would have turned an ordinary foot into hamburger steak in less than a minute.

When Edward arrived the old man stopped hacking limpets off the rocks with a worn kitchen knife and sat down to watch.

Edward was used to having an audience. Aqualungs were not so common on the Costa Brava that the sight of someone using one attracted no attention. A few minutes later, having fitted himself out in his diving regalia, he eased himself off a rock and was gone with a slithery splash, leaving behind him a trail of bubbles rising through the clear water.

The old man rolled a cigarette of Spanish tabaco negro, which lives up to its name, took a battered cigarette-holder from the pocket of his faded shirt, and sat and smoked, as still as a gargoyle that some unemployed monument mason might have hacked out of the rock for a pastime.

Below, Edward was playing the waiting game that pays off best in underwater photography. Speed, noise, bustle—all these things have the same effect underwater, which is to cause half the inhabitants to make off rapidly in search of peace and quiet while the other half retire to nooks and crannies in the rocks, slam the doors, and wait till the noisy invader runs out of air.

While he awaited his prey, poised in the water with his camera ready, Edward was thinking. He

Amanda struggled in the old man's grip. "Let me go, you old fool!" she screamed. "You've killed him."

found that the peace and loneliness of the underwater scene always helped him to think. He was thinking about money. The British government, still committed to rationing the amount of foreign currency they permitted their nationals to take abroad, was not going to let him have any more pesetas than he possessed at the moment: enough for only a few more days in Sa Falconera. Not, that is, unless he chose to return to England, apply to his bank manager for a large green form and apply to the Bank of England for a professional allowance, giving his reasons at length and in triplicate.

Even then, it was quite possible that the Bank of England would decide no dice—and besides there were the travel expenses to think about. So it looked as if his "Underwater Guide to the Spanish Coast" would not be completed that year. Pity, too, because well-heeled skin-divers of all nationalities were flocking to the Costa Brava and the Balearic Islands, and an "Underwater Guide," published at fifteen shillings, say, had looked to Edward to be a good thing, liable to earn him a sizable wedge of potatoes.

He sighed, expelling a cloud of bubbles larger than usual from the duck-bill valve behind his head and causing a coy little female octopus to duck back into cover just as she had been about to consent to pose.

From money, Edward's thoughts turned to Amanda, his dearly beloved and staggeringly beautiful bride. They frequently followed this course, because Amanda's attitude toward money was less than Spartan. She believed in chucking it about. Already on this trip she had acquired a tweed suit—"They make them so beautifully, darling, and so CHEAP!" —a leather jacket, a couple of silly hats, a glass thing for drinking wine out of, and a decorated game bag which she swore she was going to carry in Paris, thus starting a new fashion. Dear Amanda. Damn Amanda! If she thought she was going to have that crazy necklace with the outrageous price tag out of the boutique in Tossa, she was very much mistaken!

The octopus re-emerged from her apartment. Edward froze. Click, went the shutter of his camera. Click, click, click.

A few minutes later, starting to feel chilly and having used his remaining film on the octopus, he surfaced close to the rock where he had left his clothes. He found himself staring straight into the squint of the old man who had been collecting limpets. He recoiled. Then, remembering his manners, he spat out his mouthpiece, smiled, and said cheerfully, "*Buenos dias.*"

The old man answered in Catalan, Castilian's ugly sister, gravel-voiced and hoarse as a Chicago barman. "*Bon dia,*" he growled. Then he gathered up his knife and his limpets and went away.

Edward and Amanda were sitting outside the Bar Patxei, the one and only bar in Sa Falconera—and also the one and only shop. They were drinking a succulent mixture of Spanish brandy and café espreso and thinking about England, where a single brandy fetched the price of a bottle in Spain and where they didn't know how to make good coffee.

"Thursday?" Amanda queried.

"Thursday," Edward agreed. "And at that we shan't have enough scratch for more than one night in France, which'll mean driving till our eyes stand out like chapel hat-pegs."

"Oh, well," said Amanda. "We've had three months of it, after all. Mustn't be greedy. Besides I've got a lovely tan."

"Beautiful," Edward leered. "Why do you have to cover up so much of it? We could have stayed a week longer for the price of that damn jacket."

Looking up, he saw a young man standing beside their table. He was as natty as a tomcat in a violet shirt and his Sunday suit, which was the color of stickjaw toffee. His large, bony hand lay on the back of the spare chair, and when Edward glanced at him he smiled and said, "With your permission, señor?"

Edward knew him vaguely by sight. "Yes," he said in Spanish. "Please. Sit down." And at the same time he recognized the family resemblance; this was the son of the old man of the rocks. The boy had not inherited the squint, but the bone was there and in thirty years he, too, would have a face like a length of driftwood.

"You are the famous diver, señor?"

"I dive," Edward admitted, pleased. "Not professionally, just for fun."

"My father sent me to say that he desires to speak to you, señor."

"Why did he not speak to me on the rocks this morning?" Edward asked. "It was he, was it not?"

The boy pulled a face which demonstrated that he was intolerant of the deficiencies of the aged. "Yes, but it makes him sweat to speak Castilian, señor. If you care to come I could interpret."

"I told you, I'm not a professional."

The young man leered and shrugged his toffee-brown shoulders.

"Is there money in this proposition?" Amanda asked.

The boy looked at her sideways. "Much money, señora."

"Tell us more," Amanda said sweetly.

The boy glanced right, then left, shook his head, leaned conspiratorially toward them. "Not here." He put a hand behind a protuberant ear and made it wag in a most suggestive fashion. "Tonight, señora, if you will be so gracious. At our house at the far end of the beach."

"We'll be there," Amanda said.

When the boy had gone, Edward let loose. "I'm not going grubbing around in the mud for an anchor the old goat lost a couple of years ago! From now until Thursday I'm going to be in the water all day, taking photographs that will maybe tempt a publisher into coming through with a contract. I—"

"No harm in knowing what the proposition is, darling," Amanda pointed out stubbornly.

"But I've seen the old thug. You haven't. He looks like an underfed vulture. Furthermore, he has the most abominable squint, and that's bad luck."

"It isn't," Amanda said. "It's muscles."

"All right!" Edward said. "All right, but I'm the mug that risks the air embolisms and the bends, so *I'm* the one that says what's what. D'you hear me?"

"Yes, darling," Amanda said sweetly, and he glowered at her, doing painful things to her in his imagination which were denied to him outside the Bar Patxei on a Sunday afternoon.

That night they sat with grave formality, the four of them, around the big kitchen table in the old man's house. Garlic, onions, and dried tomatoes hung in strings beside the charcoal range. The floor was of earth-red tiles, uncarpeted, and the chairs were small and hard. They drank a *vino corriente* so young and muscular that it left the tongue feeling like a sheepskin boot.

"In 1943," Isidro, the son, was saying, "an English spy came in a submarine. El Papa was asked to pick him up in his boat, offshore, and because we in Catalonia were always very strong for the Allied cause, he agreed. Unfortunately, they were betrayed. There were soldiers waiting at the landing-place. Shots were fired and the Englishman got perforated." He paused, making a sorrowfully sympathetic gesture which said that he thought espionage a mug's game.

"What next?" Edward said calmly.

"El Papa managed to make an escape. When the first shot was fired—into reverse, brooum with the motor and away."

Edward frowned. Amanda nodded. Her hands were cupped under her chin and her eyes were shining.

"In the boat were left all the poor gentleman's belongings. The usual things and, as well, a black box. What do you think the box contained?"

"Gold?" Edward queried.

Isidro slapped himself on the forehead. "*Carai!* The señor has second sight."

"What happened to the gold?"

"It was thrown overboard together with

everything that might have betrayed the fact that the spy had been in the boat. El Papa was afraid, and the other man in the boat, who is now dead, may he be with God, he too was frightened. They threw all overboard without thinking."

"You know where the gold lies?" Edward asked.

"Si, señor. The exact place. We have been waiting for twelve years." Isidro glanced at his father.

"True," the old man growled, nodding his head hard enough to break his neck.

"How deep?"

"Six, maybe seven meters," Isidro said. "Upon my oath it is not more. If you will dive for the gold, señor, my father is prepared to give you much of it. A third, say—"

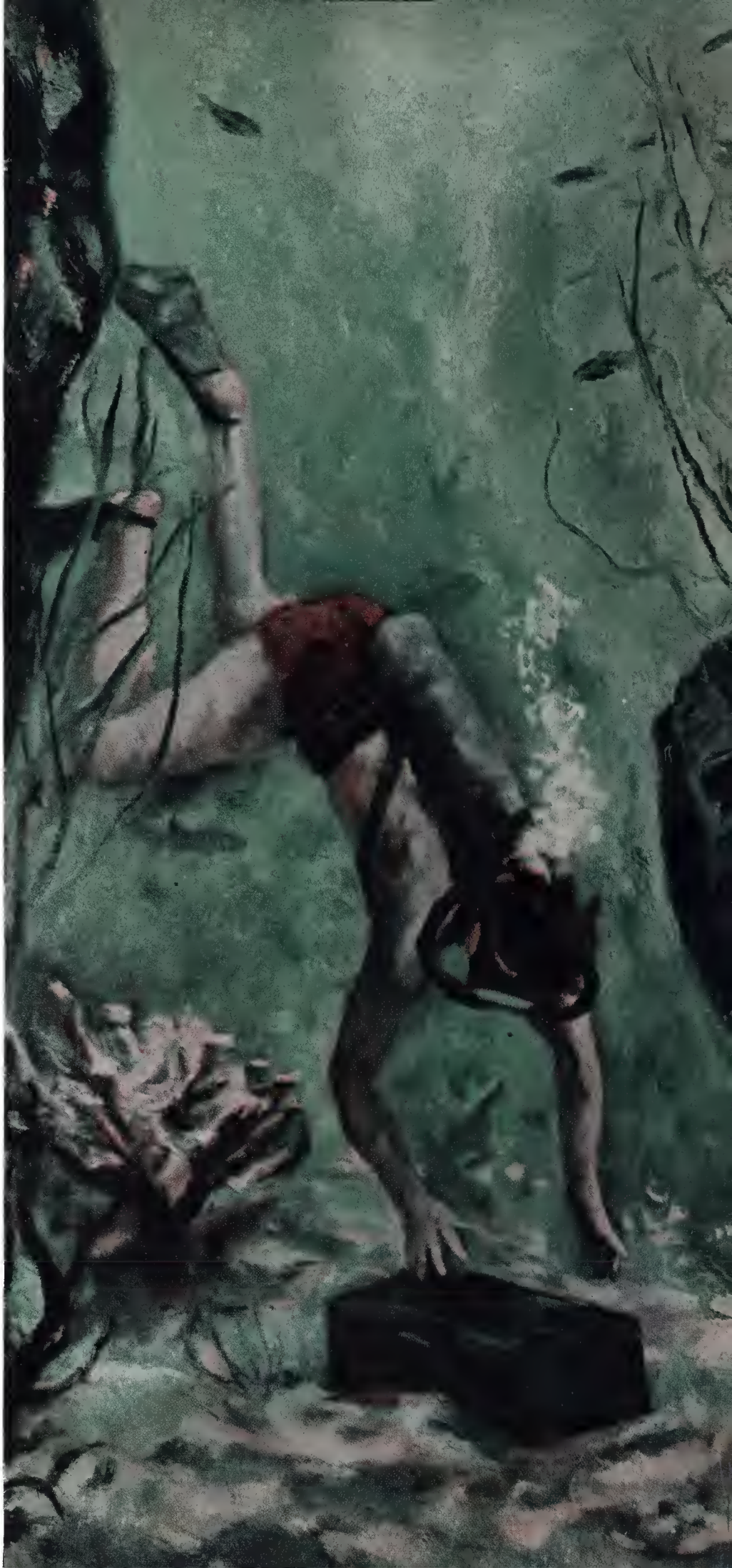
Amanda's voice cut in. "Half," she said demurely.

The following afternoon they chugged up the coast in El Papa's boat, having made obvious and public arrangements beforehand to go fishing. In less than an hour they came to a diminutive beach cowering beneath perpendicular cliffs whose one aim seemed to be to push it into the water. There were reefs about, sometimes sticking their ugly heads above water, with deep gulfs and gulleys between them. El Papa sidled the boat in among the rocks with complete confidence. Presently he stopped the boat and, for once, he smiled. "Gold!" he said, pointing downwards, and cut off half of his squint with a wink so wicked that it made Amanda jump.

Edward was looking at the beach. So that was where a British agent had met a quick and treacherous end, poor devil. Or had he? Something was telling Edward that during the last war agents had never entered Spain the hard way, but had traveled self-righteously to Madrid on diplomatic passports. Hmm. Could El Papa be lying? Or demented? He could be either or both. And yet it had to be tried; Edward would never forgive himself if he didn't have one quick look. Neither, for that matter, would Amanda ever forgive him. Her nostrils were flaring. She looked like a thoroughbred waiting for the starting gate to go up. Hell, she looked good in that bikini!

Flippers on. Mask on. Before he had time to stick the aqualung mouthpiece between his teeth, Amanda leaned out and kissed him warmly on the lips. He said, "It won't be there. A hundred to one it won't be there."

"I know . . . but just suppose it were!"



In a gully he found it, a big, black box, strangely clean and shiny. A dismal suspicion dawned.

The bubbles wandered slowly upwards.

Edward's rhythmically kicking flippers drove him down into the blue-black inkiness of water in shadow. He disturbed a large moray eel which showed its teeth at him. Rock fish of all colors, shapes, and sizes darted for cover. A lugubrious grouper stared at him as if he were the undertaker come to measure Auntie Mabel for a box. Edward systematically searched the gulleys in the vicinity. In the fifth or sixth, he found the box.

Big, black, neat, and new-looking, it was the size of an ordinary suitcase. Edward sat on a nearby rock, looking for sea-urchins as carefully as a schoolboy checks for bent pins. He stared at the black box. Twelve years in the water, and yet there was no marine growth on the exterior! Could it be, perhaps, that there was a rat about to be smelled by any character with a sense of self-preservation? He swam over and laid hands on the box. The outer covering was of rubberized fabric. He hefted the thing—quite light. And very new. Gold? Gold be jiggered.

Up he went, his flippers kicking angrily. On the surface he swapped his aqualung mouthpiece for that of a schnorkel to save air and swam towards El Papa's boat.

They were all leaning over the side. Amanda said, "Well! Did you find it?"

Edward spat out his mouthpiece, one hand on the boat's gunwale. "I found a box." He looked hard at El Papa. The old man's face was as expressionless as a locked front door. Isidro, on the other hand, was looking embarrassed, even furtive. "It was very light," Edward added.

"Perhaps," Isidro suggested brightly, "the money was in notes, after all?"

"Furthermore, it was as clean as if it had been in the water for a day or a week, not twelve years."

"Ah."

"Ask your father what was in it," Edward said coolly. "Go on! Ask him. Was it cigarettes, drugs, scent, or what? And don't give me the stuff about paper money, because I'm not a fool."

Father and son conferred. Hubble-bubble-yak-yak-yak. Edward waited, then intervened. "Look," he said, "there never was a spy, was there—or any gold? You dropped that lot with a Spanish Customs launch on your tail, didn't you? And you thought that once I'd fished it up for you I'd keep quiet for fear of getting involved with the police? Well, you're out of luck, *papa mio*. I'm not a mug. I'll be damned if I'll fish up your loot for you!"

Isidro was glumly translating. In short order the old man cut him off. He had understood; talking was El Papa's trouble, not listening. Edward started to heave himself into the boat. El Papa promptly pushed him back. Amanda said, "Lay off, you old goat, or you'll go overboard!"

"I think you had better bring up the box, señor," Isidro said sorrowfully. "If not, I fear El Papa might wish to leave you here."

Edward snarled, "Go to hell! Amanda, give me a hand."

She started to. Isidro took her by the shoulder and pulled her back. She hit him a backhanded swipe that sent him base-over-apex into the bow of the boat. The boat rocked. Amanda nearly fell into the sea. Not El Papa, though; he might well have been born in a boat, for he appeared to be welded to this one. As Edward made his third attempt to climb in, the old man tapped him smartly on the head with the butt-end of an oar.

"Hell!" Edward said and went down. Fairy lights before the eyes. Whirligigs and celestial formations. Spiral nebulae cavorting through space at a million miles a second. But second nature had made him hold his breath. As he sank he crammed his mouthpiece between his lips, and presently twisted his body into a right-handed spin in order to expel water from the aqualung's air-tube. Then he inhaled gratefully. His head ached. He looked up furiously at the underbelly of El Papa's boat, wishing he had a drill, or a bomb, or something. The old goat!

What now? Go up again? And collect another whack on the head? Not perishing likely! Stay down then? Yes, he decided. That was it, stay down until he had had time to think . . .

In the boat Amanda was fighting to free herself from El Papa, who had her locked in his wiry old arms. "Let me go! Let me go, you old fool. You've killed him! Please, please let me go and I might be able to save him."

"If I were you," Isidro said to his father gloomily, "I should let her go."

Amanda felt El Papa's grip relax a little. She jerked herself free. "If he's dead," she said, "you'll hang—both of you." Then she went over the side of the boat, wearing a spare face-mask, a schnorkel, and a pair of flippers.

Blue and dim, alien and mysterious the water was; and Amanda thought of Edward lying limply among the weed-covered rocks in a hostile and clammy world. Lobster bait. Oh, Edward! She started to cry and the tears were trapped in her mask, making a little pool which flowed backwards and forwards over the glass as she turned her head from side to side.

There was no sign of him, dead or alive. Amanda swam in a slowly widening circle, straining her eyes to penetrate the misty blueness below. Inside her head, the voice of Amanda the Good was making frantic vows: "I'll never do it again, darling. I'll never be casual about money, I'll never get you into escapades by talking too much, I'll never again use your love for blackmail. I do love you like anything, so please, please don't be dead."

Suddenly, in the distance, she thought she saw the glint of silver bubbles rising. Her heart leaped. She turned toward them. They had seemed to come from a gulley between two reefs which rose from the water, but when she reached the gulley there were no bubbles. Down went poor Amanda's heart into her flippered feet. She turned to swim back through the gulley again. Then she heard a soft whistle. She saw a flippered foot come down into the water from above the surface. She jerked up her head. "Hello, darling," Edward whispered. He was sitting on the reef, concealed from El Papa's boat by the wall of rock behind him. As she swam towards him, her eyes adoring, trying to smile round the mouthpiece of her schnorkel, he said, "Don't let on you've seen me. Listen. . . ."

"He's dead," Amanda sobbed. "I . . . saw his body on the bottom. It was too deep for me to reach. It'll have to be brought up by a diver."

Isidro stared down at his hands. El Papa took off his cap and scratched his head. Then, as if someone had fired a starting gun, they burst into argument. Isidro was accusatory. El Papa was sourly defiant. When the futile argument had spent itself they turned back to Amanda. She was sitting in the bow of the boat, her face a mask of pathos, her hands aimlessly playing with Edward's harpoon gun which had been lying nearby.

El Papa scratched his nose. "We had better kill her too," he said in Catalan.

Isidro said, "You are mad, old man! She is too beautiful."

"Bah! Grow up, boy. She can send us to the *garotte*."

"We shall go anyway," Isidro said dismally. "It is known we took them out."

"If we kill her we can say that they both drowned."

"Who will believe us?" Isidro turned to Amanda, his eyes pleading. "It was an accident, señora. We are truly sorry. Before God, my father did not mean to kill the poor señor. He hit him very, very gently with the oar."

"He killed him," Amanda said huskily. "I expect you are thinking of killing me too." Isidro jumped. "If you come near me I shall harpoon you," Amanda continued. "Now let us go back to Sa Falconera."

El Papa stared at the harpoon gun. It was loaded; five minutes earlier it had been empty. The five-foot-long rod of chrome-steel had an evil-looking trident screwed to the business end. He scowled.

El Papa pulled a sour face and bent to crank the engine.

Puff-puff-puff. The boat moved, but very slowly. Amanda settled the harpoon gun on her knee, keeping the trident

pointed straight at El Papa's solar plexus.

"See if we have weed," El Papa said to Isidro, staring at the minuscule bow wave as if it were doing him an injury.

Isidro peered over the stern, looking down into the foaming water as El Papa throttled down. "No weed."

El Papa looked at the propeller for himself. He kicked the engine-housing with a dirty foot. "Sour the milk! A nanny-goat could pull better."

Amanda's face was still a mask of tragedy. Her gun hand was steady, though.

On the beach at Sa Falconera a crowd quickly gathered. Six fishermen, ten fishermen's wives, twenty children, five dogs, six tourists and a Corporal of the Civil Guard.

"It was an accident, Lieutenant," Amanda was saying to the corporal. "While my husband was getting into the boat the old man hit him by mistake with an oar he was using to keep us off the rocks. The blow must have stunned him because he sank and never came up again. I . . . I saw his body on the bottom. Will you please recover it for me?"

Isidro's eyes were moist with gratitude. He dug El Papa in the ribs. "She said it was an accident."

El Papa tore his eyes from his boat, beached nearby. "Sour the milk," he said. "I wonder why."

The Civil Guard Corporal was a sentimental man. "Of course, señora," he was saying to Amanda with a sob in his voice, "but how, if the poor gentleman lies at the bottom of the sea?"

"In Tossa there are others who possess diving apparatus. Will you not take a boat and ask help of one of them?"

The corporal beamed. Action. A task to be performed. "Instantly, señora," he said, bringing his hand to the salute in front of his shiny patent leather hat. He turned to the watching fishermen. "Launch a boat! Don't stand there like a row of amputated legs! Launch a boat! Whose is the fastest?"

"El Papa's," somebody said.

"No, it isn't," El Papa growled. "Not today—for some reason."

"Launch Sebastian's," the corporal barked. He turned. "You and you!" Isidro and El Papa stared at him nervously. "You are both under arrest until this matter is settled. You will come with us to show us the place of the fatality."

At Tossa de Mar, ten kilometers down the coast, the corporal made enquiries and invited, through an interpreter, a young Frenchman who owned an aqualung to come and search for the dead body of an Englishman. The Frenchman was delighted. He put himself—and his skill—at the service of the police and of humanity, he said.

It was dusk before they sighted the little beach. The sea had been getting stronger, now and again flirting the white handkerchief of its spray over the weather side of the rocks. Edward saw the boat coming and slid, with a sigh of relief, into the water. He had been suffering from the evening chill and a shortage of cigarettes and alcohol.

The boat anchored under El Papa's directions. The Frenchman busied himself. He dusted his naked body with talcum powder preparatory to inserting himself into a sponge-rubber suit. He laid out his overcomplicated equipment with the precision of a fanatically tidy man. He delivered a lecture in French on its use to the crew, who were fascinated but understood not a word.

Meanwhile, without fuss, Edward surfaced close to the bow of the boat. Isidro saw him first and let out a wail.

In Sa Falconera, as soon as it was reasonably dark, Amanda left her bedroom in the pension. She was wearing black slacks and a black sweater and as she went down the beach she was almost invisible against the background of the purple sea. When she reached El Papa's boat she stooped, feeling in the sand close to the stern. She soon found what she was looking for: a length of thin, strong line—a thing without which Edward never dived. The line ran down over the beach and into the water. Amanda started to pull it in, gently, hand-over-hand, all the time listening and watching to make sure that the beach was deserted. Presently a black shape appeared in the shallows. Soundlessly whistling a happy little tune Amanda patted the side of the boat affectionately. Then she cut the line and went up the beach with the black box in her hands. She went around the back of the pension and up to her room by the service stairs.

In Sebastian's boat Edward was explaining: "I must have lost track of time. After all, I was hit on the head, wasn't I? I don't remember. I was examining some conches I found and then it struck me how dark it was for midafternoon, so I surfaced—and there you all were."

"You have half an hour's air in your bottles," the young Frenchman interrupted acidly. "How could you have stayed submerged for more than three hours? Answer me, how could you have breathed air from your cylinders for three hours, conscious or unconscious?"

Edward smiled sweetly at him. "I seem to have done something miraculous," he murmured. "Perhaps I was in a coma and didn't breathe at all. They say Indian mystics can live without breathing."

"I disgorge myself of Indian mystics," the Frenchman shouted. "It is ridiculous! It is a trick! It is a silly English joke!"

The Corporal of the *Guardia Civil* was more credulous. "*Fantastico!*" he said, shaking Edward warmly by the hand. "A miraculous deliverance, señor."

"Thank you," Edward said. "You don't have a cigarette on you, I suppose?"

In Sa Falconera there was a reunion. Amanda threw herself at Edward and hugged him, her shoulders shaking violently, and the onlookers whispered to one another approvingly. It was nice to see proper emotion displayed. Edward then drank two or three glasses of brandy and shook hands with the entire population except El Papa and Isidro.

Eventually, Edward and Amanda managed to escape to their room. Amanda was bubbling. "Oh, boy!" she said. "Did we put it over on those two cannibals!"

"I take it we have the loot," Edward said happily. "What was in the box?"

"I didn't have time to look, darling. It's in the wardrobe."

Edward fetched the black box from the wardrobe. With a razor blade he slit open the rubberized fabric covering. The container inside was made of aluminum. He broke the seals and lifted the lid.

"Color film," Edward said. "Price in Tangier, say, half a dollar a roll, maybe fifty pesetas—price in Palafrugell two hundred and fifty to three hundred pesetas. I know, because I bought some the other day. There are no flies on El Papa."

Amanda was lying on the bed, her hands clasped behind her head and her eyes shining.

"We have absolutely no right to keep them, you know," Edward said.

"No." The shine in her eyes faded.

He frowned. "Do you mean to tell me you wouldn't have my liver out if I were to surrender them?"

"No," Amanda said gravely. "When I thought you had gone down for good this afternoon, I made some vows. I vowed I'd never talk you into doing anything you didn't want to again. I meant it."

Edward sat down on the bed. "But I don't *want* to surrender them, darling," he said plaintively. "Besides, hereabouts smuggling is almost an honest trade. Think of the tourists we'd bring to Spain with my 'Underwater Guide.' Why, the state would make thousands out of it!" He grinned. "There are earrings to go with that necklace, you know."

Amanda put her arms around him. "Darling," she said. "Darling."

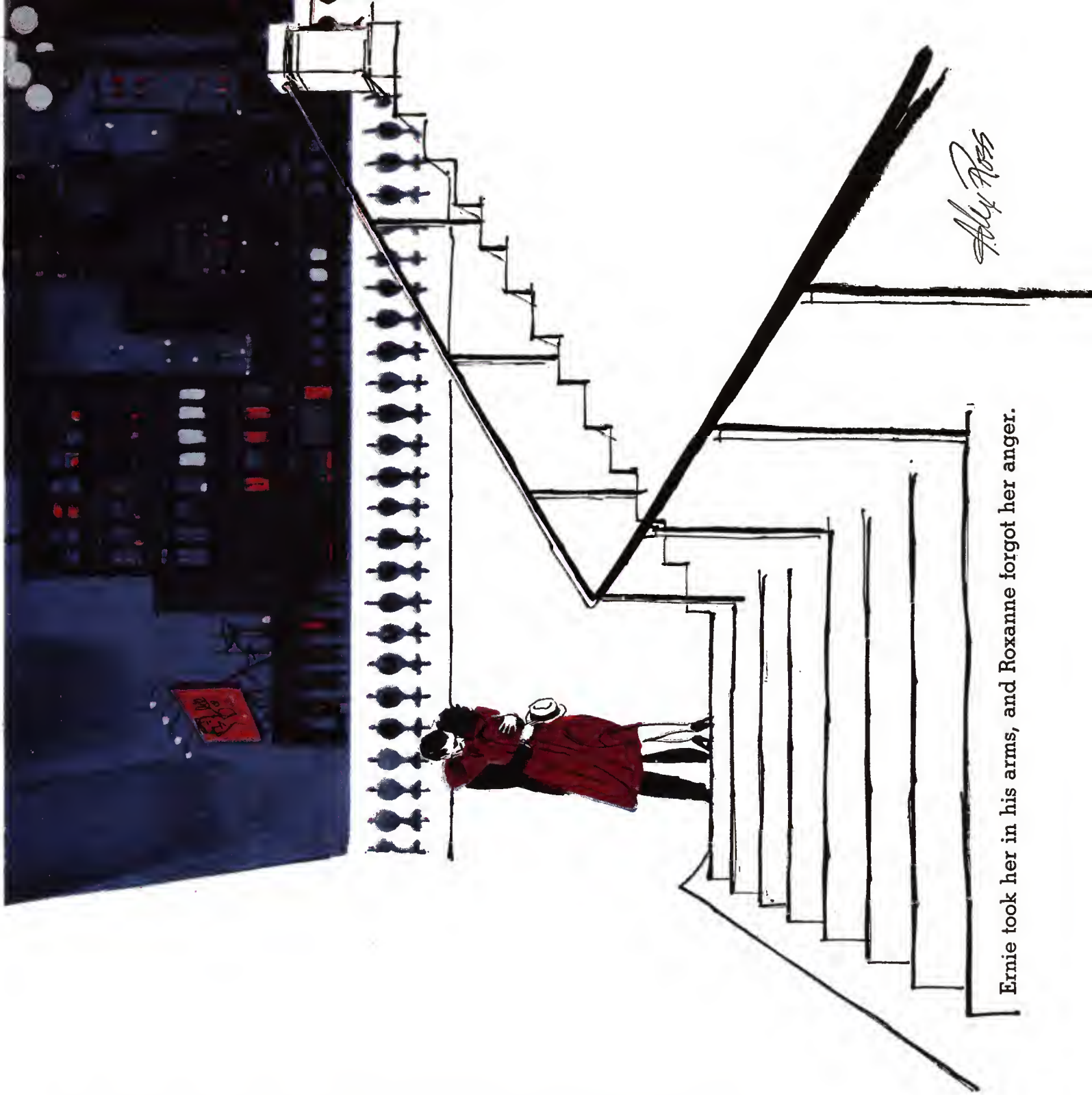
On the beach, El Papa had found the length of line attached to the stern of his boat. "Spit in the milk!" El Papa roared. "They've got the loot."

Isidro said gloomily, "I told you not to trust the English. They are rarely as stupid as they look."

A moment later he was sitting on the beach, holding his ear, and El Papa was trudging sourly away over the sand, spitting in the milk. THE END

AND TEMPTATION

As a crusading lawyer, young Ernie Galan had fought for many a lost cause—but none more hopeless than that of this onetime hoodlum with blood on his hands. "Why not quit right now?" he was tempted



Ernie took her in his arms, and Roxanne forgot her anger.

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

You double-crossing little rat, I'm going to fix it so you won't never mention the Doc to nobody again . . .

Benny said these words along with lots of others. They separated themselves and made an arrow that hit Ernie Galan's brain and went *zing,* as though they were different, vital.

"The Doc?" he said. "You never told me before that Dutch said anything about somebody called Doc. Who was he?"

Ernie's sixth sense told him he was nearing the clue he needed in this case. It was such flashes of near-clairvoyance which put Ernie Galan on the front pages as the most sensational young criminal lawyer around, the same flashes that reveal a true diagnosis to an inspired doctor. The Doc's identity might be the key.

Benny hadn't said anything about the Doc that day he had come running into Ernie Galan's office, his T shirt red with blood—the day he'd killed Dutch. Nor any other time. Ernie Galan had known there was a piece missing in this case. He had to find it.

Because they were in a nasty corner. Right now, at this minute, it had narrowed physically to a conference room in the old city jail. In the corner with Ernie Galan was the boy named Benny, who was charged with first-degree murder. Also Ernie Galan's wife, Roxanne.

Roxanne was there because Ernie had dragged her there. "Before you start making decisions for me," Ernie Galan had told her, "you ought to have some idea what you're talking about. You never met Benny; you ought to take a look at him before you figure what cases I can take," he had said. He backed out of the car, taking her with him, his fingers so tight on her wrist that tingles shot up her arm; and he kept on smiling at her. But this wasn't his "woman-I-love-now-you're-mine-it's-more-wonderful-than-I-dreamed" smile. No, no. It was a "here-I-come-look-out-for-me" smile, very bright around the edges. Old man Killian, who occupied the dusty back room of Ernie Galan's shabby

law offices and was known far and wide as Ernie's *alter ego,* called it the Four-Alarm smile. Tigers, old Killian said, switch their tails; Ernie smiles—it means the same thing; they're in a corner and somebody has a gun but they are coming out anyway, tooth, fang, and claw.

So Roxanne had come along. The smile was still on Ernie's face while they waited for the prisoner to be brought in, and for the first second the boy named Benny had managed to return it. Then his thin, dark face pinched up thinner, more sullen than ever. Except for the eyes. They clung to Ernie's fighting smile as though to let go meant death.

"Okay, fella," Ernie Galan said then. "Sit down, we got to figure. The corner we're in is getting tighter all the time."

That was what Ernie and Roxanne had fought about while driving downtown. At breakfast, she had handed Ernie the papers with the headlines that squeezed that corner. Another punk had killed a cop in an alley back of a grocery store. The boy named Benny, whom Ernie Galan was going down to the jail to see, had killed a man, too.

"Benny didn't kill a cop," Ernie said, as he read the paper. "He killed a drug peddler that needed killing."

"I don't blame the cops for being sore," Roxanne said. "The one last night, look at the pictures of his wife and babies—and the motorcycle officer who got killed on the Freeway chasing one of those juvenile fiends had a wife, too, and war medals. But all your clients have such good excuses. None of the ones you defend are ever to blame."

By that time they were on their way downtown; Ernie was driving with one finger on the wheel, an erratic foot on the accelerator, and his mind two weeks into the future.

"I'm with you about hoodlums," Ernie said, "but Benny isn't a hoodlum. He's a victim of a social evil. He killed a yellow-bellied cur in self-defense. Now they'll try to lump him with cop-killers and the real bad boys who beat up crippled veterans. Nobody'll dare speak a word for him."

"Oh yes, someone will," Roxanne said. "You will. You spend most of your time speaking a good word for Benny."

Ernie swung around a squad car and parked at the curb outside the jail. "I wish you'd grow up," Roxanne said, and waited for him to get out so she could take the wheel and go about her wifely business. Instead he sat staring straight ahead, ignoring the red and white NO PARKING AT ANY TIME sign. Males on their way to work took a second look—for even on this discouraging gray morning young Mrs. Ernie Galan, bride of two months, was something any normal male had to turn around to look at.

Her husband said, "You want me to

let them send him to the gas chamber?"

Slowly Roxanne turned her lovely, shining head. All she could see was his most belligerent profile, which was very belligerent. She saw the forward thrust of the jaw, the tightened corner of the mouth, the upturned nose, the heavy dark brows pulled down. He turned to meet her gaze. He said, "You know whose fault all this is, don't you? Everybody's!"

"I'm not the jury," Roxanne said. "I'm just your wife. All I say is, you're spending too much time on this shoddy two-bit murder. Keep this up and they'll lump you with the ambulance chasers."

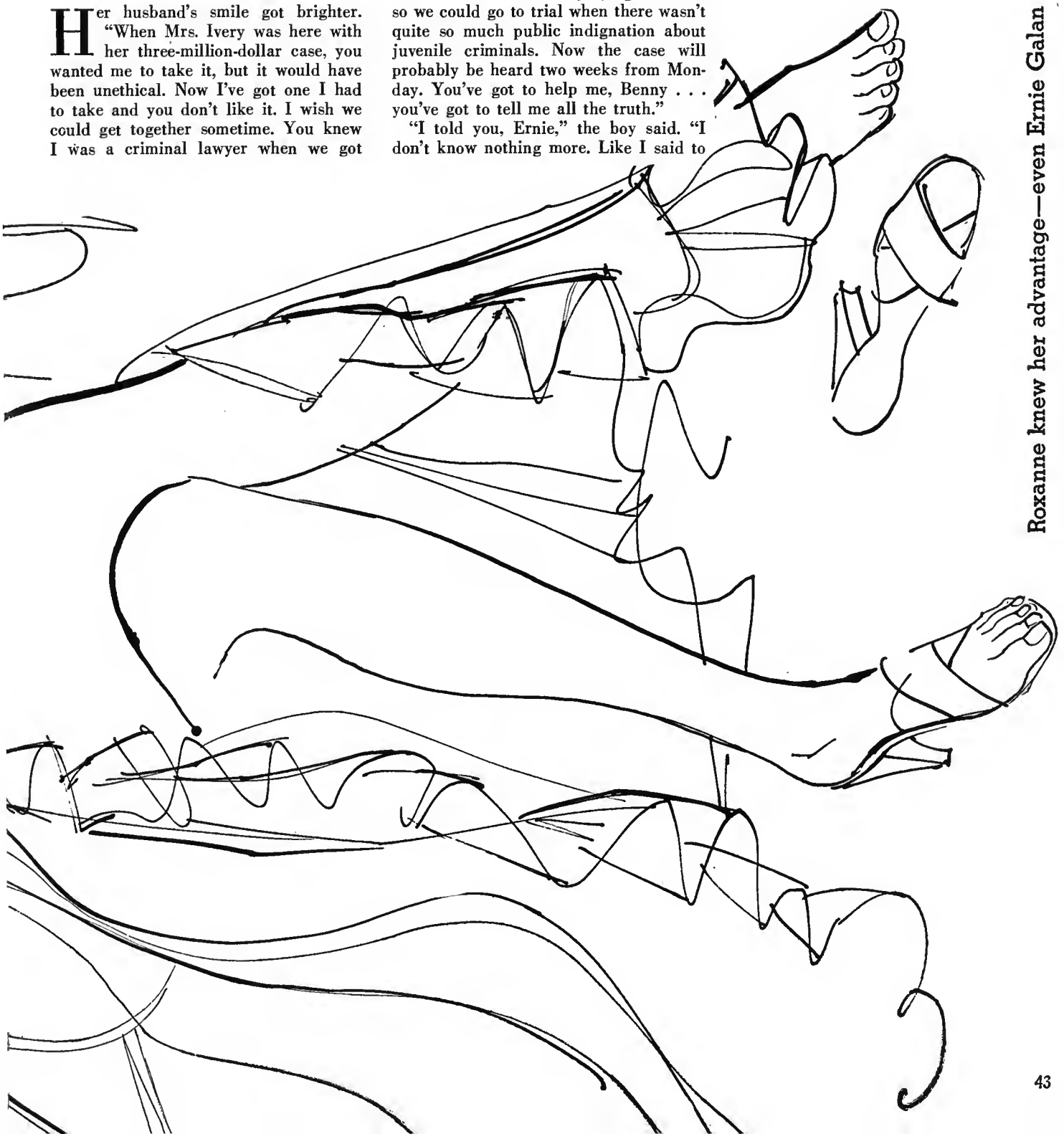
Her husband's smile got brighter. "When Mrs. Ivery was here with her three-million-dollar case, you wanted me to take it, but it would have been unethical. Now I've got one I had to take and you don't like it. I wish we could get together sometime. You knew I was a criminal lawyer when we got married, and you didn't mind it then."

"Oh sure," Roxanne said bitterly, "but I didn't expect you to waste your time on one little no-good murder case you can't possibly win."

"I have to win it," Ernie Galan said. "Before you decide he's not worth my time why don't you come up and look at him?"

So she was looking right at Benny when Ernie said, "The corner we're in is getting tighter. Now with the shooting last night they'll put the heat on the district attorney's office to oppose another continuance. I've been playing for time so we could go to trial when there wasn't quite so much public indignation about juvenile criminals. Now the case will probably be heard two weeks from Monday. You've got to help me, Benny . . . you've got to tell me all the truth."

"I told you, Ernie," the boy said. "I don't know nothing more. Like I said to



Roxanne knew her advantage—even Ernie Galan had to come home sometime.

Dutch that day, I said, 'Dutch, it wasn't me, I ain't told nobody nothing,' I said, 'Dutch—' "

The boy's eyes hadn't moved, but he wasn't seeing Ernie Galan any more. He was seeing Dutch, a big chunky guy with a face like a vicious toad. It was seeing Dutch with a knife in his hand that made Benny scream at night in his cell.

"I believe you, son," Ernie said. "I've believed you right along."

When the courthouse reporters sat around playing hearts they tried sometimes to figure out what Ernie Galan, who was strictly their boy, did to juries. There had been a rumor around that make-you-laugh-make-you-cry lawyers like Ernie Galan were old-fashioned, but now it looked as though that was just because there hadn't been any lawyers like Ernie Galan around for a long time. You had to be born with it, the old-timers around the Press Room said.

"He'd of made a great actor," the old-timer from the *Star* said.

"What makes you think he isn't?" the girl from the *Chronicle* said.

"His voice gets 'em," the *Star* man said. "Voices can sure do things to you. I had a girl once that—"

"I was ready to go all the way on Ernie's voice," the girl from the *Chronicle* said with a grin, "but that gal of his was too much competition. I don't like her, but I cannot deny she's a knockout."

Certainly Roxanne, who had married Ernie Galan against her better judgment, would have agreed about Ernie's voice. She could have named specific occasions on which she had been ready to toss up young Ernie Galan *and* his nonpaying clients *and* his headlines in favor of suitors who had more solid advantages to offer. There had been a number of these. "And I," Roxanne always said, "love money. Like Joe E. Lewis says, 'the richest man in the world is the one with the most money!' " But then Ernie would start talking and her heart would beat hard and her breath would not be enough to reach to the bottom of her lungs because she loved Ernie so much. She had planned to marry Money. With her looks, bids had been high; but instead she had married for love and here she was in the exclusive circle of murderer's row at 8:55 A.M. with Benny as guest of honor.

Being with Ernie here or anywhere was, she knew now, more than mink coats and diamonds; she wouldn't change this barred conference cell for any other place. But with Ernie Galan's genius—and she had heard it called that—was there any reason he shouldn't get her some of the things she had a right to? All right. Ernie Galan wouldn't sell out for dough. What old Killian called The First Temptation had failed. But surely they could have *success*. His obsession with this Benny case had her blood boiling and her teeth chattering at the same time. In the vocabulary of another day, this murder didn't even have any "class." Low, was what this murder was. Moreover, it was unpopular. The timing, as Ernie himself knew, was fatal. Public opinion had been aroused against these juveniles who desecrated churches, killed cops, beat up old women—and Benny's weapon had been the all-too-familiar piece of pipe. For the first time, the public and the press would be rooting against Ernie Galan.

No wonder he was grasping at any straw—such as some mysterious, sinister figure called the Doc.

Ernie's voice, crisp, authoritative, said, "Benny, we have to prove self-defense. You understand that?"

"The cops know he stuck a knife in me," Benny said sullenly. "I was bleeding like a pig. They know he would've killed me if I hadn't slugged him."

Ernie looked at the boy the way a manager would look at a rookie pitcher he had to put in with three men on in the last game of the World Series. His glance traveled to Roxanne as impersonally now as though she were a secretary he'd brought along to take notes. All he wanted was to see what kind of an impression Benny would make on her if she were on the jury.

Benny wasn't pretty. He wasn't going to make an appealing defendant unless the jury could be made to understand its heart ought to break over any boy of seventeen just back from a journey through hell. Benny was a starved, sulky, suspicious mess. He might not be a hoodlum, but he looked more like one than most hoodlums.

Ernie ran his hands through his hair until it stood up like a rooster's comb. "*I* believe you didn't know anything. But Dutch must have believed you did. Look at it this way. The D.A. is going to say Dutch didn't want anything from you, he had no reason to come at a kid like you with a knife. Why should he have felt you were a danger to him? Legally, in a murder case, if you can prove *how, when*, and *where* and that gives you *who*, you don't have to prove *why*. But the jury puts a lot of stress on *why*. Now Dutch was a very cagey customer. He carried a knife because it wouldn't make any noise and if he got caught with it he could say he used it to open cans of sardines. If a big guy like Dutch came at a little punk like you with that knife, there had to be some reason he wanted you out of the way. The D.A. will say Dutch wouldn't give you any more marijuana because you were out of money, so you went for him with that pipe to take it away from him. And Dutch drew the knife to defend himself. Dutch is in hell; I can't subpoena and cross-examine him. Nobody else was there. So we've got to make them believe you."

"You know I was off dope, Ernie."

"*I* do," Ernie said; "*they* don't. Don't you see it sounds more plausible that you needed a bang and went after Dutch? If you were off it, why were you there at all? We can answer that question only by showing why Dutch sent for you and then tried to knife you. You've got to know something you don't know you know. If we can figure out what he thought you'd told, or might tell if they questioned you in the Attorney General's investigation, I can convince the jury that Dutch thought he had to shut you up."

Into the pause Roxanne's silken voice injected, "What did he say that made you holler, 'No, Dutch, I didn't tell nobody nothing?' "

Benny began to shake. His eyes swung around the bare room, avoiding Roxanne: the eyes of the hunted.

"Tell her," Ernie said gently. "You'll have to tell the jury."

At last Benny looked at her. "Like I told Ernie," he said in a whisper, "Dutch says, 'You been using that big mouth of yours,' and I says, 'No, Dutch, I didn't.' He says, 'You double-crossing little rat I'm going to fix it so you won't never mention the Doc to nobody again.' I says, 'No, Dutch, I didn't—you ought to know I wouldn't,' and then he pulls the knife and comes at me—"

The Doc. The words went *zing* into Ernie Galan's brain; he held up his hand and said, "Wait a minute, Benny. The Doc? You never told me before that Dutch said anything about somebody called Doc. Who was he? Who had you mentioned Doc to?"

"I don't know, Ernie," Benny said wearily. "Dutch says go up to that house and hand this to the Doc and I done it. I guess he is Dutch's boss or something."

"Where was this house?"

"I don't know, Ernie," Benny said. "Dutch drives around and around and then he gives me a messenger boy's cap and he says ring the bell—"

"You saw the man?"

"Sure. He opens the door—"

"Would you recognize him again if you saw him?"

"I don't know, Ernie," Benny said, his voice thin with sudden fear. "I don't know. He is a little old guy with glasses—"

"If your life depended on it would you know him again?" Ernie said carefully.

"Yes," Benny said.

"What kind of a house was it?"

After a dozen swallows, Benny was

able to squeeze his voice out again. "I don't know, Ernie," he said. "A—big house—with trees—"

"When you started out with Dutch that night did you drive out the Parkway, or across the Pass or down the Shore or over the Bridge—"

"I didn't pay no attention, Ernie," Benny said. "They are in the front seat and I am in the back seat and—I don't remember—"

"You've got to remember." Ernie said passionately. "I've got to find out who the Doc is."

But Benny couldn't. It wasn't any use going over and over it, first gently and then with building pressure. Benny couldn't remember. At least not then.

On their way down, the Galans stopped at the eleventh floor. The Press Room was empty. Telephones were ringing, but Ernie let them ring. He went over to a typewriter, and had clicked off two or three lines when the girl from the *Chronicle* came in. When she saw Ernie Galan at her typewriter, her breath caught; then she saw Roxanne. She said coolly, "After a divorce already, my pets?"

"You shall be the first to know," Roxanne said and smiled. She knew what it was like to be in love with Ernie Galan when he loved you; it must be awful if he didn't.

"I came up to see Benny Daranda," Ernie said.

"You are annoying the hell out of somebody with that one," the girl from the *Chronicle* said.

"Who?" Ernie said. "And why?" The girl shrugged.

"Do you know anybody you can trust on the narcotics squad?"

The girl stared at him.

"Ask him if he knows who the Doc is, will you?"

"Oh Lord," the girl said, "why don't you lay off, Ernie? A criminal lawyer hasn't got any longer life expectancy than a fly if he doesn't watch where he is going. You start looking for somebody named Doc and you're on your own as far as I am concerned."

Roxanne Galan said, "I felt like that; in a way I still do, but—not when you see Benny. He's such a mess. Like the ugly kids in orphanages that nobody ever adopts. They sit all alone and watch while a happy young couple takes home the cute kid from the next bed—"

For the first time, the girl from the *Chronicle* looked full at Mrs. Galan, and her eyes stayed there while the clock ticked ten. Then she turned back to Ernie. "If I can find out anything, I'll call you," she said. "There's one guy on the sheriff's squad—he got close to a big guy a while ago. This might—you're sure you know what you're doing, Ernie? I'll call you, but I've got my job to think about. And my neck. They'll cut your throat as soon as look as you."

As usual, Ernie Galan's partner, old Killian, was sitting in the rickety swivel chair behind a mass of papers and law books on his desk. All the lights were blazing against the grayness of the day, and Killian's gray head was poked forward into a big black book which was propped up against a bust of Thomas Jefferson. He looked more than ever like Sydney Carton's grandfather as he squinted up at Roxanne's entrance; obviously he was in a Mood.

With his Harvard accent as pronounced as it could get, always a bad sign, old Killian said, "The First Temptation of Jesus was Money. The third, of course, was Power. But what was the second? *Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning thee: and in* their *hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.* Hah! An enigma. Why *not* cast himself down and show the boys?" Old Killian stared at Roxanne over his glasses. "Have you any idea what this one means?"

"Well, there is always the one about the devil quoting Scripture," Roxanne said. "Never mind that now, darling—"

"I will mind it!" old Killian said. "Matter of our survival, of the world's survival, to understand and overcome the temptations. If we don't conquer and turn again to the Lord, there'll be another Flood—or an H-Bomb, which is, of course, the same thing. Only a remnant will be left. Where is Ernie?"

"Talking to Mike," Roxanne said. From the window she could see Ernie on the sidewalk, talking to the big, blue-clad cop on the beat. "He thinks he's got a clue in Benny's case."

"Do him no good," old Killian said. "I told him to stay out of that one. A lawyer's reputation as a winner is built partly on his wisdom in never taking a case he is sure to lose. The Governor has been trying to get Ernie on the telephone. *Now*. Jesus was a man of great vision and power. Why wouldn't He jump to prove to the folks that—"

"WHAT GOVERNOR?" Roxanne said, grabbing his arm.

"Ours," old Killian said, suddenly a little pitiful; it occurred to Roxanne that he was fighting a hangover without any help from the bottle that lived in his desk drawer. "Now listen. When it came to the Crucifixion, Jesus picked up the gauntlet. He said, in essence: Do your worst; in three days I will return, having overcome death and the grave. But this second temptation was a measly little challenge—jump off a building, when He knew all the forces, had all the power that makes man able to fly. Now, Roxy, it says He was tempted like as we are—that is what the drama professor at Harvard used to call 'audience identification.' As we are—as I am—poor miserable sinner—so we must understand this temptation as recorded in the fourth chapter of Matthew, for it will come our way—you see that?"

"Li'l angel," Roxanne said, "what did the Governor want of Ernie?"

"Am I supposed to bother with what politicians want?" Killian said.

Everybody knew old Killian had been a shining light at Harvard until the grog got the best of him, and that he had the most brilliant legal mind in the state. They knew, too, that he was cracked about the Bible. He always said he was interested in it as literature and history, but suddenly Roxanne wondered whether he was seeking his own salvation.

But the crack was getting a little wider, and it could be a nuisance at such times. Roxanne went out into the waiting room, which was empty except for a fat man who was one of Ernie's detectives, and Ernie's secretary and receptionist, a tough, leathery old woman who was known far and wide as Miss M. and who was afraid of nobody.

"What's this about the Governor?" Roxanne asked.

"He says," Miss M. tilted her head toward old Killian's door, "pay no attention to politics. *I* say judges and sheriffs, district attorneys and mayors that name the chief of police all have to get elected and that's politics; and politics can affect a criminal lawyer. He's right in the middle of it, *I* say."

"You won't mention Doc again," he'd screamed before he died.

Roxanne ran down the one flight of stairs. Ernie's voice still talking to the big cop came to meet her. "—able to identify this man. Mike, in jackstraws if you pull a certain straw the whole pile falls down. The Doc just might be that certain straw. Benny saw the guy. He was at his house. Remember, those boys killed Jack Dravia up in Fresno as soon as the Attorney General's men got near him; you know we had to get that kid prizefighter's wife and baby out of town because they threatened to kidnap the baby. Mike—"

"Ernie," Roxanne said. She put her hand on his arm. He looked at her as though he'd never seen her before. "The Governor's calling you."

"—what are your stoolies for," Ernie kept right on saying, "if they can't give us a lead to the Doc?"

"Well, Ernie," big Mike said, "the Force thinks Benny's guilty."

"You don't," Ernie said. "You knew Benny on your beat when he was a nice little kid. The Force is committed to finding the truth."

"I'll see can I find somebody," Mike said slowly.

"Ernie!" Roxanne said.

In the waiting room, Ernie stopped short and said to the fat man, "Got anything?"

The fat man said, "I got a tip Dutch had somebody in the probation office. Could be that when Benny was being questioned, the time you got him probation, he said something that scared Dutch. I got a tip the public probation report they filed wasn't complete—"

They went into Ernie Galan's office. Roxanne said to Miss M., "Get the Governor before he has a chance to go out; hurry," and went in behind them. Ernie was bending over his desk, saying. "Now we know what we're looking for. Go up there and see if Benny mentioned somebody called Doc. Get his probation officer, Williams, and the stenographer that took it, and see the head man—see Monahan himself—about who could have tampered with the copy."

Miss M.'s voice from the outer room called, "The Governor's coming on."

Ernie said, "Tell Killian to pick up the extension." He picked up his own and it said in a warm, ringing, friendly tone, "That you, Ernie? How are you?"

"Morning, Governor," Ernie said. "Hope they're not working you to death."

"Harder I work the better health the Lord grants me," the Governor said. "But I've received some bad news from your part of the state. Judge Bernard's a pretty sick man. He's going to have an operation, and he's not young any more. After forty years on the bench he feels he must retire for reasons of health."

Ernie's face tightened to attention. The pencil with which he was doodling began to write, *Why now, just before election?* "He'll be missed," he said politely.

"Would you like to take his seat on the bench?" the warm voice said. "My friends down there say folks have a lot of confidence in you. You're young, but I like to encourage young men. Well, I'll tell the newspapermen and send them—"

"Just a minute, sir," Ernie Galan said. "I had no idea you'd consider me for any appointment, much less the Superior Bench—"

"Why, Ernie," the Governor said, "I've always had my eye on you."

"I've got a very important case coming up in a few weeks," Ernie said, "and you have to fill this spot right away. The calendar's jammed now—"

"Quite right," the Governor said, not so warmly. "I certainly don't expect to be kept waiting. This is a great opportunity, young man. Great prestige. I wouldn't turn it down if I were you."

"I have to talk to my wife."

"I remember her," the Governor said. "She'll be for it."

"And my partner," Ernie said.

"You made Killian a partner?" the Governor said. "Well, Killian knows a criminal lawyer never really has any stature at the Bar no matter how much he has on the front pages. Killian will be for it. It will sound pretty good to hear your enemies calling you Judge Galan, won't it?"

"Yes," Ernie Galan said. "It's only my clients to whom—"

Almost blindly, Ernie Galan walked into old Killian's office. Killian's face was torn—haggard, lit with triumph, shadowed with pain. The old man grinned at Ernie, and his wrinkled face was marked with a lot of V's between his brows, beside his nose—he looked like old woodcuts of Satan. Watching them Roxanne drew a deep breath. It's a good thing I didn't go home, she thought. These two men, one young, one old—why is there always something violent about them? Why are they more alive than other people even when the old man's hands shake, even when Ernie is driven into a corner with a beat-up kid named Benny? Why do they seem so important when they aren't? It's because they maintain their independence, whatever it costs. Why can't Ernie just say, "Thank you, Governor, I accept"? Then his wife Roxanne could snub all those people who have been snubbing her for marrying a fly-by-night character instead of making the grand marriage they figured she would. They'd have to cheer if it turned out she had married the youngest Superior Court judge in the country. The Honorable and Mrs. Galan. How *about* that?

"What's all that about?" Ernie said to old Killian.

Killian trumpeted through his nose. "Governor's got an old, conservative Bench in this part of the state," he said. "With this, he gets rid of a senile standpatter and appoints the young man who defended Gettle and Guccioni, the young man known as a Crusader for the People, champion of the downtrodden, friend of the common man. There are many common men and they all have votes."

"I figured it that way," Ernie said.

"The Governor himself is an honest man," Killian said. "He didn't think this one up. Wonder who did?"

"Does it matter?" Roxanne said. She was gazing at her face in the mirror of her compact, applying powder to her pert nose. "Anything wrong with getting votes by appointing the best man for the job?"

From the swift glance Ernie threw her she gathered he wished she weren't there. He was being tugged two ways; he wanted to work this one out without Roxanne's knowing anything about it. But it was too late for that now. This was her life, too. She looked at him with such love and longing, such adoration and anger, that he went to her quickly and took her in his arms. They clung together and, as he put his hand against her cheek, she murmured, "Oh, darling, you do deserve this; this will *show* them you're not a shyster or a charlatan; this will prove to them how big you are; I'm so *proud* of you—"

"No," Killian said, "there's something here—a trap, a trick. Men die for freedom because without it life isn't worth living. My skin's crawling with the touch of gyves and fetters. If we jump when the devil commands, we're slaves. If jumping could prove anything to anybody, Old Scratch wouldn't have suggested it in the first place, that's plain. Can you convince the devil by the sight of angels? He's a fallen angel himself. It's a trap, an ambush—"

"Nonsense," Ernie Galan said, his gray eyes ablaze in a face gone white. "As Roxanne says, why shouldn't the Governor make an appointment to get votes if it's a good appointment? I'd be an honest judge. The Governor would never ask a judge to do favors, anything dishonorable, because he appointed him."

"True enough," old Killian said, "This is nothing so open as that. This is no gutter temptation—we have been taken up onto the pinnacle. What friend of the Governor suggested making you a judge? Perhaps your newspaper friends can find out. The Governor's honest, but even honest politicians have strange bedfellows.

Are you stirring up things someone doesn't care to have stirred? Who would like to see you on a quiet upper shelf?"

"I could still make a good judge," Ernie Galan said.

Heavy feet on the stairs rumbled in on them like drums; the fat detective stood in the doorway. Behind him stood two other men, one large, one small. The fat detective said, "Ernie, Mr. Monahan and Mr. Williams. They came along with me to talk to you. There are always reporters hanging around the probation office, and naturally they'd rather talk to you alone first. Benny did mention a certain name, and the page is missing from the public transcript. We'll go on into your room—"

Ernie moved swiftly; incredibly old Killian was swifter, his hand clutched Ernie's coat. "Would you have taken a bribe when you were defending Gettle and Guccioni? Of course, you can leave Benny to rot the way the rest of the world has and does and will; he doesn't amount to much, a nasty little fellow—"

"I've got to go now," Ernie said.

"They'll wait," old Killian said. "They'll have to. There seems to have been something decidedly odoriferous in their woodpile. As I was saying, you can abandon Benny—"

"I'll have plenty of time to try his case," Ernie said.

"I doubt that," old Killian said. "They'll be the ones to ask for a continuance this time, and they're bound to get it."

"Somebody else can defend Benny," Ernie said doggedly.

"Who?" Killian said. "Who else has any chance of getting him justice?"

"You can defend him yourself," Ernie said.

"I was never in a courtroom in my life," old Killian said, "and I am too old to begin—"

"Besides," Roxanne said silkily, "you might not be sober."

"Roxanne!" Ernie Galan said.

"Here you have a chance to prove you're not just a shyster," said Roxanne. "It would get you out of this sink hole for a while and you told me yourself, Ernie, that sooner or later a criminal lawyer has to fight not to become part of the underworld he defends. You said that —now you have a chance to prove, to show everybody—"

The fat detective said from the doorway, "Look, Ernie, Mr. Monahan is sorry but he's got an appointment—"

Ernie Galan pivoted away from old Killian and from Roxanne. He walked out and after a moment Roxanne followed him. She paused for a moment in the reception room, but the door to Ernie Galan's private office was shut. She couldn't see through it; in a way she didn't need to; for she knew exactly what Ernie would look like, bending over his desk, his face hot with excitement as he read the typewritten page from the original probation report on Benny Daranda, the page which was mysteriously missing from the record which the law said must be publicly filed. No use waiting now. At least she would have the last word; even Ernie Galan had to come home sometime. The last thing before he went to sleep she would remind him that tomorrow he was going to say Yes to the Governor. A wife had advantages if she knew how to use them and Roxanne did. So she'd do her shopping—she was a sensational cook when she wanted to bother—and have a real dinner for Ernie, if he came home to dinner.

He didn't. He had a cold, sloppy, and hurried meal at a lunch counter with the girl from the *Chronicle*. By that time things were happening; he was making them happen.

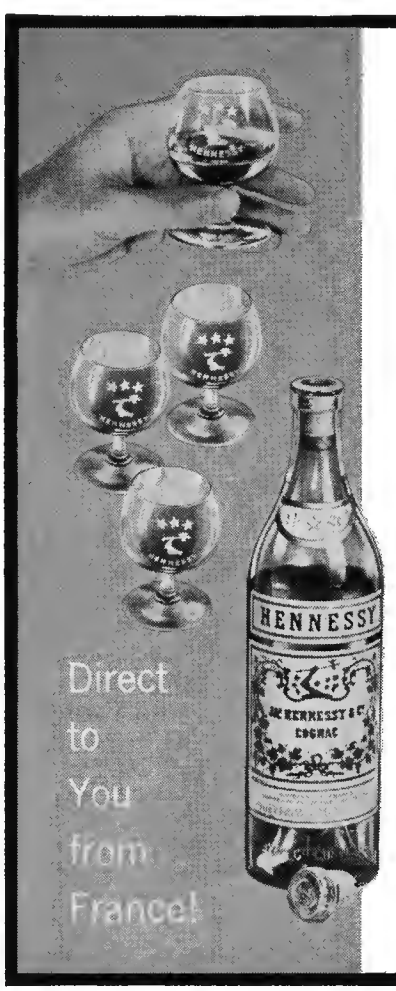
"Well?" he said to the girl from the *Chronicle* and she made a face over the limp noodles and said, "Pal, whoever you're looking for is so far up nobody ever heard of him, not by that name anyhow." Ernie shrugged. So that feeler hadn't paid off. The girl went on, "But as for who gave the Governor the good word, you ought to know."

Ernie spoke a name softly and the girl nodded. So. That was one piece that might prove a connection later on. He said, "You're a pal. I have to see the grandmother of a girl named Sally. Stay in there, will you? Let me know if you hear anything."

In the mirror she watched him go out the door and get into a car at the curb; and she called herself a few names that were not fit to print as she went to keep a date with a man who had given her straight information on a narcotics story once before. And Roxanne, alone with her congealing dinner, knew it was tough to be in love with Ernie Galan even when he loved you back. He hadn't even phoned.

Ernie Galan was too busy to phone. He was in a small sitting room with a white-haired woman. Sally's grandmother had been in the probation office thirty-two years; Ernie had considered her above suspicion until he found out about Sally. Then Ernie knew it could be blackmail.

"Did the man say anything, anything



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at all," Ernie said, "about why the Doc's name had to be kept out? Anything that'd give me a lead?"

Sally's grandmother shook her head. "I didn't even know the man's name was Dutch," she said. "But he was very nervous. Usually," she said, trying to smile, "it was the other way around. But this time *he* was afraid."

So that didn't pay off either.

The next one did.

As he and the fat detective pulled up at his office curb a big, blue, slow-moving shadow spoke quietly. "Ernie. If you would maybe like to go out to the ball park. In the bleachers back of center field. This is the best I could do."

It was the best anybody could do. The man in the bleachers back of center field mentioned a name. Ernie didn't know how good it was until he got home. The fat detective dropped him off and Ernie said, "Okay. Take it easy. I'll see you in the morning." and started across the lawn. The car engine covered the sound of the shots—there were two of them—and Ernie fired back at the flash; a darker shadow moved among the trees and another motor hummed and raced. From the lighted open doorway Roxanne cried out: "Ernie—*Ernie?* Where are you?" before Ernie shoved her aside and slammed the door against the dark.

"He missed me!" Ernie Galan said. "Very sloppy indeed. Don't you know any better than to make a target of yourself, you little idiot?"

"Are you all right?" Roxanne said wildly. "I heard it. Somebody shot at you—Oh, Ernie—why? This is awful."

"Because I know now the motive for Dutch's trying to cut Benny's throat," Ernie Galan said. "Benny was one of the few people alive who could identify the Doc, so he couldn't be allowed to stay alive."

"But—Dutch is dead," Roxanne said.

"Sure," Ernie Galan said. "Dutch is. But the Doc isn't, and Benny isn't, and I'm not and I'm getting hot; I *must* be getting hot because they don't want me to stay alive, either."

Not until they were driving downtown the next morning did Roxanne get her chance to remind Ernie that today was the day he was going to say Yes to the Governor and stop getting shot at in his own front yard. He had come to bed at last, but he had not wanted to talk. Now as he drove he listened to her. "If you get any hotter," Roxanne said, "you will get so cold they will carry you out on a shutter, feet first. What kind of a life is that?" He grinned at her and nodded, but his face didn't give her any real answer. He looked surprised when she told him she was coming up with him. She wanted, she said, to have a word with Killian, and Ernie said, "You do owe him an apology for that crack yesterday."

When, after checking his mail and messages, which so far meant nothing at all, Ernie went into Killian's dusty cubicle, it didn't sound as though Roxanne was apologizing.

"Much as I love you," the amused, bright voice was saying, "I do think you're getting a little do-goodish, if you don't mind my saying so, darling. Sort of a bloody reformer, did you know? If you feel so strongly about his high moral plane why don't you do what the Bible says and begin at home? Why don't you let the rest of us worry about our salvation and you stop drinking? How would that be?"

This morning young Mrs. Galan looked incongruous in the room that was a box of law books, musty and old. The polo coat flung over a skirt and sweater was worn dashingly; above it the exquisite little face and the sleek head were haughty.

But, strange to say, old Killian faced her with a sort of patronizing defiance. "It is," he said, "because I have been in bondage that I can speak of the glory of freedom, that I can say to those who have always had freedom and who thus take it for granted that man is born free and cannot lose his freedom, that life without it is not worth living."

There was a pause. Roxanne made it an embarrassed pause. She broke it in a light, amused voice by saying, "Darling, we must get you a tent and some sawdust. You'd have them shouting 'hallelujah' in no time. But I won't have you interfering with Ernie's decision on the basis of the crackpot notions you get in your drunken fantasies."

Old man Killian didn't falter. He said, "How can you stop it, Roxanne? I am his conscience. We don't matter, but—"

Miss M. came in just then. She said, "The Governor's office is calling you."

Ernie said, "Tell them I haven't come in yet—I'll call as soon as I do—"

"—Ernie is important. If he gets through these rough spots which beset every man that cometh into the world, he might be a great man some day and we could use a few—"

"If he lives," Roxanne said, high and clear. "If they don't shoot him down like a dog."

"Which proves," Killian said, "that he's the only man who has any chance of getting Benny acquitted."

"Oh, it's so silly!" Roxanne said contemptuously. "For this wormy little juvenile delinquent we are supposed to sacrifice our future. We're supposed to give up our chance for a great career, our very lives, maybe, to save something that isn't, in my opinion, even worth saving."

"Benny is worth saving," Ernie Galan said harshly. "Betray one, you betray them all. I'm his lawyer and he's innocent because he killed in self-defense and more than that—"

"More than that," old Killian said, "you are being offered a judgeship to get to hell off the Doc's trail, and you and I know it whether the Governor or anybody else in the world does or not."

Miss M.'s shout came through so loudly it stopped them instantly. "Neville wants to know can you come up to the D.A.'s office right away," Miss M. shouted. "He says it's very important."

Neville was the brains of the District Attorney's office.

Watching him, Ernie Galan decided he was deadly because no one would ever suspect him of having any brains at all. He had large blue eyes set in a round, appealing face, and his chatter was without form and void. After forty minutes of it, the air was rosy with the confidence he'd taken Ernie into about nothing. Ernie was a buddy, somebody Mr. Neville loved and admired and respected, and Ernie could always count on *him*. Ernie *knew* that. Mr. Neville was only sorry they saw each other so seldom.

"I said to my wife the other night," Mr. Neville said, "I said, 'Honey, there's too much space and too little time nowadays.' Ernie, I think the D.A. might think it was in the best interests of the people if he accepted a second-degree murder plea in this Benny Daranda matter."

Ernie looked at the round face, the big blue eyes. So they didn't want Benny's case to come to trial. They didn't want Ernie Galan to turn down a judgeship because of Benny's trial coming up. Ernie Galan, as he had remarked to *his* wife the night before, must be getting hot.

He blew a placid cloud of cigarette smoke into the air; he matched the pleasant friendliness of Mr. Neville's smile; he observed Mr. Neville as though he were a proud father watching his two-year-old in the playpen.

"You always have ideas, don't you, Nelly?" he said gently.

"Sometimes I do, sometimes I don't," Mr. Neville said. "Tell you the truth: the courts are so crowded and you'll take days and it's true the guy Benny killed wasn't a citizen we're going to miss, so I got a notion on my own you and I might talk it over like a couple of pals—"

"Only trouble," Ernie said, as though it had just occurred to him, "is that second-degree murder carries twenty years to life. Maybe Benny wouldn't want to spend twenty years, even in a nice new

penitentiary, for defending himself against a foul fiend who had first made a drug addict out of him and then was trying to cut his throat. You know how funny these teen-agers are."

"On the other hand," Mr. Neville said, "you and I know that he stands a pretty good chance of getting the death penalty—"

"I could be wrong," Ernie Galan said, "but I have a hunch I can prove self-defense. Benny used to run errands for Dutch. There might have been a reason Dutch needed to shut the kid up."

Mr. Neville took four slow puffs. He said, "I might—I just might—be able to get His Nibs to settle for manslaughter."

"You mean if I stay tough and keep on looking you might get the D.A. to settle for manslaughter?" Ernie Galan said. "Make a deal, you mean?"

"We might." Mr. Neville said. "And, Ernie, take a tip. I'm your friend. You know that. You're a bright guy with a big future if you don't offend some pretty powerful folks—"

"Don't kid yourself, Nelly," Ernie said. "I know this town. I don't like 'em selling dope to kids on school yards. I'm going to defend Benny, and between now and two weeks from Monday—sure, let's go to trial then, why not?—I'll come up with proof of what it is you're so afraid of you'd make a deal for manslaughter, though probably the D.A. doesn't even know what you're up to. You warned me, pal. Now I'm warning you. Watch your step. Because I'm going to walk out of this one right side up and don't you forget it." He stopped at the door to say, "And tell the Governor I don't want to be a judge. I got other things to do."

In a voice from which all chatter had fled, Mr. Neville said, "Chum, in your racket, sooner or later you'll find you have to—"

"That'll be another story, as Mr. Kipling once said," Ernie Galan told him, and went out smiling.

He went across the square to the jail and took the elevator up to the Press Room. The girl from the *Chronicle* looked as if she hadn't slept too well, but when he said, "Cup of coffee maybe?" she got up and went with him.

"There's one man," she said. "He's—it's fantastic—and of course they've never been able to get anybody to identify him—"

Ernie Galan waited until they were at the farthest table in the coffee shop and then he wrote something on the menu and showed it to her. After she had looked at it for a moment, without any expression at all, he put a match to it and crumbled the ashes into his cup.

"Maybe you'd have a picture of him somewhere in the morgue," Ernie Galan said. "You never can tell. Benny might be able to figure out from a picture whether he ever saw the guy before."

"He might," the girl from the *Chronicle* said.

All the jury leaned forward in the breathless silence.

On the witness stand the boy named Benny took the picture from his lawyer, young Ernie Galan; his eyes clung to Ernie's fighting smile for help until, after a long moment, he looked down at the shining black-and-white photograph of one of the town's leading citizens.

No one could doubt that Benny recognized the picture. The start of terror he gave was, they knew by now, far beyond Benny's powers of dissimulation.

"You recognize him?" Ernie Galan said softly, reassuringly. "You've seen him before?"

"Like I told you, Ernie," Benny said, "I seen him."

"When Dutch gave you the messenger's cap and told you to go and ring the doorbell and give an envelope to the Doc," Ernie said, "this was the man who answered the door? This was the man they called Doc?"

"That's him," Benny said. "I seen him. In the car afterwards they was talking about that being the Doc and the other guy hadn't seen him either. Only Dutch. Dutch told him maybe he was safer if he hadn't never seen him. I was in the back seat."

"It was safer if you hadn't ever seen him?" Ernie said, and Benny nodded. "And when Dutch sent for you after you were off the junk and on probation and came at you with a knife, he said, 'I'm going to fix it so you won't never mention the Doc'—"

"I told him—" Benny said, "—I hadn't told nobody nothing."

"You've told us now," Ernie Galan said. "Thank you, Benny."

The jury was out twenty minutes. As old Killian had said, there was no doubt of an acquittal once the jury knew Benny could identify the Doc as the man the Federal boys had been trying to find for a long time.

"Proud of me?" Ernie Galan asked, and Roxanne said she was. "As proud as if I were a judge?" Ernie said.

"Prouder," Roxanne said. "Only I was looking for the easiest way. Why do you suppose this had to happen to me?"

"Like the pioneer women who came west with men like Davy Crockett," Ernie said, "you've got guts and I need you. And you ain't seen nothing yet. I should think it would get considerably tougher from now on."

"Oh no!" Roxanne said.

But it did and that, as Mr. Kipling said, is another story. THE END

"Business being what it is, Miss Finch, I find I can't continue paying your salary — will you marry me?"

"Weaver of the Island"

Baroness Gallotti of Capri, widowed and impoverished by the war, learned an ancient handicraft while hiding out in Africa and later became a sensation throughout the fashion world

BY DUNCAN MacDOUGALD, JR.

This is the fascinating story of "The Weaver of the Island." Even the name is fascinating, for it might have come from a medieval drama or an allegory. Although the story takes place in Europe, its events will remind American readers of their own country and will give them a feeling of vicarious pride and satisfaction. For the story of the weaver, Baroness Clairette Gallotti, is one of tragedy compounded of war, death, poverty, and a fight for existence. But it is also a proud and inspiring story of artistic triumph and financial success.

Baroness Gallotti was born of the ancient Roman aristocracy and even as a young girl showed a predilection for unusual clothes. As her family was well-to-do, she was a frequent customer of Rome's *hauts couturiers.* The early decades of her life could hardly have been more delightful: she was beautiful, wealthy, and happily married to Baron Emilio Gallotti.

Then a series of tragic events occurred. Exiled and impoverished by the war (their beautiful home in Naples was completely destroyed by bombs), she and her husband sought refuge in the remote regions of Italian Somaliland. Finding it necessary to acquire some means of livelihood, they began to learn weaving from the natives of the country. At first it seemed hopeless: the weaver's art is intricate, their looms were primitive, hand-built contraptions, and the only material available was cotton. Still the Gallottis stuck at their difficult task, and after several years they mastered the craft.

Bicycle Wheel of Fortune

Then Baroness Gallotti suffered an even greater tragedy—the loss of her husband. Grief-stricken, she decided to go to Capri when the war ended. Her solitary possession on the island was a small house, and again she was faced with the necessity of earning a living. She sought the advice of Edwin Cerio, a philosopher-historian and the island's most eminent citizen. Signore Cerio listened sympathetically as the Baroness described her plight. Then he suggested that she use her experience and skill in weaving to revive this craft, whose history on Capri dates back to the Middle Ages. He told her about the craft's most famous practitioner, a sixteenth-century artisan whose skill earned her the title "The Weaver of the Island." There seemed to be no alternative, so the Baroness decided to take Signore Cerio's suggestion. But she had neither looms nor money with which to buy them. Suddenly she had an inspiration: why not try winding her threads on a bicycle wheel? She tried it, and it worked. Thus, with equipment even more primitive than that she had used in Africa, her agile fingers set the loom threads humming. So began a new career.

After she had experimented for several weeks with various fabrics and colors, using the traditional Capri patterns or

(continued)

TEN YEARS AGO the penniless Baroness owned one makeshift loom—a bicycle wheel. Now, in her pink villa "Lo Spolino," she collects priceless paintings.

SECRET METHODS? "No," insists the Baroness. Yet in her hands native Capri patterns become so elegant that they startle style experts in Paris and Rome. Scorning the traditional combinations of materials, Baroness Gallotti weaves cloth of anything from straw to silk. The red bathing suit (upper left) is made of hemp. For the cocktail outfit (upper right) the Baroness used a combination of purple, blue, and silver stripes in proportions as carefully planned as the Roman Forum. The Baroness used three materials in the jacket worn with black velvet pants (lower left): wool, silk, and lamé. Even more baffling to the fashion world is her achievement of colors never seen before. The cotton skirt and striped blouse (lower right) are an exquisite pink that defies imitation. The Baroness calls this outfit "Goldfish." The delicate gray and shimmering silver in some of the Baroness's lamé skirts are so subtly blended that it is impossible to tell which color the fabric really is. But one thing is sure—the brilliant colors used in Baroness Gallotti's lovely villa in Anacapri furnish a major inspiration.

incorporating her own designs, she went to Rome, where she hoped to sell her work. For the proud and beautiful noblewoman it was a humiliating experience. Not only was she obliged to return to Rome penniless and humbly clothed, but, worse yet, she had to appear as a saleswoman in the elegant shops in which she had once been a distinguished customer. Swallowing her pride, the Baroness made the rounds of the *boutiques*, fearing that her samples would not be accepted. The fastidious Roman couturiers took one look and were astonished. Here was something extraordinary in the world of fashion—colorful "native" patterns and designs blended with the elegance and the worldliness of *alta moda*. The couturiers were so impressed that they gave the Baroness enough advance orders to enable her to return to Capri and start her own business—with a real loom!

The Rose-Pink Bobbin

Ten years ago Baroness Gallotti, unknown, except among her friends, was living in a tiny, unpretentious cottage in Capri. Today she lives in a stunning rose-pink villa in Anacapri called, appropriately enough, "Lo Spolino" ("the bobbin") and is world-famous as one of the most original of all the Italian fashion experts. Her Capri *boutique* displays her beautiful creations, which are made in one of the strangest "factories" in the world—a four-hundred-year-old cloister building. Mass production has no place in this factory, however. Not only does the Baroness create her own designs and patterns, she also takes an active part in weaving them. She disregards the accepted theory that fabric dictates style. She maintains instead that the nature of the particular item of clothing—gown or shawl or jacket—should determine the manner in which the material is prepared.

I became so interested in the Baroness's creations that I arranged to meet her, and I found her personality as fascinating as her fabrics are beautiful.

Sitting in the lovely living room of "Lo Spolino," where deep modern chairs blend amiably with Cinquecento furniture on a floor of blue and white tiles, "The Weaver of the Island" explained to me the elements and characteristics of her unique creations. "I have always felt," she said, "that the art of the people —which we now call 'folkloristic art'—is one of the most effective forms of artistic expression, especially the traditional costumes. In Mexico, Austria, and Sardinia, for example, you see stunning costumes which possess a rare beauty. But they must forever remain native Mexican, Austrian, and Sardinian clothes which have nothing to do with *la haute couture mondiale*. Because the beauty of these 'folkloristic' designs and patterns has always greatly appealed to me, I felt that it could be translated, so to speak, into terms of *haute couture*. In other words, I believed that one could begin with these traditional folk patterns and express them with some of the elegance and sophistication which are characteristic of high fashion. This has been my concept of beautiful clothes. And," she added with a shy smile, "I can only hope it has succeeded!"

High Fashion at Low Prices

Remarkably enough, the prices of the "Weaver"'s creations are very modest when compared with those of elegant clothes offered elsewhere. A lamé skirt and stole cost only $25, while an ultra-sophisticated Harlequin jacket is priced at $60. A number of American stores have imported the Baroness's products, including Macy's and Gimbel's in New York, Marshall Field, and I. Magnin.

THE END

"FRIED MIXED Seafood in the Italian Style" is what the Baroness calls her most recent collection, named after a seafood dish popular around Naples and Capri. What other designers dare not do with colors and patterns, the Baroness does without a qualm—with spectacular success. At far left is her breezy idea of a T shirt. The blocks and stripes of the cocktail sets and sports outfit at right, and dress (lower left), were geometric triumphs the Baroness plotted well in advance of weaving the cloth. Another love of hers is teaming ocean-side play clothes with ultra-exotic jewelry, an innovation that is far afield from her usual "folkloristic" art. The Baroness is the first famous weaver in Capri since the sixteenth century. And how are her modern translations of old, traditional patterns received by her countrymen? Says one of them: "Who can tell what goes on in the Baroness's mind? But the clothes that she creates attract men. Why bother to analyze further?"

EVEN AS A RICH ROMAN aristocrat, the young Baroness dreamed up clothes that could not be found in even the most expensive shops. One of her dreams came true: an evening gown woven of gray silk, combined with red and silver stripes.

"Our Nancy Was Too Young to Die"

The fight for their eight-year-old daughter's life took these parents to the very frontier of experimental cancer research, where the specialist's specialists disagreed. Here is a mother's heartwarming account of victory over terror and indecision

AS TOLD TO BARBARA OLLIS

Although we have never told our daughter the name of the deadly enemy she fought for four years, Bob and I feel that other parents may be helped by knowing how one small child won her battle with a supposedly incurable cancer.

Nancy was eight years old when she came to me one day and asked, "Mommie, what's this?" She tilted her head way back and showed me a small red bite underneath her chin.

"It's just a mosquito bite, honey. Try not to scratch it." Then my eyes caught a slight irregularity in the contour of her throat. My finger slipped down over it, and I was startled by its size. Nearly as big around as a half-dollar. And hard. Hard as stone.

My heart plunged down to my feet. My mother had had just such a lump. She had not done anything about it in time and had died on the operating table.

The coincidence brought back all the haunting details of my mother's tragedy. That same afternoon I took Nancy to a pediatrician. He examined the lump carefully, then told me confidently, "It is nothing to be alarmed about. It will go away."

The nagging memory of my mother's experience warned me that this was an unsatisfactory answer. In a few days I made an appointment with a radiologist. He too insisted that it could be nothing serious in a child so young.

"But we can check again in a month," he told me cheerfully.

At the end of a month the lump was unchanged and so was the doctor's opinion. "It will go away," he reiterated.

Anxious Search for Authority

I took Nancy to still a third doctor. Again the same frustrating verdict, "Don't worry."

"But what *is* it?" I persisted.

"I just don't know," he admitted, "but such things come and go in young children."

His bland reassurances only intensified my anxiety. One morning I could stand it no longer. I picked up the local telephone directory and scanned the long list of medical men and agencies. "Doctor's Service" stood out. I called and asked whether there was a thyroid specialist in Phoenix.

"Yes," came a clear, impersonal voice, "Dr. B."

By this act of desperate inspiration I located one of the top thyroid specialists in the country. Professional ethics and his personal modesty require that he be identified here only by the initial "B." I called Dr. B. immediately, described Nancy's lump, and asked whether he would see her. He said, "Yes. Be on time. My examination takes two hours. If you are late, you lose the time, not the next patient." His very brusqueness gave me a lift.

A secretary accompanied us into the examination room. The doctor laid his hands on the crown of Nancy's head and started dictating. He described the condition of her hair, the shape of her head, the set of her eyes, her eyebrows, her eyelashes, the shape of her cheek, her nose, the texture of her skin, the shape of her ears—every detail of every inch of her physical make-up. His voice droned on for well over an hour. At last, I thought, here is somebody who will find out what is in that lump!

Dr. B.'s examination took well over an hour. In his private consultation room he gave me his diagnosis. "Either it is thyroiditis—an inflammation of the thyroid gland—or it is cancer of the thyroid. There is only a very slight chance—about 5 per cent—that it is cancer. But we can't afford to take that chance. I would not dream of *not* performing a biopsy to find out."

On New Year's Day—three months after I had first discovered the lump—Nancy entered the hospital. A staff surgeon performed the biopsy. Three days

(continued)

"If I perform this operation, your daughter will be a vegetable. Go home and let nature take its course. She's better off dead"

later the surgeon called my husband Bob and asked us to come to the hospital for a conference. For the first time I was frightened. Why didn't he just tell us over the phone? We waited almost an hour in a small, bare conference room. Finally the surgeon came in. He sat down, shuffled some papers and seemed to be hesitant about speaking.

"I'm sorry," he sighed at last. "We have found it to be malignant. Of course you know that means cancer." In painful "laymanese" he explained to us that "there are worse and worst types of malignancies—and hers is the worst."

Two Possible Courses

Finally Bob spoke. "What can we do?"

The surgeon hesitated. "Well, the only possibilities are X-ray treatments or radical surgery. I would not recommend radical surgery for so young a child. And in this case, X-ray treatments probably would not cure, but would just have the effect of prolonging her life for a while."

We drove home too stunned to speak or even think. The diagnosis seemed so final. There seemed no breath of hope, no straw to grasp anywhere.

A week after the biopsy we brought Nancy home. I tried to pick up the pieces of family life. Now the very trivia of the daily routine seemed suddenly precious, yet at the same time futile. Sometimes when talking with Nancy I would look into her wide gray eyes and have to turn away. A flood of desperate thoughts would wash over me.

Our only comfort was that at least Nancy did not have to bear this mental anguish. She was as alert and happy as a bird. The day after she came home she insisted upon being up and around. Her neck was so stiff from the biopsy that she had to turn her whole body to look in any direction. Yet, with her little chin pointed up she walked around the house as serene as a queen.

We Shouldered the Worry

"We must never let her know she has cancer," Bob said. "It's our job to worry about it." I could readily see the wisdom of this. But when he said, "We simply cannot break down. We must try to feel and live as much as we can in the time we have left with her," I couldn't answer.

A few days later I saw Dr. B. again. He too had never heard of a child her age having cancer of the thyroid.

Discussing the advisability of X-ray treatments, Dr. B. said, "In this particular case, frankly, I don't know yet what to do. The X ray would only prolong the agony. I wouldn't do it to my own child. It would be far better to let nature take its course. But," he went on, "I don't feel that the surgeon is qualified to advise on the glandular aspect of the case. That's my field. My first and only thought is to call a man who is one of the outstanding world authorities on cancer."

Dr. B. stretched back in his chair, called New York, and conferred with the thyroid cancer specialist. As I sat watching him alternately scowling and beaming into the phone I felt my first real surge of hope.

The New York cancer specialist knew of several such cases in young children. If there was no metastasis into the chest —that is, if the cancer was confined entirely within the lump—he advised radical surgery. In his cases the children had survived on thyroid substitute.

Dr. B. said he too recommended radical surgery, and he promised to confer with the same surgeon who had performed the biopsy. I called Bob immediately. We both felt as if we had been granted a stay of execution.

The reprieve lasted exactly twenty-four hours. The next day Dr. B. told us that the surgeon had refused to perform the operation. "He is convinced it is not the thing to do."

I was too emotionally involved to comprehend completely what Dr. B. was trying to tell me. When Bob came home I told him as best I could. We were so overwhelmed by the sudden dashing of all hope that we couldn't attack the problem rationally. Over and over again Bob said, "There must be *some* other reason why he won't do it!"

The Doctors Disagreed

Instinctively we were inclined to follow Dr. B. But if too many unknowns piled up in our minds we wouldn't be able to think or act intelligently. I saw we had to get an answer from the surgeon.

I went to him and asked bluntly why he had refused to perform a radical operation on Nancy. His answer was demoralizing.

"If I can't heal, I won't cut! If the thyroid and the attached parathyroids are removed, I am not at all satisfied that thyroid extract could take their place. Without the parathyroids your child would be a living vegetable! And I refuse to be responsible for that. It is better to let her die!"

There is no worse dilemma than that of laymen trying to resolve completely contradictory medical advice. The only decision we could reach was to confer again with Dr. B.

"If I had radical surgery performed on Nancy, I would *not* have all the parathyroids removed," he insisted. "True, they are irreplaceable. We have nothing to administer that will perform their job of distributing calcium to the bones. But most of us have four parathyroids—tiny pairs of nodes back of the thyroid. We have a 50 per cent reserve in all our organs, including the parathyroids; therefore, removal of half of them would not cause a deficiency. We know for a fact that only three will do the job just as well."

Again the dreadful weight in my heart seemed to lift. Bob, too, was impressed. We looked at each other. Then Bob turned to Dr. B. and said, "We have complete confidence in you."

Dr. B. nodded matter-of-factly, picked up the phone, and called an endocrinologist in San Francisco. He talked rapidly in a complex medical jargon that completely escaped me. Then he rose from his desk and smiled at us. "I hope I'm not rushing things for you, but I've made an appointment for you on Tuesday in San Francisco."

At the door Bob paused for a minute. "By the way, Doctor, just what are Nancy's chances with this operation?"

"Well, if she doesn't have a recurrence within a year, she has a fifty-fifty chance of living a normal life."

I leaned against the doorjamb. "We'll take it," said Bob quietly. He took my arm and led me out into the suddenly oppressive Arizona heat.

At the very beginning Dr. B. had said, "Forget money for now as far as I'm concerned." (Two years later, at my insistence, he finally submitted a bill for $75. We figured that it just about covered the long distance phone calls he had made for us.) So far we had made all our decisions with no regard to finances. Suddenly they loomed very large. We had to have $150 just for the plane tickets to San Francisco. We had $25 in the bank, and Bob's take-home pay as an electrician was $90 a week.

Fortunately we had a good credit rating at our bank. Bob arranged for a loan of $150. Then he went to his boss and explained the situation. His boss just reached for his checkbook and said, "How much do you need, Bob?" Bob asked for $300, and he got it with no interest, no due date, no strings whatsoever.

While Bob was out hunting money I had to prepare Nancy for the operation. We made a happy game of it.

She would put one of Bob's old white shirts on backwards and I'd wheel her down the hall on the kitchen utility cart. With her hair pulled back with a dish towel, she'd have lunch off a tray and I'd tell her all about the masks, lights, machines, smells, and sounds of the hospital. By the time we boarded the plane for San Francisco, Nancy was actually proud and excited that she was to have "a big operation."

In San Francisco the endocrinologist, Dr. L., took over our lives. He made appointments for the complete set of X rays—every bone in Nancy's body was photographed from all angles. He sent us to the Donner Laboratory at the University of California for a tracer dose of radioactive iodine and a check on the functioning of her thyroid. Finally he sent me to the chief surgeon at one of the biggest hospitals, to make arrangements for the operation.

Nancy and I had been staying with my brother in Oakland. One Sunday afternoon I left Nancy at the hospital in San Francisco and made a reservation at a small hotel nearby.

A Long Afternoon

At twelve the next day they took Nancy to the operating room. As they entered the elevator she turned and waved gaily to me, and her laughter rang through the bare halls.

I sat in the waiting room knitting her a bright red sweater. It was a basket-weave pattern, and giving constant attention to the little squares helped keep my mind from wandering upstairs.

At 3 P.M. a nurse at the desk said that surgery had called to say all was going well. It would be another two or three hours. My brother came in about five and stayed with me. By then I was silent and emotionally exhausted.

At 6:30 the head surgeon appeared. From halfway across the room he assured me that Nancy was doing fine. Then he sat down and explained what he had done.

Nancy had a triangular incision from the middle of her throat to the right side and up almost to her ear. He had removed a large portion of the thyroid, leaving only a small bit with several parathyroids attached. He had also removed the right jugular vein, one vocal chord, and all the muscle and tissue on the right side of her neck.

"The reason it took so long," he explained, "is that I had to scrape five inches of nerves the size of a number 80 thread!"

After the biopsy, Nancy had been an awful steely gray. Now, as I went upstairs, I tried to brace myself for a sight far worse. When I saw her I was astounded. She looked like a sleeping princess, with lovely rosy skin and healthy pink cheeks. This after six and a half hours on the operating table!

"But she looks so well," I quavered. The doctor smiled. "The anaesthetist," he said, "is an artist!"

The doctor bent over her. "Nancy, wake up!" She opened her eyes and said, "Mommie."

"Does her voice sound natural?" he asked.

"Well, she sounds a little hoarse," I said critically.

He laughed. "So would you if you'd had a tube down your throat for six hours."

He turned again to Nancy. "There's only one thing more I want to ask of you, Nancy. You must promise me not to cry until Thursday!"

"All right, Doctor," she said. If he had asked her to stand on her head and yodel she would have tried.

The doctor explained to me that she would have a great deal of difficulty swallowing. A nurse would be on duty constantly to put a tube down her throat and remove the mucus. Otherwise she would choke on it. But the greatest danger was her crying. The surgical cavity was so large that the strain would be too great and she would hemorrhage.

The next morning I was sitting by her bed when she woke at 6 A.M. Nurses rustled in and out constantly, draining the mucus, giving her shots and intravenous feedings. The hand-feeding was

(continued)

the worst. Nancy couldn't keep a teaspoonful of anything down. Every day I sat with her and we patiently tried to get one morsel of food through the mucus plug. I'd poke it down and it would flow right back up. Nancy kept trying, even though she knew it would come back twice as fast. Because she tried and tried and didn't fuss, she was a great favorite with the nurses.

Post-operational Dangers

It was the endless injections that finally wore her down. On Thursday afternoon, when they brought in the apparatus for her intravenous feeding, Nancy cried for the first time.

"This is the last time!" she sobbed. She had had so many shots and punctures that she couldn't stand the sight of a needle.

That same day she successfully swallowed the first particle of food. Now food and liquids stayed down, and Nancy make a quick recovery. A week later she was in a wheel chair, darting in and out of the wards, visiting everyone on the floor.

Then came devastating news. Dr. L., the endocrinologist, told me that although there was no metastasis in any of the tissue, there was a cancer cell in every lymph node they had taken out.

"That means it will recur," I said flatly.

"Not necessarily. We could try a therapeutic dose of radioactive iodine." He said that he couldn't insure success but that the chances were good.

Then Dr. L. conferred with a prominent San Francisco radiologist—the man who had the facilities for such treatment. His verdict was "No! Not to a child!"

I reeled between these conflicting medical opinions. Dr. L. assured me that he would soon have the facilities to administer the treatment at his own institution. And he would do it. "Go home and wait," he said. "I'll call you back as soon as we are ready." Nancy and I had been away almost two months. I quit trying to think and made reservations for us both on the next plane home.

At home Nancy was up and about in a matter of days. But all I could think of was those cancer cells still alive in her throat. Yet when I conferred with Dr. B., he was very hesitant about the radioactive iodine treatment. Finally he decided. "I don't recommend it. I am a gynecologist as well as an endocrinologist. If radioactive iodine is allowed to circulate freely (because there is little or no thyroid tissue to take it up), the sex glands of a child who has not matured sexually could conceivably be damaged permanently and irreparably. Nancy would then fail to mature and develop normally." His voice trailed off and he spared me further details.

Now Bob and I were confronted with two diametrically opposed opinions from two specialists in the same field. We had complete confidence in both men. We realized then that we were fighting cancer on its experimental frontiers. The decision was not only a matter of life or death—it could result in a pitiful, heartbreaking life that was worse than death.

In the meantime, Nancy was failing rapidly. She had no thyroid gland, and no extract was being supplied. She just sat around listlessly, getting duller by the day. I was frantic with worry. While the doctors tried to resolve their differences, my daughter was fading away before my eyes.

I took her to Dr. B., and he gave her a basal metabolism test. The result was minus 50! Already she showed signs of myxedema—coarse skin, mouth pulled down, puffy cheeks, traces of the blank, idiotic expression.

Dr. B. put her on a 2/10 grain of thyroid immediately. Gradually it was increased. It was miraculous to watch Nancy brighten a little every day. But it was almost a month before I heard her tinkling little laugh again.

In September Nancy was well enough to return to school. She had lost nearly a year of work and had to repeat the second grade. I kept her in high-necked dresses, because she was very sensitive about her neck. Little wonder. The right side of her neck was caved in, and the livid scar hung from below one ear, then slashed across her throat.

Strangers made horribly tactless remarks. Once in a grocery store a clerk stopped waiting on a customer to stare at Nancy and say, "My word, child, what happened to you?" Nancy burst into tears.

Later I explained to Nancy that she would always have the scar but that in time it would be less and less noticeable. The thing to do was just to accept it as part of her. As for people like that woman, they just had very bad manners.

"If anyone ever says anything like that to you again, just answer, 'Well, I almost had my head cut off!'"

Nancy thought this was a great joke and watched people to see if they were going to look, shocked, at her neck. Finally an ill-bred stranger fell into her trap. Nancy tossed her head and delightedly sang out her reply. It gave her a great deal of confidence and marked the end of her worrying about how her neck looked.

How it felt was another matter. Her neck was so sensitive that she wouldn't let anyone but a doctor touch it. The neighborhood children soon discovered that if they threw their arms around her neck, Nancy would scream. They didn't realize they were hurting her cruelly.

I told her that if she could force herself to keep from screaming, they would quit because it wouldn't be fun any more. One day she came in pale and shaken. She had let three youngsters nearly throttle her. They never tried it again. Nancy had climbed another hill.

But our troubles were not over. It was during Christmas vacation that I first noticed that Nancy was unusually nervous. She burst into tears at the least criticism or reprimand. I visited school soon afterward and discovered that she had had two very bad attacks of hysteria. Neither she nor the teacher had told me. I knew something was wrong.

Dr. B. had left Arizona and had placed Nancy in the care of a new doctor. He said, "She seems unusually calm and poised."

He took tests anyway and called to say they showed nothing. As a matter of course he sent a copy of the tests in a report to Dr. L., the endocrinologist in San Francisco. We were not too worried about Nancy and thought perhaps an adjustment in the thyroid supply would ease her nervousness.

Two days later I received a wire from Dr. L. saying: "Have made appointment. Be in San Francisco following Tuesday."

We were dumbfounded. But there was nothing to do but pack up and go. Dr. L. again put Nancy through a tedious series of X-ray photographs and radioactive iodine tests. Finally he sent us to see the chief surgeon who had performed the operation.

An Ominous Symptom

After his examination the surgeon told me privately that Nancy had a tumor right below her ear. It was the size of a quarter, and he said he didn't dare operate. It might spread. He advised X-ray treatments to stop the growth and reduce its size. Then an operation might be possible.

I remembered that Dr. B. had said that if the cancer didn't recur within a year, Nancy had a fifty-fifty chance. Now, exactly a year later, there was another deadly knot of cells in her throat. The odds once more seemed hopeless. But we flew home and began the X-ray treatments: five minutes three times a week for fifteen weeks.

The radiologist was not encouraging. "I don't know whether I can do a thing. It is very difficult to get at it without doing damage to the surrounding tissue."

He said it was so close to the saliva glands that he predicted it would leave one side of her mouth dry. Also it would probably kill the hair back of her ear and she would have a permanent bald

spot. (Fortunately, neither of these predictions came true.) He assured me that he would not burn or hurt her.

After ten exhausting weeks the tumor was reduced to the size of a nickel. The local surgeon who had performed the biopsy took it out. The operation was relatively simple. This time there were no complications and Nancy again made a rapid recovery.

But now our accumulated medical bills had pushed us to the brink of bankruptcy. The operations, X rays, endless examinations, tests, and doctor fees totaled nearly $3,000. Of this, our hospitalization insurance had paid about $150.

Bob was working overtime and often nights at the shop, to bring in an extra hundred dollars a month. He was so tired when he got home that he immediately shut himself in his room. At the table he had to grit his teeth to keep from speaking sharply. Finally he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and I made him see a doctor.

Moving Away from Worry

The doctor said that Bob's worrying about Nancy—and not admitting it—was half of what was wrong with him. The other half was simply overwork. By July the situation was impossible. The desert heat hovered around 115 degrees, doubling the strain of Bob's long work hours. Nancy, who had always suffered during the summers, now lost weight rapidly. She sat around all day as limp and listless as a sick puppy. Finally we decided to make a clean break. Through a trade paper Bob got a new job in Southern California. We sold our home, paid up most of the debts, and moved.

In California we were completely happy. Nancy was better than she had ever been before. Bob liked everything about his new job and was enormously relieved to be out of debt. For the first time in two years we could all relax together and enjoy new people, places, and life in general.

Then one Sunday morning as I was washing Nancy's hair, I suddenly noticed that an area of bone behind one ear looked much larger on one side than on the other. Scarcely daring to breathe I ran my fingers over it. I could feel no lump, but the bone definitely seemed to stand out.

I knew enough about cancer to know that if it had entered the bones it was the beginning of the end. That had been the reason for the all-day sessions of X-ray photographs—to see whether the cancer was in her bones or head. It had always meant the difference between a chance, no matter how slight, and no chance at all.

I phoned the endocrinologist in San Francisco for an appointment. We flew there the next day.

"I don't think it's anything serious," he said, "but we had better check with an iodine tracer anyway."

"She waved happily to me as they wheeled her into the elevator. Her laughter rang in the bare halls"

Beginning of a Happy Ending

Nancy gulped a tracer dose of radioactive iodine and lay under a scanning machine. The clicking instrument moved methodically over her head. Wherever such a machine locates a concentration of iodine, a long arm records a clot of dots on a graph. When the scanning is completed, the machine will have produced a picture of any tumor present.

The clicking stopped and the doctor pulled the graph out of the machine. He sat silently studying it. Suddenly he said, "She's perfectly okay!"

I had expected to dissolve in relief at such news, but my mind and body surprised me. An inner peace seemed to rise into my consciousness.

"The bone seems to protrude," continued the doctor, "but mostly because so much musculature under it has been removed from this side. But you were right to come immediately to make sure!"

Today Nancy is a sparkling example of the marvelous healing power of youth. Only a faint trace of the scar remains. Her neck has filled out so beautifully that she looks lovely in scoop-neck dresses. She is a healthy, happy thirteen-year-old.

Of course the question remains: Is Nancy really cured of cancer?

The doctors now agree that "if Nancy goes another year without any evidence of tumor, she has an 80 per cent chance of going through the rest of her life without any trouble. Even if she should develop a recurrence, it is possible, because of the peculiarity of this malignancy, that surgical intervention would bring about a permanent cure."

We ourselves are completely confident of achieving this permanent victory.

THE END

Show Business' Greatest Impresario

After eight years and almost four hundred shows Ed Sullivan is still in the top TV ratings. He has an uncanny instinct for showmanship, and the enthusiasm to travel 175,000 miles a year in search of new talent

BY JON WHITCOMB

The word *vaudeville* has almost disappeared from the vocabulary of show business, but vaudeville under the management of TV's Ed Sullivan, whose hour-long program can be viewed every Sunday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System, has been selling Lincoln and Mercury automobiles like hotcakes ever since 1949. The Lincoln-Mercury Dealers of America regard Ed as a shot in the arm, and their sales records and Ed's TV ratings confirm this happy situation. Pressure from citizens dying to view the show in person has forced the network to issue reserved seats for rehearsals, and "The Ed Sullivan Show" (formerly called "Toast of the Town") is one of the few shows on the air which allows the public to watch its warming up.

I went to a rehearsal one recent Sunday afternoon at Studio 50, a battered theater at 1697 Broadway, near Fifty-third Street, whose best days must have been during President Wilson's era. The audience occupied the mezzanine. Downstairs Ray Bloch's orchestra took up the front half of the right aisle, a camera runway fanned out from center stage, and the remaining seats were dotted with photographers, advertising agency representatives, reporters, minor performers, and visiting celebrities. On stage at the far left, Ed Sullivan sat on a high stool hunched over a sheaf of yellow pages, glancing occasionally into a nearby bank of monitor screens. Stagehands, cameramen, and assistant directors milled back and forth tripping over each other. Magenta and gold spotlights went off and on. Toward the rear, near a shuttered backdrop, the Dave Brubeck Quartet ran through a number.

Humming and Ho-humming

To the observer, nothing much seemed to be happening. Billy DeWolfe, one of the week's headliners, walked on, huddled with Ed, and disappeared. Rosemary Clooney appeared in street clothes, spoke to Mr. Bloch, and walked off. A puppeteer, the Frenchman Robert Lamoret, bent over Mr. Bloch, hummed a few bars of a tune with the orchestra, shook his head, began again, and then retired. The show's co-producer, Marlo Lewis, a tall, handsome, dark-haired man, strolled through the groups of technicians, spoke briefly to Ed, and was not seen again. From four-thirty to five o'clock nothing happened. This unconcerned preparation for a show which goes on the air at 8 P.M. and runs for one hour with split-second precision once prompted Miss Sophie Tucker to inquire of Mr. Sullivan, "Look, may I ask you a question? Do you know what the hell you're doing?"

With close to eight years of TV under his belt, Ed is always amused by the incredulity of experienced actors. "Why get excited?" he wants to know. "There's no mystery about timing. We don't have to run over everything, and I won't have one of those noisy directors screaming for silence."

Rosemary Clooney reports the remark of a stagehand on this subject. "Don't worry about a thing," he advised her. "Somehow or other, at nine o'clock we always get finished."

But on at least one occasion, Ed

KETTLEDOWN FARMS, *200-acre dairy in Southbury, Connecticut, is where Ed relaxes. Daughter Betty often comes up with her children, Robert, two, and Carla, four months, on whom grandfather Ed dotes.*

wound up the show and his last commercial at 8:55. No expert at ad-libbing, he decided to call back the stars for another bow. Rosemary was on the show, and when Ed's emergency came up she had already removed her make-up, changed to street clothes, and was just disappearing out the stage door. "I'm a fast girl with the exit," she says. "I couldn't make it back in front of the curtain. So Ed collared the man who had performed with trained birds. 'Come out and ad-lib something,' Ed implored him. 'Fine with me,' said the man, 'but what'll I tell the birds?'"

A Town and Country Gentleman

Ed, whose favorite nickname is "The Great Stone Face," lives with his wife Sylvia in a four-room apartment at New York's Hotel Delmonico on Park Avenue. The apartment also contains his business office and his two secretaries. Sullivan

(continued)

ATTRACTIVE *Sylvia Sullivan lives with her busy husband in New York's Hotel Delmonico. They celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary last year, have a daughter, Betty, married to Navy officer Robert Precht, Jr.*

Ed picks his dream show for COSMOPOLITAN readers. It has every necessary ingredient to delight his vast and varied audience

TAFFY-HAIRED *Rosemary Clooney, of "Come On-a My House" fame, has been on the Sullivan show sixteen times.*

Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes

Siepi, Peters, Valletti, and Corena

Mr. Pastry

Victor Julian and His Pets

Edward R. Murrow

Victor Borge

Risë Stevens

Andrés Segovia

ED WATCHES *rehearsals on monitor screens offstage. During the week, he may travel across the continent or across the ocean to recruit new stars.*

also owns a country place at Southbury, Connecticut, called Kettledown Farms, which he bought from a movie executive named Neil Agnew. As a TV star, Ed earns $176,000 a year on a twenty-year CBS contract, but in the country Farmer Sullivan admits to operating at a loss. The establishment's chief value to Ed right now is as a place where he can relax from the pressures of broadcasting.

Columns and Channels

A daily columnist for the *New York Daily News* in his pre-TV days, Ed still writes two columns a week which appear on Monday and Friday. Some time ago he tried to resign, feeling he was being unfair to the newspaper in devoting so much time to TV and the Lincoln-Mercury Dealers. Unwilling to lose the feature entirely, the *News* settled for two columns, which Ed produces in the afternoon of the previous day. He still shoots golf in the high 70's. A short, stocky man with a bull neck and a quiet, unruffled way of speaking, Ed has curly, iron-gray hair and blue eyes which show no sign of the strain engendered by two careers and by the constant necessity to clobber his TV competition, currently the NBC Colgate Variety Hour. He books all his own acts and is constantly scouting new ones all over the world. In the middle of the week Ed may have to fly to Paris to make a film for his show, as he did recently for scenes of himself interviewing Burt Lancaster and Gina Lollobrigida at the Cirque d'Hiver. Or catch a Mercury sales meeting in Detroit. Or fly out to Hollywood for a "Guys and Dolls" feature, and still make it back to New York in time for his Sunday chores.

After close to four hundred programs on the air, Ed Sullivan is a walking encyclopedia of information about the important acts in show business. He manages to hire the cream of the crop, and has a shrewd sixth sense that computes the box-office impact of performers loaded with musical talent, acting skill, or just plain news value. Among the attractions he has lined up for this winter are Rosemary Clooney, one of his prime favorites; a Christmas film produced and directed by James Mason starring his young daughter, Portland Mason; Lily Pons, opera star; Marion Marlowe, an alumna of the Godfrey shows; the Scipline Chimpanzees from Italy—"the best chimp act in the business"; Marcel Marceau, the French mimic who made a hit last fall in his U.S. debut; comic Dick Shawn; the Ice Follies; and the Bruxellos, Continental acrobats who somersault while holding platters of wineglasses.

Ed Picks Some Winners

Ed has a dream show which he thinks might make show business history if he could ever get it on the air. Parts of it have already been on his program. For this ideal bill he has selected nine acts, each of which is, in his opinion, the best of its kind. The Sullivan show to top all Sullivan shows would go about like this:

A Parade of Perfect Showmen

1. An operatic quartet which Ed discovered clowning around at a table in El Morocco, made up of Cesare Siepi, Roberta Peters (who holds the record with twenty-one Sullivan appearances), Cesare Valletti, and Fernando Corena. Ed has already presented this ensemble on his show, complete with a re-creation of the El Morocco setting.
2. Risë Stevens, singing an aria from *Carmen.*
3. Rosemary Clooney.
4. Victor Julian and His Pets, which Ed considers the ultimate in dog acts. He found this one in Copenhagen and has had them on his show three times.
5. Andrés Segovia and his guitar. "Always stops the show cold," Ed says.
6. Victor Borge. "Great comic and great gentleman."
7. Margot Fonteyn. "Without question the greatest dancer in the world."
8. Edward R. Murrow. "Smoothest interviewer and ideal guest," Ed says.
9. Mr. Pastry, the English comic whose real name is Richard Hearne. "Absolutely tops," says Ed.

According to Ed Sullivan, as long as there are acts like this to be obtained for the glory of Lincoln-Mercury cars and the enjoyment of the U.S. viewing public, vaudeville can't possibly be dead. It's immortal. THE END

ED CHUCKLES *as comic Will Jordan does a stone-faced imitation of him.*

The Day They Gave Babies Away

Because we think this is one of the loveliest stories we've ever printed, and because those who saw it on the TV program "Climax" last month will want to read it, we reprint a classic from our issue of December, 1946. The title is taken from the old nursery rhyme, "This is the day they give babies away with a half a pound of tea . . ."

BY DALE EUNSON

I suppose you don't remember your grandfather at all, Joan, for the few years he lived after you were born we were in New York and he in California. You saw him only once, when we drove West that summer you were four years old. He thought you were pretty wonderful. Which was right in character since he thought all his children and grandchildren were better than anybody else's.

I have a very precious mental picture of you sitting on his lap—he was ninety then, still handsome, his hair silvery white, his features still rugged and strong, his black eyes dimmed a little by the memories and the confusions of things they had seen. And of course it is a moving picture because he is talking, spinning yarns he has spun for almost a century, telling tales of his boyhood, his young manhood, the tales he told me when I was your age and older. About the bear he met face to face in the Wisconsin woods the fall he was twelve—about the time he had all his teeth pulled by an itinerant dentist in the town square with the simple anesthesia of a pint of rye whisky—about the time when he was sheriff of Clark County and brought in an insane killer singlehanded. Papa, you see, was never one for false modesty. If he was the hero of most of his stories, why, hell's fire, that's the way he'd tell them because that's the way they'd happened.

His stories, the last ten or fifteen years of his life, had lost some of their punch. He could not remember exactly when they'd happened, how old he had been at the time, whether Al Rounds had worn a mustache or not. And things like that bothered him, slowed him up. He'd ramble, forget the point, sometimes have to be prompted and set back on the track. "Jeezlum God," he'd say (his profanity was constant, picturesque and strangely innocent), "I'm getting to be a forgetful old bastard."

But you liked the stories, I remember, which was natural because dozens of children had liked them before you. And you loved him. I'm glad of that because he was a very remarkable fellow. You see, he'd had to be in order to survive at all. I'm glad too that you saw him once. You may never be aware of it, but contact

with him, however brief, must have left a mark somewhere on your subconscious.

So now, on this Christmas of 1955, in the age of the atom and jet propulsion and television, the era of inflation and jitters, the time when the soul of man is once more being tried and found in too many instances a little smaller than life, I want to go 'way back and tell you about another Christmas eighty-seven years ago when your grandfather was twelve years old, about a year younger than you are now.

Your great-grandfather was a sailor and a shipbuilder. His name was Robert Strong Eunson and, though I have never been there, I understand the name is as prevalent in the Orkney and Shetland Islands as Smith and Jones are in America. Robert Eunson married in 1855 and crossed the Atlantic with his new wife, Mamie, during the spring of 1856. There is no record of why they came. I can only assume that the American dream attracted them to the New World.

They seem to have headed straight for the heart of America, Chicago being the place where they first stopped to catch their breaths. Mamie was six months with child, and they had to find a home quickly. Robert, who had spent most of his savings for their passage, could waste little time in finding work.

He found it in a little town on the Fox River in Wisconsin. Small boats were built there, launched into the Fox, floated down to Lake Winnebago, and thence to Green Bay on Lake Michigan.

They moved into a four-room log house near the river, only a few steps from Robert's work. Mamie could sit on the porch, if she ever had the time, and watch him in the boatyard. He could straighten up from his bench occasionally and wave to her. They were very much in love, very young and carefree. Both of them were black Scots, with black hair, black eyes and enormous vitality.

They made friends quickly because they were that sort—warm, friendly, gregarious. They must have felt an urgency to put down roots in this new America so far from the little island which had been their only world.

On October 12, 1856, their first child was born. They named him Robert after his father and grandfather. From the first he was a lusty infant whose screams could be heard, when the windows were open, clear down in the shipyard and beyond. He was delivered by Mrs. Pugmeyer, the midwife who lived next door and who stayed with Mamie until she could be up and about her household tasks three days later.

Young Robbie, as they called him, was the spit and image of his father, noisy, roistering, goodhearted, quick to anger, quicker to forgive. One of the early stories concerning him is that at the age of two he got into a brawl with a three-year-old from across the street, landed a lucky haymaker and knocked the older boy galley-west. The other kid's name was John Bromley, and his father, a storekeeper, came posthaste for revenge from Robert. Robert was reasonable, though glowing with pride, which must have been a little too obvious. At any rate, it is said that John's father demanded that Robbie be kept tied up so that he would not terrorize the neighborhood. Finally Robert had about enough of this and swung on him. It was like son, like father that time. Robert helped Mr. Bromley to his feet and apologized but said Bromley had better keep young John out of the way because he'd be damned if he'd tie up any son of *his;* this was a free country, wasn't it?

Later that same day the Bromleys and the Eunsons looked outside and discovered Robbie and John playing peaceably together. John knew who was boss, and so did Robbie. And, to show that there were no hard feelings, Mamie took her trade to the Bromley store.

Well, the Eunson family grew considerably. Brothers and sisters for Robbie arrived at two-year intervals. First came Jimmie, who was the younger edition of Robbie—the same black hair and piercing black eyes, but with a slightly mellower disposition. Jimmie didn't scream for what he wanted; he got his way by more diplomatic methods. Then there was Kirk who was surprisingly tall even as a babe. (The Eunsons had all been short, solid men.) Robert said Kirk must be a throwback to Mamie's grandfather who was six-foot-two and built like a bean pole. Though apparently endowed with enormous personal charm, he was looked upon as a little odd by the other members of the family who were so much of a piece. He didn't like to fight, so Robbie always fought his battles for him. Robert thought Kirk might become a fiddler and, when the boy was six years old, made him a violin. (That is an instrument I should love to have seen and heard. Papa, of course, remembered it as being the most wondrous thing ever fashioned by the hand of man, and I'm sure that if love can be transmuted into tone, the songs it sang were sweet.)

And then, a trio of boys having been completed, there came three girls—Annabelle, Elizabeth and Jane, all named for Mamie's sisters back home. The likeness was upon them all, as easy to read as a hallmark. Strangely enough, they seemed to repeat the pattern of the boys in disposition and character. Annabelle was quick-tempered, quick-gaited. She never walked when she could run. She was her father's child, loving, tempestuous, flirting with boys at four, her black pigtails flying in the breeze. Elizabeth was her mother's—quieter, motherly, affectionate and protective. And Jane? Even as a baby she seems to have shown musical talent. Robert, who loved music, began to think of her as a pianist. He looked forward to the days when she and Kirk would make music for him and Mamie and the neighbors to dance by. (Robert was a great one for the clog and hornpipe.)

And the Eunson family prospered a little, though it was along no quick road to riches. As soon as he could, Robert stopped selling his trade by the day and went into business for himself. He began to contract for small river and lake boats, hiring other men, though he worked alongside them himself. There were good times and lean times. An injury to his shoulder kept him out of the Civil War, and the war in turn kept him from the affluence which might have been his.

Yet the family got along. The growing town pushed the forest back. Wisconsin was mostly timberland then, and it was during those years that the big loggers began to realize the fortune to be had for the mere felling and transporting of the tall maples and spruce and pine to the sawmills that mushroomed along the rivers and lakes. Winters when the waterways were frozen, the forest stillness was shattered by the crashing of the giants. And when the ice broke up. the rivers were clogged with the logs rushing over the rapids, jamming in the narrows, piling up before the dam sluice gates, there to be herded through for final disposition as siding, floors, supports, matches, furniture, fuel.

The Fox, idling through the Eunsons' front yard, was one of these rivers. In winter Robbie and his brother Jim would skate on it. They had to take turns because there was only one pair of skates, but these were beauties which turned up at the toes and supported tiny bells that made music with each stride across the ice. And in the spring they watched the logs glide past, watched the loggers with their peaveys and cant hooks riding herd on them, cursing, roaring at their unruly flock and at each other. And in the summer there were Robert's boats to help launch, the vegetable garden to work.

That was Robbie's world for twelve years, physically a small world but an ever-exciting one, emotionally a world made warm and full by the love which he received and gave back doubled to his family and his friends.

In the summer of 1868 Kirk came down with diphtheria. As soon as Robert and Mamie realized what it was they had a family conference and decided that the rest of the children must be got out of the house. Robert had a friend who owned a

log cabin up in the woods, and Mamie said the only thing to do was for him to take the other five to the cabin and stay there with them until Kirk got well. (She never admitted that Kirk might die.) Robert argued that he was the one who should stay with the sick boy, but Mamie would have none of it. What did a man know about taking care of a young one?

So Robbie and Jimmie and their three small sisters took to the woods with their father. For the girls it was all adventure, berrying in the underbrush, spotting a speckled fawn, finding strange and wonderful flowers, listening at night to the not-so-very-distant cries of wild animals, shivering and drawing close to each other, trying to guess what they were, hearing a bear prowl around outside the cabin, watching through the window as the moon crawled up and up the branches of the trees.

But for Robbie and Jimmie the adventure was clouded by the knowledge that Kirk might die. Diphtheria in those days claimed the lives of most of its victims. (Only three weeks earlier young John Bromley's body had been carried to the little cemetery.) Once a day Robert walked to the edge of town where he was met by Mrs. Pugmeyer with food and news of Kirk, and Robbie and Jim waited in the clearing around the cabin for him to return. They knew that they could tell the instant they saw their father whether Kirk was still alive or not.

From the fifth trip to town Robert returned wearing a smile. The boys waited without a word until he was beside them, but of course they already knew. It was quite a while before Robert could find his voice, and when it came it came with a roar to cover his emotion. "By God!" he cried, "the kid's going to get well." He kept saying "By God!" over and over again, not like a curse, but as if it were by God's grace that the child had survived. And then the tears came quite unashamed, and he went into the cabin and threw himself down on one of the bunks. The children crowded the door, but Robbie told them to come away and let their father rest.

A few days later they returned to their home on the river. Kirk was up, pale and thin, his neck swathed in bandages. He felt terribly important and recounted in detail everything that had happened to him, but this soon palled on his brothers and sisters, who decided that they had been almost eaten by a bear.

Three days later Robert, who had lost fifteen pounds while Kirk had been sick, was stricken with diphtheria. This time there was no place for six children to go but Mrs. Pugmeyer's. She had no room, but she found floor space for them to sleep.

They never saw their father again. On the fourth night of his illness he choked to death.

The neighbors were kind, but kindness will go only so far towards clothing and feeding a family of seven. So Mamie worked, whenever there was work to be had. She "took in sewing." When she could, she brought her work to the house; when she had to go out Robbie or Jimmie stayed home from school to watch the younger children. Robbie wanted to go up in the woods that winter —he was twelve in October—but Mamie said an education was important and that he must complete the sixth grade before he quit school. With luck he would finish in the spring of 'sixty-nine. But he was not a good student.

After the river froze in late November he would put on his skates and travel up and down the river for miles to visit the nearest logging camps. These were in full operation every day of the week, and sometimes he could pick up a few pennies by acting as a helper in the cook shanty or carrying hot soup to the men at noon. The men liked him and called him Young Bob. He was small, about four-foot-nine, but he could lift a bucket of soup and sling thirty tin cups over his shoulder on a strap.

He had become, at twelve, the man of the house though he did not look very much like one. When there were problems Mamie consulted him. When Kirk broke his arm Bob held him while the doctor set it because Mamie had become chickenhearted and could not stand seeing a child of hers in pain. After Robert's death she had seemed to change. She did not cry after the first day or two, but there were times when she stood and stared—out the window or merely at the task before her. Perhaps she was thinking of Robert, remembering their happiness, or perhaps she was thinking of Scotland and questioning their wisdom in leaving it. Had she been at home there would have been relatives to help her.

She was only five feet tall and had always been thin and wiry. But now she was no longer wiry, and her black eyes seemed to recede in her skull. Mrs. Pugmeyer told her she ought to eat more and try to put on some flesh, but Mamie had no appetite. When she tried to force food it would not stay down. Besides, there were so many young mouths to feed, and the children needed nourishment, she said, much more than she did. She was young enough, of course, to marry again, but there must have been very few men willing to take on a brood of six even if Mamie would have considered it, which is doubtful.

It was on December fifteenth that the fever struck, and Mamie lay down. "For a few minutes," she told Annabelle. "Your mama feels a little tired." A batch of bread was in the oven, and it proved to be the last she was ever to bake, for she had typhoid, though she did not know this for three days. She thought it was an upset stomach and would not let Bob call the doctor. When she went out of her head he took the responsibility upon himself. There was no money, but Dr. Delbert did not mind that. Besides, Mamie sometimes sewed for Mrs. Delbert.

After the doctor had seen Mamie he called Robbie outside and told him what the trouble was. "Your mama is a sick woman," he said. "A very sick woman. Do you understand?"

Bob said he guessed he did. "You mean she might not get well?"

"We can always hope," Dr. Delbert said. "But I want you to come a-running if there's any change. I'll be here every morning and every night to see her. In the meantime you'd better get Mrs. Pugmeyer to come in and take over."

"She's gone," Bob said. "She's down to Omro visiting her daughter until after New Year's."

"You ought to have somebody . . ."

"We'll get along," Bob said. "I'll stay home from school."

Dr. Delbert smiled. "You kinda like that, don't you, boy?"

"Yes, but not on account of Mama."

"You're a good lad," the doctor said, sighed and patted him on the back. "Mrs. Delbert will be over every now and then to look in on you."

"Don't worry about us," Bob said.

Mamie grew worse—and better—and worse. She was delirious most of the time, but there were periods of lucidity. These must have been harrowing to her, for whenever she was herself the six children crowded into the room to say Hello to Mama. There was finally such a period on the morning of the twenty-third, and when the brood flocked out she asked young Bob to remain.

She took his hand in hers. Her skin was hot and dry, and her eyes were fierce. He had to bend close to hear her, for her tongue was thick and her voice a thin rasp. She told him she was going to die. She knew it. She said not to feel bad for her, not to mourn her because there wouldn't be time. And then she told him what he was to do with the children. They were all nice, good children, she said, and he could get decent homes for them. Since the responsibility must be his, he was to decide where they were to be offered. It would be better, she thought, if they were placed with families that had children of their own. Then they wouldn't be so lonesome for each other.

Bob couldn't speak, but she had to know he understood so she made him nod his head after each point.

"You watch out for them," she said. "You must go and see to it as often as

you can that they're taken good care of."

He nodded his head.

And then she said, "Robbie, you get a good place for yourself. Promise me."

"I'll get along all right. Mama. Don't you worry about me." Those were the only words he could say to her, but he had to say them. She let go of his hand and began once more to mumble unintelligibly, and he fled from the room and ran out into the woodshed.

Mamie died later that day.

After the funeral next day Dr. and Mrs. Delbert and Mr. and Mrs. Bromley came back to the empty Eunson house with the children. They felt, with justification perhaps, that they were the most substantial and solid citizens amongst the friends of the Eunson family. The problem was what to do with the children, and it was a big problem. But it would have to be disposed of at once.

Kirk. Annabelle, Elizabeth, and Jane were sent outside to play while Bob and Jimmie, who was ten, sat around the kitchen stove with the Delberts and Bromleys. Dr. Delbert spoke first. addressing himself to young Bob.

"You children will have to be put out for adoption," he said, "and I'm afraid we can't expect any one family to take on six youngsters."

Mrs. Delbert and Mrs. Bromley were dabbing at their eyes with their handkerchiefs, and muttering, "Poor little tykes, poor little motherless young uns." Bob was dry-eyed, though his throat was full and he could not yet speak.

"Six is a lot," Mr. Bromley said. "Maybe the Owenses would take two. Faith and I could take on Robert in a pinch, I guess."

Mrs. Delbert said, "Our family's so large already . . ."

And Mrs. Bromley said, "Mrs. Pugmeyer's always been close to them. Do you suppose the town could hire her to take care of them? It'd sort of be like starting an orphanage. We need an orphanage. There's bound to be more cases like this."

Young Bob found his voice then. "You all mean to be kind, I guess, but I'm the oldest one, and Mama said I was to decide where we were to go."

"You?" Dr. Delbert was surprised.

"That's right," Bob said, not quite daring to meet the man's eyes. "And there's something I'd like. Tomorrow's Christmas. It'll probably be our last chance to be together on Christmas. Would you please go away now and leave us alone? Day after tomorrow we can make up our minds."

The Delberts and the Bromleys looked at each other, and they seemed about to protest when Jimmie spoke up. "That's not very much to ask, is it?"

Dr. Delbert cleared his throat. "No, you're right, James. That's not very much to ask. Coming, Edith?"

So they left the children alone that night. There was plenty of food in the house, and after supper they huddled together. There were no Christmas stories, no presents, which was odd, but perhaps the townspeople thought it would be not quite proper to give presents to children who had just been orphaned. Bob put the younger ones to sleep by telling them stories about Scotland and the days when Robert and Mamie were young, stories his parents had told him.

He told them about the time when Robert, already engaged to Mamie, had sailed with an expedition to hunt for Franklin and his Arctic explorers, already a year overdue. And how Robert had been gone for three years and Mamie had put on mourning for him, thinking him dead, and how one afternoon Robert's ship had appeared on the horizon and next day Robert and Mamie were married. And he told them how the young couple had come to America so that their children—Robert and James and Kirk and Annabelle and Elizabeth and Jane—would have a better chance. It was big talk for a twelve-year-old, much too big talk for the younger ones, but somehow he had to tell it while they were all together. He had to let them know that they were still going to have that chance.

Finally one by one, their heads nodded and they went to sleep, and only Bob and Jimmie were awake. They talked until midnight, and they made a list on a paper bag, a list of the families of the town they thought would like children, would be good to them and bring them up as their own.

"We won't wait until day after tomorrow," Bob said.

"But you told Dr. Delbert you would," Jimmie said.

"I know that. But Mama told me I was to decide. They won't let me. And tomorrow being Christmas we ought to get just about anybody we want to take any of us in."

He was a little bit ashamed of himself for appealing to the sentiment of the season, but he knew what he was about.

Mr. Howard Tyler owned the livery stable. He had twelve horses, four teamsters and six rigs—a surrey for weddings and outings, a hearse for funerals, and four buggies that could be fitted with runners in winter. He was, as they said in those days, well fixed. Bob had spent many hours at his stable, for he loved horses, and sometimes Mr. Tyler let him pump water into the troughs. Mrs. Tyler, already the mother of two boys, Howard, Jr., and Bruce, was a leader in church affairs and a great organizer. At eighteen she had had the smallest waist of any girl in town, but now at twenty-five she was inclined to plumpness and it suited her.

The Tylers were ready to enjoy their Christmas dinner at one that afternoon. Mr. Tyler had just lifted his head from saying grace when there came a rather timid knock on the kitchen door. Mrs. Tyler frowned and said, "Now who could that be? Everybody should be at home enjoying their victuals this time of day," and went to the door. Two small children greeted her, a boy of twelve and a girl of six. She immediately recognized them as Eunson children and felt guilty. In the rush of preparing for Christmas she had neglected to do anything about them.

"Why, Bobby," she said, "I thought you'd be with the Bromleys or the Delberts. Come in, come in."

She noticed as she held the door for them that they both looked scrubbed and shining and were dressed in their Sunday best. The girl's hair was plaited and tied with two red bows that were not quite the same color as her stocking cap.

"I'm Annabelle," the child said, and Young Bob said, "Yes, she's my oldest sister, Annabelle."

By this time they were in the dining room. The two boys stared at the visitors, but Mr. Tyler got to his feet and shook hands with Bob. "You'll have Christmas dinner with us," he said. "And don't argue. We won't take No, will we, Emma?"

"We certainly will not—" Mrs. Tyler began, but Bob interrupted her.

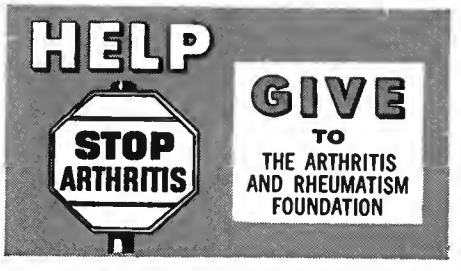
"Begging your pardon, Mrs. Tyler, but I was wondering—that is Jimmie and I were wondering—if you didn't need a—a sort of sister for Howie and Bruce. Annabelle here is a good little girl, and she'd be an awful help to you. She's—that is she *was*—learning to sew, and she can wipe dishes, and she knows her ABC's."

"A-b-c-d-e-f-g-h. . ." Annabelle began.

Mrs. Tyler's mouth began to work in a very strange sort of way. Mr. Tyler coughed and turned his head. Howie, who was six, stared at Annabelle and said, "What you got in that bundle?"

"—I— j-k-l . . . My clothes," Annabelle said primly. "M-n-o-p . . ."

And then Mrs. Tyler grasped her husband's hand and was staring into his eyes. "Howard," she said, "it's Christmas. We've got to—we've wanted a girl."



"Mama always said Annabelle was a good helper," Bob put in.

And then for some reason Mr. Tyler kissed Mrs. Tyler right there before them all, and when he let her go she turned away and blew her nose while Mr. Tyler squatted down and took hold of Annabelle's shoulders. "Do you think you're going to like living at our house?" he asked. He was unbuttoning her coat.

She did not answer because she was working on her overshoes, but Bob said, "Yes, Mr. Tyler. She'll like it a lot. She likes anybody that's good to her."

"We'll be good to her, Bobby," he said. "I guess you and I know each other."

"I know you, Mr. Tyler," Bob said.

And so Annabelle was accounted for. Hereafter she would be Annabelle Tyler. She would live in comparative luxury, for the Tylers were to prosper and become important citizens of the state. But as young Bob left her there that Christmas day all he could be sure of was that she would be loved. And that was enough.

Meanwhile, Jimmie, leaving Kirk at home to take care of the baby, Jane, had hauled Elizabeth on his green sled to the Potters' house across the river. But the Potters were gone for the day, so Bob ran into his brother and sister on the all-but-deserted Main Street in front of Mr. Potter's hardware and feed store. Elizabeth was cold and fretful, and her nose was running. The boys' plans had suffered a setback, and they had not provided themselves with any alternate parents the night before. And so Elizabeth, whimpering there on the sled, suddenly took on the proportions of a white elephant, a very dear one but vexing.

"What'll we do?" Jimmie asked. "She's getting cold. We can't keep her out much longer." And then his face brightened. "There's the Carters. They live close."

"He owns a saloon," Bob said. "Mama wouldn't like that."

They agreed that this was so and began walking aimlessly down the street and around the block. So long as they kept moving Elizabeth was quiet. One boy would mention a name only to have the other discard it. Then they saw a cutter with two fast bays coming down the street. The boys looked at each other and nodded. Bobby ran out in the street waving his arms.

The horses came to a stop, blowing steam from their nostrils. In the cutter, wrapped in coonskin, were a middle-aged man and woman.

"Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens," Bob said. "I was just coming to see you."

"You were?" the man said. "Mrs. Stevens and I have been over at your house. We wanted to see if there was anything we could do."

"There is," Bob said. "That is, it's quite a lot to ask, but I thought since you and Mrs. Stevens didn't have any children you might like to take Elizabeth. That's her," he said pointing.

"That is *she*," Mr. Stevens corrected. He was the principal of the school.

"*Take* her," Mrs. Stevens said. "You mean—?"

"Well, sort of—sort of adopt her. She's bright. She doesn't look very pretty now, but you'd learn to like her. Mama and Papa did. Mama never had any favorites, but if she had any I guess Elizabeth would have been the one. She's quiet."

It happened that Mrs. Stevens had never been able to produce a child for her husband. They never discussed it, but she feared she had been a disappointment to him. He called his pupils "my children" but, having none of his own, was inclined to be pompous with them and held them at a distance. The truth was that he was afraid to show how much he liked and needed them. Even now he did not let his eyes go to Elizabeth, but instead turned to his wife, and when he spoke his voice was almost stern. "You wouldn't care to take on this burden, would you, Jess?"

"Wouldn't I just!" she cried. And with a bound she was out of the cutter and had swooped Elizabeth into her arms. "Look, Frank," she said, "her eyes are like yours."

Bob wanted to say No, they weren't, they were just like his father's, but he was a little in awe of the Stevenses and kept his mouth shut. Schoolteachers and policemen and ministers were in a class by themselves, and you did not contradict them.

So he said instead, "She's just a little hard to understand at first. She's got a Scotch burr in her voice, but you'll get used to it."

"You bet we'll get used to it!" Mr. Stevens said with emphasis. "You boys come and see us whenever you can."

"Whenever we can," Bob said, and waved them off. They had not had a chance to say good-by to Elizabeth, and he was just as glad. He looked down at the empty green sled. He wanted to cry, and he wanted to swear. He wanted to cry because the family was breaking up so fast, and he wanted to swear because the little girl had not even looked back at Jimmie and himself. She'd gone straight into Mrs. Stevens' arms as if she'd known her all her short life. He couldn't help but feel that this was somehow a betrayal of Mama.

"Kids forget awful fast," Jimmie said as they walked along.

"Yeah," Bob said, kicking at an icicle that had fallen from the striped pole before the barbershop. "Do you suppose she'll grow up to be a schoolteacher?"

They got home at about two-thirty. Kirk met them at the door with a wild look on his face. "Old Mrs. Runyon's in there," he whispered. "She says she's going to take Jane."

Now here was a problem. Old Mrs. Runyon had been a widow for twenty years. She wore black constantly and carried a cane that she used to swipe at dogs that nipped at her heels. She had once crippled a collie pup, and it had had to be put away. She was said to be a miser and very rich, though nobody knew how much money she possessed. There were rumors that she kept it hidden somewhere in her house. So with some justification, perhaps, she had evolved into a town character with which to frighten children. As long as Bob and Jimmie could remember they'd heard the expression, "You'd better be good or Ol' Runyon will get you." And now here she was to "get" Jane. It must have taken no little courage for Bob to face her.

When he went into the house she was seated with Jane on her lap. He said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Runyon, but Jane's already promised."

"Who to?" she snapped.

He floundered then. He and Jimmie had the Ellises, a young couple with a baby girl, in mind for Jane, but of course the Ellises had not yet been consulted. So he said, "Nobody you know."

"I know everybody in this town."

"These folks don't live in this town," Bob went on. "They're—they're 'way up in Berlin."

"I don't believe you," the old woman said. "Besides, by whose authority are these children being disposed of?"

"Mama said I was to decide," Bob said, standing his ground.

"You! Why, you're just a little boy. We'll see about this."

With that she put Jane down in her crib and marched out of the house swinging her cane. As soon as she was out of earshot, Bob called Jimmie and Kirk inside and explained what had happened. They didn't know what Mrs. Runyon might do, but they felt that they hadn't much time to finish their job.

"You take Kirk over to the Cramers," Bob told Jimmie. The Cramers had no children, but Mrs. Cramer did own a cello which she was said to play very nicely. "Tell them Kirk can fiddle pretty good."

Kirk had begun to cry. "I don't want to go," he said. "I want to stay with you."

Bob had been afraid of this; Kirk was the soft one. So Bob thrust his fiddle into Kirk's arms and gave him a shove. "Get a move on, and don't be a crybaby. Annabelle and Elizabeth didn't cry. Who do you think you are?"

He pushed Kirk away from him, and Jimmie took him by the hand. They left.

Bob stood there in the middle of the room, and for a minute the weight of what he was doing was too heavy for him.

His knees collapsed under him, and he sat down on the floor and beat it with his fists until they hurt and brought him to his senses. Then he got up and as fast as he could changed all of Jane's clothes and shook her into sweater, leggings and coat. She was delighted at the prospect of going somewhere and made no trouble. Before he was finished Jimmie came back.

"Did they take him?" Bob asked.

Jimmie nodded. "What are you going to do with Janey?" he asked.

"Take her up to Berlin."

"But that's twelve miles."

"I'll pull her up the river on our skates. I'll bring them back to you—sometime."

"You going to stay up there?" Jimmie asked.

"I'm going to work," Bob said. "Rounds' camp is just five miles out of town."

"You can have the skates," Jimmie said after a moment. "The skates and my sled for your red sled. Is that all right?"

The red sled had been Bob's pride, but where he was going he would not have much use for a boy's sled. So he said, "Sure thing." And then, "You talked to the Raidens?"

"No," Jimmie said. "But I don't have to. They'll take me in. You know Mrs. Raiden's always said she wished she had a boy like me."

Yet there was something in Jimmie's voice that betrayed slight dissatisfaction with the Raidens, and Bob heard it. "You like 'em all right, don't you?" he asked.

"I like 'em all right," he admitted.

"Then what's the matter?"

"All those girls," Jimmie said. The Raidens had four daughters aged from seven to twelve. "I can just hear them." His little boy voice went into a ridiculous imitation of a falsetto. "This is our new brother, Jimmie. Ain't he cute?"

"Well, ain't you?" Bob said.

Then Jimmie swung on him and caught him on the jaw. Bob was stunned, but he fought back while Jane looked on in wide-eyed excitement. They tussled, grappled, and struck at each other until the room was a shambles, and Bob had Jimmie pinned to the floor.

"Give up?" Bob panted.

"Give up," Jimmie gasped.

"Admit you're cute?"

"I'm cute," Jimmie gagged.

They both got up and straightened their clothes. They didn't know why they had fought, but they were glad they had. It had cleared the atmosphere. Somehow they were small boys again, fighting for a small-boys' reason.

And soon, all too soon, they were standing outside with Jane strapped to the green sled. This was the moment Bob had dreaded. He was afraid Jimmie would want to kiss him good-by, but the younger boy seemed to realize this was not the thing to do. So they stood looking at Jane, not daring to look at each other. And then Bob said, "You go first."

"You'll skate down once in a while?"

"Sure," Bob said. "Every chance I get. And see you don't start wearing dresses with all those girls around."

"You shut up!" Jimmie said.

And with that he turned and, pulling the bright red sled, trudged away. Bob was afraid Jimmie might look back and see him, so he pulled Jane's sled behind the woodshed and peered out around the corner as his brother's figure grew smaller and smaller and finally disappeared.

As soon as Jimmie was out of sight, Bob went down to the river and put on his skates. Pulling a sled, it would take him three hours to make Berlin, and it would be dark by then. But it was clear, and already the moon was in the eastern sky though the sun was still shining.

Part of the way Jane slept, lulled by the motion of the sled. Once she cried, and Bob stopped and held her, wiping her cheeks and nose with the warm mittens Mamie had knitted for him. When she was quiet again he put her back on the sled and tucked the blanket about her. And slowly, mile after mile, the leafless trees slid past. Then it was dark and the woods held fearsome shadows that seemed to move as Bob moved, so that for the last few miles he kept his eyes straight ahead while his legs pumped steadily, and the exertion kept him warm. And each push removed them that much from the menace of Old Mrs. Runyon.

At last there were feeble lights in a group of houses along the river. He passed the inevitable sawmill, skated through a group of town skaters who scarcely paused to notice the small boy and the baby on the sled. And a moment later he saw a house with Christmas-tree candles winking at the front window. He came to a stop before it and gave it a silent inspection. Since there was a tree there would be children, he thought. The house was not so very large. The people who lived there would not have a great deal of money. Therefore, his thoughts ran, it would be a small sacrifice to have a tree with shiny ornaments on it. They must love their children.

So he removed his skates, took the sleeping Jane in his arms, walked up onto the porch and knocked at the door.

A tall, dark-haired woman opened the door. Bob heard her say, as if from a distance, "Well, for mercy's sake!"

He said, "Please, ma'am, I wonder if you'd like to adopt a baby."

"I'm ashamed to admit it," your grandfather used to say when he told me this story, "but I fainted. Yes, sir, plumb fainted dead away."

Yes, Joan, that was what your grandfather did that Christmas when he was twelve years old. And when Jane was safe in the hands of the Clareys he said good-by and walked up to the Rounds' camp in the woods where he became a helper, later a logger in his own right.

He always kept tab on his brothers and sisters who mostly turned out remarkably well, though as each grew up he took on the characteristics of his foster parents.

The Eunsons of that generation are all dead now, but I saw them all save one, and they were alike in looks as peas in a pod. There was always something poignant to me in their love for each other because they had nothing but that love in common. When I knew Aunt Annabelle she had become a very wealthy dowager. Aunt Elizabeth indeed taught school, then married, had two children and, after her husband died, became the housemother at a girl's school.

Jane never married. She gave music lessons—voice—and herself possessed a sweet, small contralto. She, of course, had no memory of that evening's ride on the sled to her new home, but she and Papa were always very close. She used to come to our house when I was very small, and I can remember her sitting at the piano and singing, and Papa would leap to his feet with a real hoedown.

Uncle Jim became a successful lawyer, married and had three children. He and Papa used to write each other regularly once a month until he died twenty years ago.

Kirk was the only tragedy among the six. He "took to drink," as Papa used to say, and died mysteriously when he was only twenty-five.

And that's about the end of the story except for your grandfather. His life, at least in his own estimation, was a happy one. He worked until he was almost eighty. He married twice, had seven children. Three of them died as children. He knew poverty and success. It was a life of ups and downs, but in the downs he used to say, "They can't lick a tough old nut like me."

They never did. Nobody ever did. You see, your grandfather was a big man.

THE END

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The New Nerve Pills and Your Health

BY DONALD G. COOLEY

Need a little dose of tranquility today? Are you tired, jumpy, worried, sleepless, nervous, frustrated, weighed down by the emotional and physical tensions piled onto you by the stresses of our high-pressure civilization? If so, you are not alone, and you must often have wished that, just by swallowing some magic potion, you could obtain a little peace of mind.

Remarkable new families of tranquilizing drugs do offer relief. Probably you have heard and read a great deal about "peace of mind" drugs, and you will hear more. New ones keep coming along. Already the list is a long one, including drugs you have read about and others that are probably unfamiliar: chlorpromazine, reserpine, Noludar, Doriden, Miltown, Equanil, Dimethylane, Placidyl, Dormison, Valmid.

Some of these tranquilizers have literally revolutionized the treatment of many kinds of mental illness. Now physicians are beginning to prescribe them for mild neuroses: for keyed-up, worrisome, tension-ridden, nervous patients; for perfectly normal people who need temporary help to tide them over periods of great personal strain and crisis. These gentle new drugs sound wonderful. Each is chemically different and acts a little differently from every other. You may be wondering whether one of the drugs might not be good for what ails you; but you may also have some mental reservations and many questions to which you haven't been able to find any answers.

Examine Before Swallowing

Can anybody use the drugs? Are they habit-forming? Can they be used as substitutes for common barbiturate sedatives and sleeping-pills? Are overdoses poisonous, as can be the case with barbiturates? Do the newer drugs leave you dopey, mentally befogged? Do they interfere with mental and physical coordination? Can they be used in the daytime as well as at night to induce sleep? How do they act upon your nervous system? Do they cure nervousness? Will they work the same for you as for most people? Do they have unpleasant side-effects? For what medical conditions are they used? Do you need a doctor's prescription to buy them? How fast do they act? How long do their effects last?

Few if any answers to such prudent questions have been given to the general public. COSMOPOLITAN now brings you helpful answers, based on a survey of these tranquilizing drugs which constitute an entirely new class of medical agents. Physicians are beginning to call them "ataraxic" drugs, meaning "conducive to perfect peace or calmness of mind."

The drugs have been prescribed for such an astonishing variety of conditions that at first glance it is hard to see any factor common to them all. Some uses, such as bringing sleep to restless insomniacs, are obvious enough. Other uses are unexpected, even fantastic. The drugs have been used to cure headaches, to

Manduke

To the keyed-up person or the insomniac, the new "tranquilizers" are a boon. But is an overdose dangerous? Can the drugs damage your nervous system? Are they habit-forming? Here is information that will answer your anxious questions

banish "that tired feeling," to make workers happier and more productive on their jobs, to ease the ordeal of giving a speech or having a tooth pulled, to quiet alcoholics suffering terrible "shakes" and to keep them "dry" longer, to lessen exaggerated fears of polio patients and their families, to overcome frigidity, to improve muscle-function of children with cerebral palsy. The drugs have even been used to calm high-strung horses, and have been suggested as a cure for juvenile delinquency.

An End to Troublemaking Tension

In greater or lesser degree, a common factor does underlie these varied conditions: emotional *and* physical tensions; the two always go together. The tranquilizing drugs interrupt overstimulating nerve impulses in amazingly gentle chemical ways. Several are especially good muscle-relaxers. The drugs do not stun you into sleep or force you to relax. They *allow* you to relax, skimming off tensions of which you may not consciously be aware. The general feeling they induce is described by one patient thus: "For the first time in years I feel that I can 'let go.'" Another says: "I feel as if I had had a second highball."

Clinical reports on the drugs are piling up fast in medical literature. We will bypass the commonplace uses—for simple insomnia, anxiety tensions, "nerves," tension headaches—and discuss only a few of the unusual applications that are coming to light as the use of the drugs expands into experimental fields.

At the Governor Bacon Health Center, Delaware City, Delaware, a considerable number of destructive children who seemed headed hell-for-leather into juvenile delinquency were given relaxant drugs. Within a week, three-fourths of the holy-terror youngsters were calmed into quiet, cooperative, better-behaved children, at last able to talk about their problems and eager for help in overcoming them. Other psychiatrists report that overactive, destructive, "behavior problem" children have been relaxed by drugs to the extent that they can be "reached" by effective treatment for the first time.

Among one hundred psychiatric patients given relaxant drugs for various conditions by Dr. Frank J. Ayd, Jr., of Baltimore, Maryland, were a number of frigid women. After taking the drug, "frigid women who abhorred marital relations reported they responded more readily to their husbands' advances."

Revolutionary Drugs Bring Peace

At the Meeting Street School of the Crippled Children and Adults of Rhode Island, Inc., a significant number of cerebral palsied children improved emotionally, while taking a relaxant drug, to such a degree that muscle function was notably improved. One twelve-year-old boy gained enough confidence to walk for the first time; a three-year-old girl managed her first clearly spoken words.

At Bellevue Hospital, alcoholics suffering from uncontrollable hangover tremors were calmed within a few minutes by a relaxant drug. Most of them fell asleep easily, something they considered impossible from past experience.

The two drugs that launched the "tranquilizing revolution" are chlorpromazine, a synthetic drug, and reserpine, a drug derived from the roots of an Indian snakeroot plant. Their widest use as "nerve drugs" has been in the treatment of severe mental illness. Destructive, disturbed patients are magically calmed. Often they are enabled to converse rationally, to feed themselves and take care of their own needs, to take part in group activities; thus, regular treatment has a better chance of working a cure. Now the drugs are beginning to be used more widely for treatment of milder neurotic conditions. Both drugs have a fairly high incidence of side-effects, rarely serious, but frequent enough to require rather close medical supervision.

Newer drugs are relatively mild, comparatively free from side-effects, suitable for occasional use—as for insomnia—and they do not require continuous medical supervision. All, however, are sold by prescription only. Do not confuse them with sedatives or sleeping-pills of a different nature that can be bought over the counter. How do you decide which one is best for you, or whether you need one of them at all? *You don't; your doctor decides that with you.* He also decides the important matter of dosage. Some of the drugs calm daytime tensions, some bring sleep at night, some do both, depending on dosage size. None of the drugs is related to barbiturates in any way.

How do the drugs work?

All are depressants of the central nervous system. How can a depressant benefit a tense patient who may already feel depressed and too tired to sleep? To clarify this paradox, consider the widespread belief that alcohol is a stimulant. Alcohol is a depressant. It depresses the central nervous system from the top down, so to speak. The higher nervous centers of the brain, late arrivals in the scale of human evolution, are depressed first, and restraining inhibitions are shed. This feels like stimulation.

Tranquilizing drugs appear to keep

(continued)

Don't confuse the new drugs with sedatives, sleeping pills, barbiturates, or a cure. Do realize they help the average person relax

confused, exciting, overstimulating nerve impulses from bombarding the cortex or topmost layers of your brain. It takes a certain amount of electrical voltage to make a nerve cell discharge and relay its impulse down the line. Neurologists speak of nerve cells as "firing"; some people agree that's the way it feels, too. Not to be too scientific about it, tranquilizing drugs somehow prevent jangling nerve impulses from reaching the parts of the brain capable of translating them into anxieties, resentments, anger, fear, and other troublemakers. In a sense, the drugs reduce the patient's nervous voltage to a comfortable level.

What body areas do they affect?

At the base of your brain, approximately in the center of your head, is a nut-sized area called the hypothalamus. It's a part of your "old" brain, pardon the expression, and has been around a lot longer than man's mushrooming "new" brain that has inflated the human skull and made us such magnificent (and worried) thinkers. The hypothalamus has a lot to do with the "unthinking" body business that keeps us alive: emotional reactions, rate of breathing, blood pressure, body temperature, sleep and arousal, sexual responses. Your hypothalamus stands in hair-trigger readiness to explode you into action in any emergency, real or imaginary. Underneath this awesome old brain of yours, extending downward and a little rearward, is a stemlike cluster of nerve fibers which is like a port of entry for nerve impulses coming into the brain. Tranquilizing drugs soothe these vital areas and prevent an excess of wild, clashing nervous impulses from rising to higher nervous centers where they can be felt as anxieties and tensions. Outside of the brain, particularly in the spinal cord, are short fibers—interneurones—that relay impulses from one nerve center to another. Relaxant drugs depress some of these interneurones and, in effect, wash out the bridges so that not so many overexcited nervous messages get through.

The new tranquilizing drugs undoubtedly act in other ways, as yet virtually unknown. Indeed, one of the things about these drugs that stirs researchers to great excitement is the likelihood that further study of their effects will reveal facts of incalculable importance about the most distinguished but least understood organ of man: his brain.

Do they relax muscles also?

Yes; you can't have emotional tension without some physical tension too, probably unconscious. Our muscles need a certain amount of tension; otherwise we'd have to ooze along like amoebas. Right now, as you sit reading these words, give a thought to any group of body muscles, for instance, those of your abdomen. You can make them go limper than they were when you think about it, can't you? A great many nervous, tense, chronically tired people have a disturbance of muscle tone that keeps them more or less continuously in a "get set" condition—rather like the way your body feels when, lying in bed, you suddenly hear a mosquito buzzing in the darkness. Muscles are tensed-up, and kept tense, by orders transmitted over nerve fibers. Some of the tranquilizers are remarkable muscle relaxants. They do not force muscles to relax, but *allow* them to.

Are the drugs safe?

Their margin of safety is very great. Physicians usually do not hesitate to prescribe bottles of a hundred tablets, but they often limit barbiturate drugs (the most common kinds of sedatives and sleeping-pills) to a few capsules at a time. In general, the newer tranquilizers are quickly eliminated from the body and do not depress the respiratory and other vital centers. Several attempts at suicide by taking huge overdoses of several of the drugs have been reported. The attempts failed. The would-be suicides vomited or went into an unusually deep sleep from which they awakened.

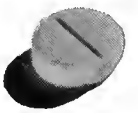
Are they habit-forming?

No instances of addiction to the drugs have been reported, despite wide usage. Patients are able to give up the drugs, when they have served their purpose, without distressing symptoms of dependency. One may, of course, form the *habit* of taking baking soda or any other harmless substance, but this is not drug addiction, as to narcotics. Barbiturate drugs, for proper medical uses, are extremely

(continued)

NAME OF DRUG

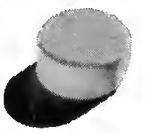
NOLUDAR



MILTOWN OR EQUANIL

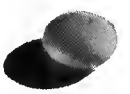
DORIDEN

MEPHENESIN



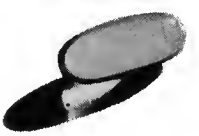
VALMID

CHLORPROMAZINE



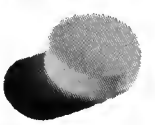
DIMETHYLANE

DORMISON



PLACIDYL

RESERPINE



MODE OF ACTION	EFFECTS	REMARKS
It slows chemical ond physiological processes ossociated with muscular tension, allowing relaxotion. Moderately prompt onset of action, intermediate duration of effect. Gentle relaxing effect.	Small daytime doses relieve nervous tensions without impoiring mental olertness or physical activity. Larger doses bring sleep in obout 30 minutes. The average duration of sleep is 7 hours. There is refreshed awakening.	In o smoll percentage of cases drowsiness or vertigo may be experienced in mild degree; these effects disappear after the first week. There is a virtual absence of skin-rash reactions. It comes in tablet and liquid form. As with the other pills, it con be obtained only by prescription.
It octs on a center of the brain to interrupt disturbing nervous activity arising from emotional stimuli. It also "breaks circuits" in interneurones of the spinal cord which influence psychic activity and muscular tensions.	Small daytime doses colm the average "nervous" patient by gentle relaxotion of muscle tensions, reducing irritability and restlessness. Larger doses taken one hour before retiring induce sleep. It invites sleep gently by removing emotional and muscular tensions that keep the patient restlessly awake.	No important side effects are reported. This drug comes in tablet form. Medical uses also include muscle relaxation in various conditions. Clinical trials for the treatment of alcoholism are in progress.
The site of action is probably the cortex of the brain. There is rapid action. Drug effects are of short duration.	Small doses calm daytime tensions. In proper dosage it does not interfere with mental and physical coordination. Larger doses bring sleep in 20 to 30 minutes; sleep may last 7 to 8 hours. It is useful for persons who have difficulty falling asleep.	Regarding side effects, there is an occasional report of morning-after hangover. Doriden comes in tablet form. Women may require only half as large doses as men. It is used for gentle sedation of patients an hour before anesthesia for surgery.
This drug acts on nerve centers of the brain and interneurones of the spinal cord.	It is primarily a quick-acting muscle relaxant whose effects are of short duration and is not used as a sleep-inducer.	Mephenesin has important medical and psychiatric uses as a muscle relaxant and has been employed as a tension reliever, but its effects are of such short duration that it has not come into widespread use as a sedative. Some physicians find the drug valuable in office treatment of anxiety-tension states.
Its sedative action is most useful in managing simple insomnia.	Valmid induces sleep rapidly, taking effect within 15 to 20 minutes. Toke 20 minutes before retiring. Its action is of short duration; effects disappear completely in about 4 hours. Refreshed awakening.	No side-effects have been reported. However, huge doses, as have been taken in suicide attempts, will cause acute poisoning. Valmid comes in tablet form.
It acts chiefly ot the level of the hypothalamus. It affects the nervous system outside the brain, enabling the patient to relax by its calming or tranquilizing action, which depresses certain neural centers.	It tranquilizes by preventing disturbing stimuli from rising to higher centers of the brain, insulating the patient from exciting situations. Quiets agitated emotions, tension and anxiety.	Tremors, gastric disturbances, skin eruptions, and increase or decrease of appetite have been reported in some cases. The drug comes in tablet, injectable, and syrup forms. Many important medical uses are: control of vomiting and nausea; suppression of intractable hiccups; pre-surgical sedation.
It depresses transmission of abnormally powerful or abnormally frequent impulses by short nerve fibers that serve as connecting links in the spinal cord. An interneurone drug.	This drug is primarily a relaxant in common anxiety tension states with symptoms such as chronic fatigue, irritability, insomnia, indecision, "jitters." Tensions are usually relieved within an hour of taking the first dose. The drug remains effective 3 to 4 hours.	Transient nausea appears as a side-effect in rare instances. There is no dulling of mental keenness, and the voluntary functions are not affected. Dimethylane comes in capsule form.
This drug appears to act by assisting or accelerating the process of going to sleep.	It is also used as a daytime sedative, especially for children. Adequate bedtime doses usually bring sleep gently in 15 to 30 minutes. The duration of the drug effect is about 2 hours; resultant sleep persists all night.	It is remarkably free from side-effects. Dormison comes in capsule and liquid form. Recommended dosage is now higher than when first introduced. It is one of the mildest, shortest-acting sleep-inducers.
This drug "nudges the patient to sleep."	It is not a daytime sedative. A bedtime dose brings sleep in 15 to 30 minutes; ordinarily its effects should last the night. Primarily used for nervous insomnia. A relaxant, it allows, but doesn't force, sleep and provides a refreshed awakening.	Studies show a negligible incidence of side-effects. Placidyl comes in capsule form.
This drug inhibits brain centers concerned with heart rate, blood pressure, body temperature, sleep, and arousal. Other chemical effects are not fully understood. It probably affects neurones of various levels of the nervous system.	It calms the patient, relaxes anxious persons and prepares the patient for sleep. Sedative effects are not produced quickly but usually occur after a period of several days.	Side-effects reported, particularly in mental patients, are: tremulousness, nasal congestion, depression, dermatitis, and gastrointestinal disturbances. Reserpine is a very effective drug for control of high blood pressure.

valuable and not so frightfully dangerous as they are often said to be, but they can be dangerously abused. Overdoses of barbiturates can kill; increasingly larger doses may be needed to maintain initial effects; it is possible for true drug addiction to develop, with patients suffering the same acute withdrawal symptoms as narcotic addicts. No such instances involving tranquilizing drugs have been reported.

Is the sedative habit dangerous?

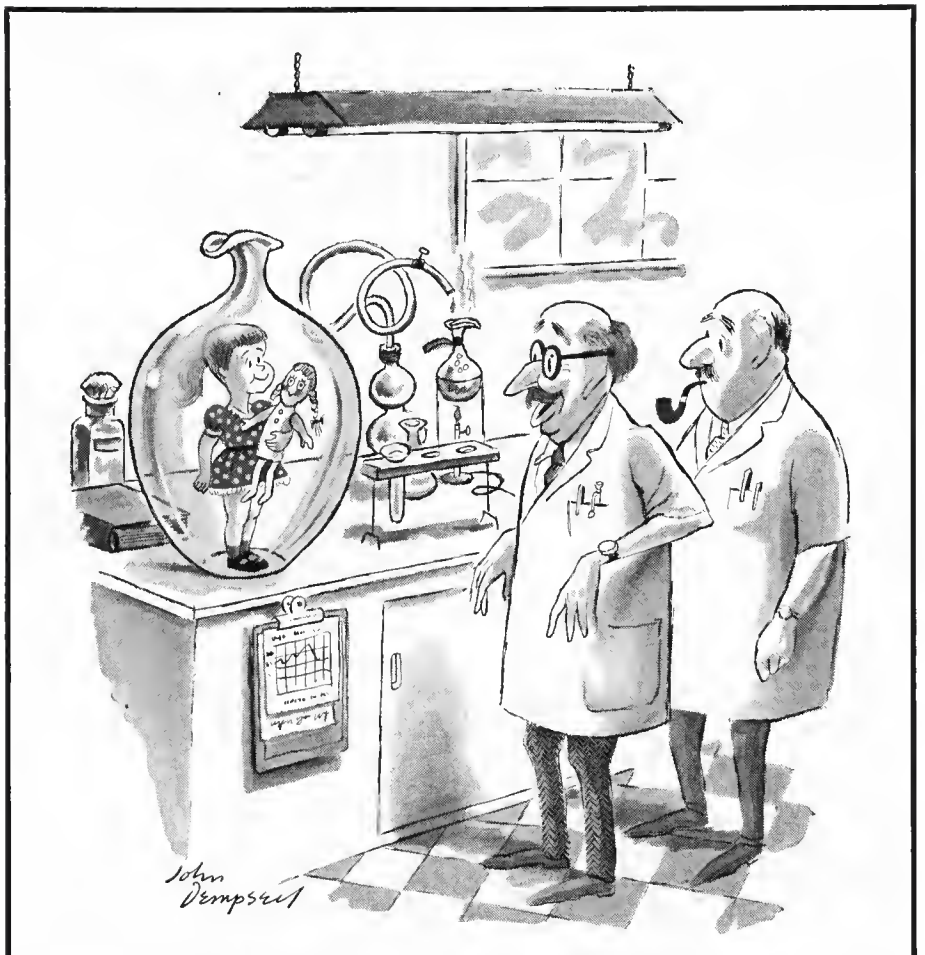
Indiscriminate, continued self-dosage with sedatives and sleeping-pills *is* a bad habit, for even though the drugs may be harmless, the nervous symptoms may accompany some organic ailment. Medically prescribed sedatives are a different matter because the doctor has examined the whole patient. A swallowed tablet may reduce emotional and muscular tensions in a man or woman who is wound up tight as a drum, or make the butterflies inside a desperately nervous patient quit flapping their wings, or bring a good night's sleep to someone who fears that insomnia will drive him crazy. A relaxing drug can give a patient who is tied up in emotional knots a chance to see how it is to feel normal. Often a sleep-inducing drug is a blessing in tiding a patient over a time of great strain, grief, or crisis.

Do the drugs leave you "dopey"?

A remarkable virtue of the tranquilizers is their marked lack of "drug hangover"—that is, the morning-after symptoms of mental fog, dullness, and drowsiness fairly common among habitual users of barbiturates. Clearheaded, refreshed awakening usually occurs after one of the new drugs has been taken to induce sleep. Doses to relieve daytime tensions do not impair fine muscular coordination or depress mental and physical efficiency. Adjustment of dosage to the patient's needs is, of course, very important. In the management of mental illness, sizable doses of tranquilizers are commonly given over long periods of many months, and the incidence of side-effects is naturally greater than when smaller doses of the drugs are used occasionally, as for relief of insomnia.

Do they cure mental illness?

No. The tranquilizers are symptom relievers. They do not attack the subtle basic causes of nervous ailments in the same specific way that an antibiotic drug attacks strep germs that have given you a sore throat. Responsible psychiatrists do not claim that reserpine and chlorpromazine are miraculous cures for all kinds of mental illness, although many patients have been returned to their homes and even to useful work. But relief of symptoms is a tremendous step along the road to cure. The tranquilizers may muffle enough of the cruel internal stimuli that have imprisoned a mentally sick patient in a disturbed world of his own so that, for the first time, he can be "reached" by helpful treatment. In milder, everyday "nervousness," the patient still has to learn how to relax, deal with life's problems realistically, and accept the universe. Relaxant drugs can help him by slowing the squirrel's cage long enough for the occupant to realize he can climb out by himself.



"It worked! Sugar, spice and everything nice."

Can they prevent mental illness?

Count this as a daring hope that could possibly astonish everybody by paying off. There are enormous difficulties: Mental illness is not "a" disease but a vast collection of varied ailments, presumably arising from innumerable, complex, interlinked causes, none of which is fully understood. Early symptoms of mental illness may be dismissed as queer behavior. Yet a fundamental principle of all medicine is that a disease is easier to cure in early rather than in desperately acute stages. If apparent symptoms of mental disturbance are observed, should the family physician, or some member of the family, be responsible for giving tranquilizing drugs to the patient before hospitalization might become necessary? At a symposium on the tranquilizers, held by the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine, Dr. Nathan S. Kline and Dr. Henry Brill of the New York State Mental Hygiene Department agreed that the answer is Yes. Perhaps a judicious tranquilizer, now and then, has unsuspected (and unproved) preventive value in cases of ordinary "nerves." Theoretically, it should help in deflating occasional nervous tensions which, if ignored, might add up to higher and higher pressures until finally something has to explode.

Do they replace barbiturates?

In the opinion of many doctors, any indication for a barbiturate is an indication for one of the newer drugs. This opinion is most common among physicians who have had considerable experience with the new agents. For instance, Dr. Harold E. Himwich of Galesburg State Research Hospital in Illinois, where a great deal of work with reserpine and chlorpromazine has been done, says, "The drugs may be used generally as sedatives in place of the barbiturates now

commonly prescribed. There may, of course, be medical reasons why a barbiturate is the doctor's choice. Drug combinations—for instance, reserpine with a barbiturate—are also available."

Do they help everyone?

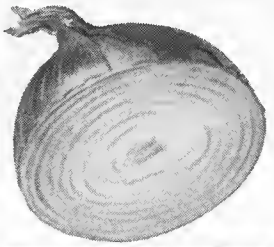
No drug exerts identical effects on everybody. Most people are soothed by barbiturates; others are greatly excited. In a study by Dr. Henry K. Beecher at Harvard Medical School, about one-third of those who begged for a drug to relieve severe pain reported excellent results from placebos—inert substances with no drug activity whatever. Patients have also reported severe, frightening side-reactions from placebos they mistakenly thought were potent drugs. Drugs are standardized; patients are not.

How you react depends not only on the drug but also upon the kind of person you are, chemically, physiologically, emotionally. Dr. Louis Lasagna of Johns Hopkins School of Medicine has been studying paradoxical reactions to drugs for many years. He notes curious differences in effects of sedatives on different individuals. The feeling of relaxation makes some persons happier and able to work with greater ease. The same drugs make other persons very jittery, tense, and more miserable than before. Dr. Lasagna concludes that the diametrically different effects are explained by differences in the subjects. The group that had pleasant, kindly effects from sedatives had well-adjusted personalities. Some of those who had bad results were very apprehensive persons who apparently feared being victimized by a drug that would make them feel relaxed when they basically didn't want to be relaxed.

One psychiatrist who has used tranquilizing drugs extensively concludes that they are of little or no value in patients "who accept their nervous symptoms with a certain complacency, even smugness." Their symptoms probably serve an unconscious protective purpose and they'd be lost without them. Normal, well-adjusted people, currently free from excessive strains and tensions, usually find the depressant effects of sedatives to be unpleasant; they don't want, or need, to be slowed down. But keyed-up, restless, anxiously tense people usually feel much better when their excessive nervous activity (which may be mostly on the inside where it doesn't show) is slowed from a mad gallop to a comfortable canter by a relaxant drug.

The chart on pages 72 and 73 lists important new tranquilizing drugs with typical, not invariable, benefits experienced by the great majority of many thousands of patients who have used them under their doctor's direction.

THE END



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That Wonderful

All his life he'd been expecting something wonderful to happen. Trouble was, he didn't know just what. And so when the time came, he missed it...almost

BY RUSSELL BEGGS

The thing to do was to tell her. There was no way to lead up to something like this, it just had to be said. Walking east on Sixty-first Street, Mike Ransom decided to just say it. Lost in thought, he bumped into three women coming out of The Colony. They wore mink stoles and mad, expensive hats. In a movie this might have been the dawn of love but here, on this very real October afternoon, he merely apologized and went on.

The three women looked at him as he went, and saw a tall, thin young man with red hair, thought of him wistfully, wondered if life were ever like the fashionable plays of their youth—in which women their age always had young men around who were in love with them in a charming but uncomplicated way. Mike looked like that sort of young man. And in a way he was.

He went into the St. Sulspice, where he was escorted to a choice table. "Miss Stevens phoned, Mr. Ransom; she will be a little late."

They watched him as he hurried off to nowhere.

Something

Kay was beautiful, rich, and warmhearted. He felt sure this was it.

"Thank you, George." The St. Sulspice was so fashionable it almost looked shabby. This was in deference to the patrons, most of whom were wealthy enough to be embarrassed about it. The women wore tweeds and low-heeled shoes, and the men dressed as if they would presently rush out to look for a job to pay the rent.

He saw one of Kay's friends and wished Kay would arrive. "We are finished, Miss Kay Stevens, lady playwright, celebrated beauty, friend to the rich," he would tell her. "We are all through and we are going to stop wasting time."

She came into the restaurant then, wearing a gray dress and a large white hat on top of her short black hair. She was beautiful, he had to admit, and there was so much promise in the easy charm she displayed—first stopping at a table of friends, then taking a strong stride as she continued toward him—that he wanted it to be as it had been in the beginning; but he knew it could never be.

"I'm terribly sorry to be late, darling," she said. "Have you been here long?"

"Not long."

She kissed him on the cheek and sat down. "They want to do 'April Tide' in London so I had to sign the contracts."

He said nothing.

"I thought that play was dead," she went on. "Have you ordered yet, dear?"

"I'm not eating."

"Not hungry?"

"I'm not staying."

She looked up quickly and he noticed once more how lovely her gray eyes were. "Not staying?"

"I think we'd better stop seeing each other, Kay," he said. "We're wasting each other's time."

He was surprised that, saying it, he felt nothing at all.

Mike Ransom had been born in a small Ohio town of a grocer father and a politician mother, a beauty who asked him to call her Grace

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VÁRADY

and who drove crooks out of town as another woman might chase crows out of her garden.

It was on a summer afternoon of his sixteenth year that he saw clearly, for the first time, the way his life was going to be. He was stretched out on the grass behind the house, reading a geography book or, rather, looking at a drawing of the Sphinx with several pyramids in the background.

He had read that the look on the Sphinx's face contained some secret, some wisdom which, if you knew it, would make you the wisest man on earth. He felt that if he looked long enough he would know the secret. He had been staring for an hour now but nothing had happened.

His mother came now and said, "Close your eyes and hold out your hand." He did, felt something in his palm, opened his eyes, saw a badge of the political party Grace belonged to. From it hung a blue ribbon on which was printed in large gold letters, "Member, State Committee."

"It's yours," Grace smiled. "You're coming on the campaign with me." He felt very happy. In an instant his whole summer had been changed. He looked at the drawing of the Sphinx again, thought he saw the figure almost smile and knew what the secret was. It was that, if you were not afraid to wait, something wonderful would happen to you.

In the years after that, he forgot the Sphinx but the feeling that something wonderful was going to happen to him did not leave him. He kept himself ready. As a sailor who knows not who will ask him to go on what delicious voyage at a moment's notice, he kept his bag packed. It gave him a serenity in the present that few others had. When he came to New York the atmosphere made him feel the call would come any day.

He was interviewed for jobs and hoped that one of them would reveal itself as that wonderful something, but none of them did. After several months, when it seemed the call would not come immediately, he took a job with a small advertising agency, Kerrigan and Lord. It was just a stopgap. He worked there but he did not unpack his bag.

Four years later he was with the same company as a copywriter on the Norris Typewriter Account. That wonderful something had not happened but it was going to be magnificent when it did, so waiting seemed worth while.

He did, however, begin to envision what it might be. One afternoon in May he stopped work on the commercial for the Norris Typewriter TV program, a Sunday afternoon documentary called "Yesterday," and let his mind wander. It took a pleasant, familiar jaunt to Hollywood, where he sat at Romanoff's beside that famous movie beauty, Mara Westover. She was sitting with him not only because he was a movie producer but because they had met at a party the night before and had fallen in love. This was just one of the ways he began to visualize that wonderful something happening to him.

He had just taken Mara's hand under the table when his phone rang. He released her hand and returned reluctantly to Madison Avenue. "Hello?" he said.

"Mimeograph Department?"

"Wrong number. Try 801." He put the phone down and went into the outer office to get a drink. At the water cooler, he accidentally bumped into somebody.

"Hey!" a voice said. It was crisp and pleasant and so was the girl who came with it. She was not Mara Westover, but she had a fresh look, a healthy, country appearance as if she had grown up in the sun and the city had not yet thrown its pallor over her. Her hair was the brown of soft shadows and her eyes leaf green, and there was something alive in her face, a natural candor. "I'm Hildy Cameron," she said. "New here. Receptionist." Mike introduced himself. "Hello, Mike," she grinned.

He watched her through the open door of his office all that afternoon. The next morning he asked her to lunch. She went. He learned she had just graduated from college. "I thought," Mike said, "that Bennington girls turned out to be truck drivers or modern dancers."

"That's only if they can't get married," she smiled.

"You're getting married?"

"Certainly."

"To whom?"

"How do I know to whom?"

"Oh," he said, "it's just an intention." He was relieved to find she was unattached and then vaguely fearful for the same reason.

"It's more than an intention," she said, "it's an objective. You married?"

"No," Mike said, "I haven't made up my mind about that sort of thing."

"Why not?"

"Listen," he said, "is this the Spanish Inquisition?"

"In a way," Hildy smiled. "What do you do at the agency?"

"Copywriter. Norris Typewriter Account."

"I hear it's a snap. Haven't changed their ads in thirty years."

"That's why I like it," Mike grinned.

"Some job," Hildy said. "You should be an account executive and have a house in the country."

"I could if I wanted to," Mike said defensively, "but I might end up doing something very different."

"Like what?"

"Oh, I don't know," he grinned. He couldn't tell her he was waiting for that wonderful something to happen to him; he had never discussed it with anyone. "I had a money-making idea only last week," he went on. "Tear down an Egyptian pyramid, have it sent over here, set it up again, and charge people to see it."

"You're out of your mind," she said.

"And if that's a success, bring the Sphinx over. Or put the North Pole in a deep freeze and exhibit *it*."

They had lunch often after that and one day while he was outlining a plan to go to Paris and see what job he could

yet (he had begun to think New York was not the place where that wonderful something was going to happen), Hildy said, "You're not ever going to do anything, Mike. You're a dreamer."

He didn't answer. He couldn't discuss it. Later that afternoon, she stopped in his office and said, "I'm cooking a meal tonight. Like to come?"

"Sure," he said. She had a one-room apartment on East Thirty-ninth Street. It was not chic but it was cheerful. The walls were white, the curtains, red. She cooked a superb casserole. After dinner, as they sat having coffee, Mike surveyed the room and said, "I've got an idea. Why don't we go into business as interior decorators?"

"And you," Hilda said, "will open the Afghanistan office."

"Perhaps," he grinned, "you'd prefer the pleasure boat business in Peru."

"Hah!"

"You're not interested in travel?"

"I love travel but I loathe drifting."

"Who's drifting?"

"You are. You've got a good brain but you never use it for anything important."

"Like what?"

"Like your work. You keep day-dreaming about opening a peanut stand in Shanghai."

"The Norris Typewriter Account requires no imagination. It's been the same for thirty years. Sales remain constant, ads remain constant. They don't want anything new. Besides, suppose I *do* come up with a good idea and they promote me, then I'll be *stuck* in advertising."

"What's so bad about that?"

"I'm not sure it's what I'm going to end up doing."

"You're just afraid you couldn't get a good idea," Hilda grinned.

"I could think up a million," he said.

"Give me one."

"All right," he said, leaning back on the sofa, staring at the red curtains, "how's this for a slogan for typewriters—'The Keys You Love to Touch'?"

"Terrible," Hildy said, "but keep going." He knew she was goading him but he didn't mind. He mulled a moment, grinned, spoke.

"How's this for a promotion stunt—give free typewriters to starving writers."

"Worse," she said.

"How about a big sign on Broadway at Times Square—the latest news flashes typed out on a giant typewriter?"

"Not bad," she said. "What's next?"

"How about a sales pitch to women—portable typewriters in bright-colored cases."

"It's been done."

"With shoulder strap attachment and built-in handbag?"

Hildy did not look impressed.

"And," Mike went on, "we throw in a man with every purchase?"

Hildy laughed. He saw she was writing on a pad she had on her knee. "What are you doing?"

"Taking down your ideas. I'll type them up. You might want them sometime."

He spent another hour thinking of fantastic ways to advertise typewriters; then he saw it was midnight. "I'd better go," he said. At the door he thanked her for the dinner. As she stood there in the doorway, the light behind made her hair soft gold. She seemed small and helpless now instead of brisk and efficient and he wanted very much to kiss her. He knew he shouldn't because he didn't want to get involved—but he did.

"Mike," she said softly.

"Sorry," he said.

"Don't be, it was nice."

"It was, wasn't it?" he grinned. Then he frowned.

"It's all right," she said. "You don't have to marry me."

"It isn't that."

"I know, you don't know how you're going to end up."

"Something like that."

"I don't care," Hildy said. "I like you. You're crazy in the head but I like you."

"I like you, too," he said simply.

The next afternoon she handed him a folder containing three typewritten pages. On the cover he read, "Ideas for Norris Account—Mike Ransom." He looked at his ideas; they didn't sound bad but he didn't think there was any point in showing them to Mr. Kerrigan. He put the folder in his top desk drawer.

Saturday night he went to a party and met Kay Stevens.

It was a large party at Roger O'Neill's house near Pound Ridge. O'Neill produced the Norris TV program, "Yesterday." He had been in the theater but had fled to the steady work of TV.

Mike arrived late, saw the usual theater and TV people, said Hello to Roger, then wandered through the huge living room. There were a dozen groups of three or four people. He had that heightened sense of promise he always had when he had just arrived at a party.

He went into the library and then, getting a drink, he went onto the porch. The night air was frosty. He was about to go back inside when he saw a large, white convertible swing into the driveway and hurry behind the house to the garages. Driving the car was a woman wearing a blue bandanna. He walked around behind the house. She was getting out of the car. She wore riding pants and a gray suede jacket. As she came toward him, she smiled and said, "That *must* be for me!" She took the drink out of his hand.

"I was saving it for you," Mike said.

"How very thoughtful," she laughed. It was a lovely, deep laugh and he felt good instantly for no reason he knew. Something about her struck him. It was not the laugh, it was her eyes. She was smiling at him with a look that said, I know all about you and it's all right. I have caught your essential quality and I like it and I am going to choose you for something very nice.

"Come inside, darling," she said, taking his arm. "We'll get you a drink."

Inside, he got two more drinks. When he found her she was sitting with Roger O'Neill. "I see you've met," Roger said.

"Oh yes," the woman said, "we're old buddies."

"You didn't tell me, Mike," Roger said.

"Our secret," Mike grinned.

Roger excused himself moments later and then the gray-eyed woman said, "But we are old buddies, aren't we?"

"At least fifteen minutes' worth," Mike said, "but I suppose we should be introduced."

"I'm Kay Stevens," she said. He looked at her more closely. She was the Kay Stevens who wrote plays. She had to be. Roger would not have invited some uncelebrated Kay Stevens. Mike had read about her in the gossip columns and theater sections of the newspapers. She had been an actress till she was thirty, then had written two hit plays.

"I'm Mike Ransom," he said.

"And a very sweet boy," she smiled.

After the party he rode to town with her in the convertible. They dined the next evening at the St. Sulspice, her favorite restaurant. They saw a play on Monday night, had dinner on Long Island Tuesday night, and went to a party Wednesday night, and somewhere in between he realized that he was in love with her. That wonderful something had finally happened to him.

She lived in a duplex near the East River and when they stopped in front of it on Friday night she said it had been fun and wouldn't he come in for a drink? He came in, said he had had a good time and what a lovely apartment it was and they had a drink and while she was getting ice for another he told her he was in love with her.

"That's very nice, darling," she said. "Help me with this ice."

He got the ice out for her and said it again.

"I heard you, dear," she said as she poured Scotch over the ice.

"How about you?"

"Why, darling," she said, "I loved you right away!"

They finished the drink and went to a night club to meet her agent to discuss possible stars for her new play. He sat

looking at her and thinking he had never been so happy in his life.

They went to the theater and night clubs in the evening and usually ended up at Sardi's. They were always out late. He seldom got to Kerrigan and Lord before noon. But life was too wonderful to worry about a little thing like his job. His name appeared in Walter Winchell's column as "Kay Stevens' Ad Exec," and although he was not an executive, he enjoyed the mention. He enjoyed being a part of the charmed circle of famous and talented and rich people Kay went around with. He was as charming and witty as any of them, she said, and he was quite the nicest young man she had ever known.

This went on for two months. Then, abruptly, the good feeling left. One night at the St. Sulspice he began to feel depressed and it continued for days. A few days later, he realized what was wrong. It was not enough to revolve in the charmed circle; you had to *do* something. It was good to be in love but that didn't solve everything. Maybe Kay was not it after all. Maybe it had to be a job. He thought of all the careers he had dreamed of but suddenly they all seemed too intangible.

He went to the theater with Kay that evening and saw a new musical comedy, but its gaiety made him feel worse. They went to the producer's party after the show. Kay noticed his mood.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"Oh, too many people."

"Want to run along?"

"I'll stay as long as you want to."

"Have another drink, you'll feel better."

He decided the next day that they were running around too much. They should settle down and get married. At dinner he asked her.

"You want to *marry* me, darling?"

"Of course," he said. "I'm in love with you." He said he thought that they were going out too much, that they should lead a quieter life.

"But Mike, I don't want to lead a quiet life."

"Don't you want to marry me?"

"I don't want to marry anyone."

"You don't?"

"At least not now," she went on. "Come on now, darling, you're being depressing; have a drink. We're having a good time this way. Why get married?"

"But Kay—"

"You're a sweet, charming, handsome boy and I adore you but let's not spoil things. Aren't you having fun?"

"Sure," he said. He took a drink. He didn't really agree with her. He thought about it for a week. His depression continued. He decided that this was only an affair to her, and that it could not possibly be that wonderful thing that was

He knew he shouldn't kiss Hildy because he might get involved. Then he kissed her anyway.

going to happen to him. He decided he would stop seeing her. He would tell her at lunch the next afternoon at the St. Sulspice.

"We're just wasting each other's time," he said, looking into the wondering gray eyes across the table from him.

"Don't you enjoy being with me, Mike?" Kay asked.

"Not any more," he said.

"I'm sorry. I thought we were having fun."

"I've got things to attend to," he said stiffly. "So I guess I'd better go." He walked out of the restaurant. There was a fresh breeze, and as he walked toward Madison Avenue an exultant feeling came over him. He was free of her. He could go about his business now, figure out what it was he should be doing.

He went to his office and looked for Hildy Cameron but she was out. He sat at his desk, took pad and pencil, and began to list the various careers he had considered.

An hour later, he was toying with the idea of getting a job in Paris with an export company. He knew this idea and the others were vague and then panic erupted. A riot began in his stomach. He thought of Kay. He was losing her. He would not see her again and there would be no theater dates or night clubs or parties or drives to the country and no more of her ever.

I can't do it, he said to himself, I can't. *I need her.* He called her apartment but there was no answer. He called the St. Sulspice but she had gone. He phoned several of her friends but they hadn't seen her. He took a cab to her apartment. Perhaps she was there and had turned the phone bell off. She was not there. He went to her hairdresser but the hairdresser hadn't seen her. He called her producer's office. She was not there. *I need her*, he kept thinking, *I need her.*

He found her three hours later. She was in the Algonquin bar, having a drink with a dark-haired man.

"Kay," he said.

"Oh, hello darling," she said. "This is Mr. Kendall."

"How do you do?" Mike said.

"Sit down, Mike," Kay went on. "We'll be through in a minute."

Mr. Kendall was a young British producer who wanted to do her new play in London. She promised him first consideration and he left.

"Well now, darling," Kay smiled. He took her hand. "You'd better have a drink," she said.

He felt better with her, but he wasn't happy or content. At least, though, he was not out of his mind with need the way he had been before.

"Why don't you join me for dinner at the St. Sulspice?" she said. "I'm meeting some people from Paris." He said he would. "Good-by, sweet," she said, kissing him.

He took a cab back to Kerrigan and Lord. On the way, he tried to figure out what had happened to him. Why had he gone running back to Kay after he had decided it was no good? It was as if he were clinging to her to keep from drowning. And, in a way, he knew he was.

When he walked into Kerrigan and Lord, he sensed something was wrong. The secretaries in the outer office were too quiet. As he went into his office, Hildy Cameron came running in after him.

"Mike," she said, "you'd better go into the conference room right away."

"What's the matter?"

"The Norris Typewriter Account. Mr. Kerrigan and Mr. Norris are in there and Kerrigan's been asking for you."

"For me?"

"The word is we're about to lose the account."

"Lose it?" Mike said. "I didn't know there was any trouble."

"Sales have taken a sudden nosedive."

"Why do they want me? I'm just a copywriter."

"I gave Mr. Kerrigan your folder," Hildy said.

"My what?"

"The ideas you thought up that night at my apartment."

"That was a fine thing to do."

"You'd better get in there," Hildy said.

"Thanks," Mike said ironically. He walked toward the conference room. He was exhausted from the frantic search for Kay. His mind was muddled. When he walked into the long, pine-paneled room, Mr. Kerrigan shook his hand. He was a giant of a man with gray hair and a guardsman mustache. His face was covered with hysteria. He introduced Mike to Mr. Norris. The head of the typewriter company was a short bald man with thick eyeglasses.

"Ransom's ideas," Mike's boss said, "represent just the beginning of the thinking we've been doing around here on the Norris account. Isn't that right, Ransom?"

Mike saw Kerrigan's mustache quivering. Behind him sat two account executives and the copy chief. They had the same look of panic. He must have looked that way chasing Kay this afternoon.

"Why, yes," Mike said.

"So we thought," Kerrigan went on, "you might outline some of those far-reaching ideas we discussed a few weeks ago, those revolutionary, startling ideas you're famous around here for."

Mike was not too exhausted to size up the situation. They had all come up with new ideas for the typewriter account but nobody had sold an idea to Mr. Norris. Mike was now the last hope. Kerrigan was presenting him as the genius who was going to come up with the suggestion that would solve the declining sales. He was expected to say something which would make Mr. Norris leap out of his chair and shout, "That's it! That's it!"

"You want to take over, Mike?" Kerrigan said.

"Sure," Mike said.

"Mr. Norris," he said with absolutely no idea of what he would say after that. He must conjure up some terribly imaginative scheme. But he couldn't think of a thing.

He knew he was in trouble. If he didn't make some kind of a showing he would be out of a job. He glanced at Kerrigan and thought the gray-haired man was looking for something wonderful to happen, *that* wonderful something to happen.

In a flash, which was not like a bolt of lightning but more like many gears meshing softly, he made the discovery he had been on his way toward all his life. He realized that wonderful things did not happen to you—you had to make them happen. As a statement, it was trite, but to know it through his whole being, to see it clearly as a truth borne out by every experience of his life, to be aware of it so thoroughly made him feel, for one bright instant, like a Columbus who had stumbled onto a new continent.

"Mr. Norris," he said again, and now the words came out of some reservoir of common sense which had been sealed off for so long. "We don't know why typewriter sales have dropped as drastically as they have, and you don't either. No big, imaginative idea is going to solve the problem overnight."

He saw Kerrigan's face turn from pale to gray but he didn't care. "I know other ad agencies are probably after the account, promising you a quick, easy solution; but they don't know any more about it than we do. As a matter of fact, they know less. We know a lot about your product, because we've had this account for a long time. We may not come up with a foolproof solution but we've solved your advertising problems for many years to your satisfaction, and I think we can weather the storm with you."

Mike stood up. "So if you want to take your account to another agency, Mr. Norris, that's your privilege. But if you stick with us, it'll work out. We were caught off balance just as you were, but I think that by the end of the week we'll know what to do."

He stopped talking and the room was in smoke-filled silence. Mike did not have to look at Kerrigan to realize that he

had not come up with the answer his boss had wanted to hear.

"I believe our Mr. Ransom has—" Kerrigan began.

"Mr. Ransom," Norris went on, "you talk the best horse sense I've heard here this afternoon, and I think I'll go along with what you propose."

Silence. Nobody had expected this.

"Well," Kerrigan said, suddenly affable and charming, "we knew our Mr. Ransom could solve the problem."

"One more harebrained scheme and I would have walked right out of here," Norris laughed. Mike walked Norris and Kerrigan to the elevator, and as they got in, his boss said a final word.

"You're in charge, Mike," he said. "Get right to work on it."

"All right," Mike said. He could not tell from Kerrigan's face what he was thinking. It had been thoroughly out of line for Mike to do what he had done. The boss was probably furious with him but he couldn't fire him now. He had saved the account. And even if he had been fired, Mike would not have been upset. For he seemed to know where he was and who he was and that there would be victories and defeats and that he couldn't live or die with each one.

Hildy was not in the outer office. Mike thought of something and picked up a telephone. He called the St. Sulspice. "I want to leave a message for Miss Kay Stevens. Mr. Ransom will not be able to meet her for dinner tonight."

He knew he would not feel panic this time. Hildy came in now. "I hear you did it," she grinned.

"Yes," he said, thinking of something else. "I did it."

He looked at her and felt more himself just being in the same room with her. He no longer felt the need to keep his bag packed, waiting for the call which would send him where that wonderful something was going to happen to him. She was only an arm's length away, a delicious distance, a distance he wanted to travel, he realized, but he was in no hurry because when you made wonderful things happen you went at it more slowly. He did not doubt that it would happen and that it would be good, because she knew, too, had known all along.

"Shall we have dinner?" he asked.

THE END

January 1, 1956 *by* Rube Goldberg

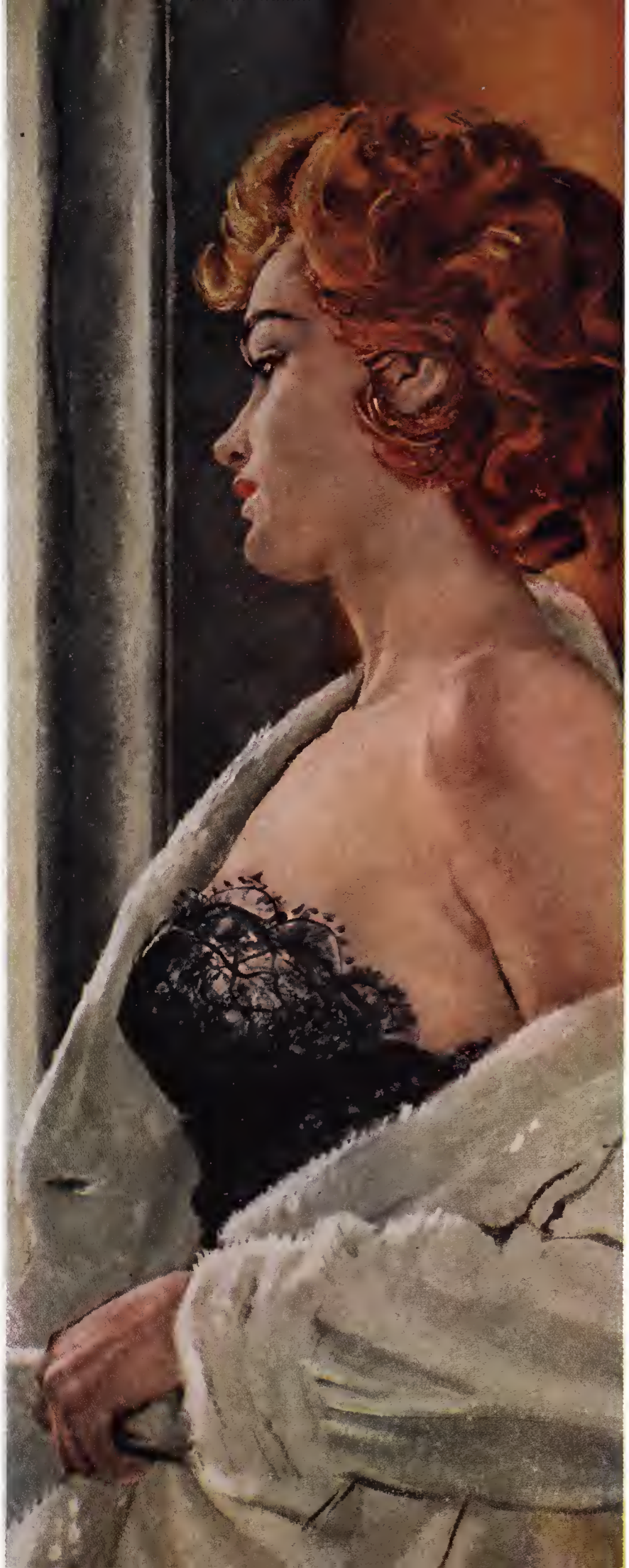
"My gosh, and they tan us if we come in with just a little mud on our shoes!"

"I've seen his list of resolutions. He couldn't break one if he wanted to."

"No thanks! I have a noisemaker!"

"Take this aspirin to Daddy and don't rattle it."

FIRST
MONEY



He was going to earn a glittering pile of gold, and this would make him into a man . . . that was his dream. The price he would have to pay for it was more than a twelve-year-old could foresee

BY ANN CHIDESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

He woke before his mother called him. There had been a deep, quiet snow in the night, and he looked out at the white street, pleased. Snow was always fun. He dressed quickly and eagerly. When he went downstairs, his mother was already dressed and in the kitchen. He walked softly so as not to wake the others—*the little kids*. He thought of them thus, for he was very different from them now. He was going to earn money. He had his own paper route. He could hear, far away, the distant chugging of the snow plow, but there was no other sound, and theirs was the only light in the neighborhood.

"Eat a lot, dear," his mother said. For some reason, she would not look at him. "Have you got the list of customers?"

"I know them, Mother," he said, firmly. He was a grave, thin boy with the look of the eldest child, shy, with eyes too big for his face. He had a shock of very stiff blond hair. He could hear his father moving in his bed in the room above. It was Sunday. His father worked hard at the lumberyard during the week and slept late, until noon, on Sundays.

She bit her lip. "You—you'll try not to forget Mr. Loring?" she asked.

"I did the route all last week with ole Steve Sutton. I can do it in the dark blindfolded now. Steve says remember Mr. Loring the very first, and you never forget then."

She smiled. "Steve's very clever."

"Oh, yes," he nodded and put extra brown sugar on his oatmeal. "That's how he got the big route downtown. It's the best." His eyes glowed. He knew the bittersweet bite of ambition. Someday, *he* would have that route and make as much as fifty or sixty dollars a month, but of course Steve was much older. Steve was sixteen. "I'm gonna do like Steve," he said heartily. "I'll make a lot of money, Mother, you'll see." He sat very straight. He was twelve and felt every one of his years now. He'd be the best paperboy

"Let me pay next week," the woman begged, teetering slightly. Her orange curls, her strange manner were frightening.

in the world and he'd make no mistakes.

She turned away quickly, spilling some coffee.

"You *said* I could do it, Mother," he said quickly for fear that at the last minute, with all his plans made, she would change her mind. What was wrong?

"Me and my big mouth," she said.

Then he heard his father's steps. His father came in looking half awake, his black hair still mussed, like Toby's when he got up from his nap. He wore his work trousers tucked into woolen socks, and he carried his heavy Army boots. He sat at the table and rubbed his forehead. "Couldn't seem to stay asleep. I thought maybe somebody might ask me to go with him this once."

Paul flushed. "I can do it alone, Dad."

"Sure, I know." His father lifted his face and grinned at his mother. "I just wanted to share is all. Would feel great to be out passing morning papers again. Make me feel twelve years old, too. And, you got to have some kind of celebration. First time a ship goes out they break a bottle of bubbly over her bow."

He felt his heart lift. The Sunday papers were thick and heavy, and you could not roll them and give them a nice, easy flip onto the porches. He would be glad for help. Still, it was his business, his money and his responsibility, and only last night his father had explained this, sternly. He wriggled with the embarrassment of indecision.

"Maybe Paul doesn't want you, Dad," his mother said. She gave him a long, pleading look.

"Oh, sure!" he said quickly. "You just come right along, Dad."

He could not eat another mouthful. He laced his heavy boots and got into his leather jacket, and in a few minutes he and his father were going through the deep, dry snow to the garage, stomping and puffing until their lungs became accustomed to the cold air. It was still gray, almost like night, and he felt lightheaded because he had not slept, being so busy making his plans. They went to the garage where he had put the big sled on which he had nailed an apple crate. They did not own a car, so the garage was a good storehouse. Still in silence, they walked to the corner where the papers were left—dumped from a truck onto a stepping stone which dated back to the days of carriages. The stone belonged to Mr. Loring's house, which stood back, high on a hill, overlooking the street. Paul untied and unwrapped the papers and put them into the crate.

"Which side for me, son?" his father asked, waiting.

"I'll take the right," he said at once. Mr. Loring's house was here on the right side. It was only fair. He walked toward the house, which looked much bigger now. When Steve had been with him, it had not seemed different from other houses. He stared at the front door. "You got to watch that door," Steve had warned. "See it move, and you better get ready for trouble. This old man screeches like a woman. He calls the owner of the paper, way in the city, and he yells like crazy into the phone. Once he grabbed my collar. I thought I was done for." It seemed that no paperboy in all these years had been to Mr. Loring's taste. It was like going to the dragon in the woods.

He climbed the snowy steps, raised the heavy doormat in which white marbles made a design which spelled LORING. He brushed off the snow, thrust the paper neatly beneath the mat, and set the mat on top with care. He wanted to run, but he knew his father would see him, so he forced himself to walk slowly away.

"See the old gentleman?" his father asked. Was he laughing?

He shook his head. He looked hard into his father's big bony face that was pink with cold. "I'm not scairt of him."

"Just remember the customer's always right, Paul. You accept that idea when you go into business." His father slapped his two mittened hands together. "What'll you do with all this money?"

Paul laughed inside. He lived for the moment when he would be able to reach into his pockets and feel money, his own money, all to be spent as he wished. He had many plans, but he could not tell them—particularly to his father. He knew what his father did with *his* money. Every Saturday when he came into the kitchen, he pulled off his blue work cap and held it out as though he had been carrying a robin's egg in it. Then his mother dipped in and very daintily picked up the long pink check, and they would smile at each other as though they had come through a week's danger without trouble. When his father needed money, he asked his mother, and Paul knew from the way his father asked that he wished he didn't have to. He had heard him only three times in his whole life, and the tones of his father's voice had suggested a mystery—a man's mystery. His father's voice had haunted him, making him feel sick inside because his father was usually hearty and laughing, even when he was dead tired. Was the mystery about money? Wasn't money easy to make? Why, then, did his father make so little? "And me—the end of this week, I'll be almost rich," he thought proudly.

"I need ten bucks, Mae—sweetheart," his father had said that last time, about three weeks ago. "It's veterans' club dues—and all."

"Sure, Harry," she had said, so softly that Paul, working on his homework on the dining-room table, was not sure whether she answered in words or merely made one of her long looks.

Now he studied the snow sticking to his boots. The sky was lifting. He ran up to Dr. Pearson's house, putting the paper into the mailbox so one of the Pearson kids wouldn't ruin it before the doctor had a decent chance. The tiniest Pearson baby was crying, and he wondered what ole Buddy Pearson was doing in there. Probably pinching the baby, ole dope, he thought. You had to know a lot about people if you wanted to succeed in *this* business, Steve said. "You can just about study the world on this one little ole paper route," Steve had explained.

"Buy a horse, I bet!" his father said when they met again. It seemed his father was fascinated by the problem. "A big black stallion, maybe."

He flushed.

"Or take a trip to the moon first time, they sell round-trip tickets? That it?" his father tossed over his shoulder as he hurried to the Baptist minister's house, leaving the paper inside the storm door.

How had his father guessed? Did he know everything he planned to do? Buy his mother a blue dress and a TV set—not right away, of course, but soon. And Jeannie, who was six, wanted an angora beret. White, pure angora from an imported French angora rabbit.

"Binoculars. A pair of high-powered binoculars," his father guessed.

"I dunno," he said. His father was acting *his* age, twelve years old—as if they were old friends who saw each other only on vacations or something. The route was a lot longer when you had these heavy Sunday papers, and it was altogether harder and different with the snow and the cold and the darkness—and his father instead of Steve. He felt shy. He let his father know, however, that he knew the route very well. "Not to Lamberts, Dad," he said. "They quit two months ago. They take the *Daily* now."

"So? What makes people change, you think?"

"Eddie Lambert wants the *Daily*'s comics," he sniffed.

By then people were in the streets. His father invited him into a drugstore for a cup of chocolate. He felt queer when he was sitting in the booth, heavy and tired, but he put on a good face. "I pass after school tomorrow. That's easy. You get a good twist to the paper and flip it right into place. Except at Mr. Loring's. There you got to deliver under the doormat, square—or else." He nodded sagely. "What makes him so mean, Dad?"

"Oh, people get lonely. Not everybody has a good family like ours. Then, they want to talk to someone. So, they make

up any excuse. Maybe Mr. Loring isn't mad or sore, just wants to talk. You'll learn about people, Paul." He let his father pay for the chocolate and figured that next time he would pay for his father's. The idea pleased him.

He wished he had been able to ask his father what *he* had done with his first money, but he wished someone else would tell him so he wouldn't have to ask outright. In a way, he was afraid to hear. He wanted to know, but he did *not* want to know, either. He longed for Saturday. Saturday he would go around with his coupon book and collect the money.

The next day he was at the stepping stone very early, long before the truck arrived at four-thirty. The driver threw out the papers with a long-armed roll so they fell neatly onto the dry, icy stone. He asked Paul if he liked the work and did he have any trouble? "It's a tough route. Lemme tell you this—see they pay every week. Otherwise you got problems."

"Sure," Paul said, bending over the papers, eager to be about his business. Naturally they would pay. People always did, didn't they? He pulled the sled halfway between Loring's and Carter's. Just before he reached the old Loring house, he saw the door tremble, and the big, purple-faced old man came out wearing an Indian-blanket bathrobe and carrying a limp fly-swatter like a hunter carrying a rifle, over his right shoulder. In the summer, he spent every waking hour killing flies on the porch and lawn, and the rest of the time he walked around with the old swatter, Steve said.

"You the new boy?" he asked, poking at the doormat with the tip of a scuffed red bedroom slipper.

"Yessir," Paul said loudly and stood as he imagined a good soldier would before an enemy agent.

"Lemme see how you do it," the old man ordered. He flicked Paul lightly on the shoulder as though killing a fly there.

"Yessir," he said quickly. He bent down, lifted the mat and slid the paper under it. All the time he felt his heart pounding.

"Brush off the snow first," the old man barked crossly, coughing and rumbling deep in his chest. He put the swatter over his right shoulder again. "Remember that! You don't want to lose your job, do you?"

"Nossir," he said quickly.

"Well then, give me a neat, dry paper. News is messy enough these days without having messy newsprint all over the place, dripping wet. What's the name, now?"

"Paul Hendricks."

"Whassat?"

"Paul Hendricks!" he yelled.

"All right, Master Paul Hendricks. I'm watching you. Remember—I can have you dismissed—like that," tapping the house with his swatter. He was still standing there when Paul reached his sled.

"I wonder what it's like to be so old and so deaf?" Paul thought. Once the old man had been very rich. He had two daughters who were married and had children, but Dad said no one ever came to see the old man because he was always angry. "Probably beats all his children with that ole swatter," Paul reasoned. Well, the best thing was to keep his manners and be careful with the paper. He would not want to lose his new job, now.

Miss Campbell, the woman with orange hair, came to the door and shook his hand. "I con-grat-u-late you, Paul, on your new position," she said in her husky voice. She gave him a roll of lifesavers and giggled. It was awfully early for her to be drunk. Then, the Baptist minister's wife sent him three warm doughnuts by her little girl who thanked him for the paper. "*She's* got an angel's face," he thought. He could be proud of his work in such moments. Bringing the news to people was important, Steve said.

When he came up Pearsons' sidewalk, slipping where the kids had been sliding, Buddy came out on the porch. They were in the same class, but Buddy was one of the dumb kids.

"Gettin' rich?" he asked lazily.

"Sure."

"You won't last long. You missed us yesterday, and we had *no* Sunday paper. My Dad was fit to cut off your ears."

"I put it in the mailbox," he said.

"Take off ya cap," Buddy said. He stood above him, his hands on his hips.

"What for?"

"Look, boy—you *earn* money, you got to learn who's boss. The fella that pays is the boss. How *about* that?" He shot out one leg and tripped Paul, and at that moment his mother called him, and he grabbed the paper and went quickly inside. Paul picked himself up, brushing off his jacket and trousers. He walked slowly back to his sled. Long ago, in the summer, he had raced in a bike race with Buddy and won, and Buddy had told everyone he had cheated—that out in the country, on Pike's Hill, he had dismounted and pushed the bike, which was against the rules. He had hit Buddy one good smack so that his nose had bled, and Buddy was still remembering that. Steve had warned him there might be big, cross dogs or vague ladies: some of them like Miss Campbell who drank from morning to night, or people who wanted to pay next time or, the worst of all, people who mistakenly burned their papers with the garbage and then complained that the paper boy had missed them. "Just keep your tongue inside your head," Steve had said. This was the golden rule of being in business. It seemed odd to him and unjust, and it made earning money much harder. He felt a kind of pain at this realization—it was not going to be easy then.

He tried to solve this riddle at night before he went to sleep. On one side of the picture were the dreadful Mr. Loring, Buddy Pearson, the snow, and the Sunday morning darkness; on the other side of the picture was the money, bright and lovely. He could almost smell that money. It smelled like dandelions, he thought, golden dandelions after a rain.

"But if I lose my job, nobody'll ever hire me again. It's worse than flunking—to be fired." He could imagine himself penniless, relegated to a "baby" position in the household and jeered at in the school yard so Steve would hear of it and be disappointed in him. Steve had *chosen* him for this route. He could hear Toby snoring in his crib. *He's only a baby,* he thought. He looked out on the winter scene, the distant street light swaying slightly, and he thought of all those houses out there. Was Miss Campbell still drinking? Was the old man going around in the dark swatting imaginary flies and thinking it was great sport, like tennis? And was Buddy plotting something mean? He turned over again, sniffing the pillow that still smelled of citronella from last summer, sleep slowly rising around him and over him. "Anyhow, I don't have any old dogs with big teeth," he sighed.

"Everything okay, son?" his father asked when his mother was not there to hear.

"Sure, Dad," he said quickly, nervously.

"Don't let it get on top of you, boy. Keep whistling," his father said.

Whistling? He stared at his father, trying to think of him as a paperboy. Then he remembered the clear, sweet sound of his father's whistle on hot summer evenings when his father was coming home from the factory, carrying his empty lunch bucket as though it weighed a ton. Whistling? He frowned. His father's advice had something to do with other mysteries, with grown men going to war or kissing women that way or riding dangerous horses. He puzzled over it a lot. Whistling, he would think. By the time Saturday came, he felt tough and seasoned, having coped with his customers for one whole week. Still, this *was* his first collection. He did not dare try to think beyond that moment when, after he had taken out the money that belonged to the newspaper to be given to the truck driver in a sealed yellow envelope, he could hold his own money. He would hurry down to Geason's hardware store

to make a down payment on the aluminum canoe in their window. Of all the things he had dreamed of, poring over catalogues and wandering along the business streets peering into windows, the canoe was the best. By the time the river thawed, he was sure to own it. "Maybe I'll ask Dad to go out fishing for crappies or sunnies," he thought. He could imagine old Buddy Pearson's green face. What would Buddy say when he saw that canoe? Just what?

His mother kept the customers' ticket books. When she brought them out to him, the family were all there—his father going out the door to work, Toby in his high chair, Jeannie licking sugar off her wet palm, and Billy trying to put on his father's Army boots. They watched him as he shrugged into his jacket, putting the pencil in his right-hand pocket along with the coupon books and the black plastic billfold that had a snap purse.

"I never had but a penny," Jeannie said, smiling up at him.

"You just wait," he said.

His father was silent, jiggling the doorknob back and forth.

"Paul," his mother said, frowning.

His father signaled her something.

"Well—make careful change, then," his mother warned.

"What'll you do if someone refuses to pay?" his father asked.

"I'll go back," he said grimly and set his jaw. "And I'll go back and back and *back*." His mother frowned again and picked at his jacket sleeve. "And I'll get it, too!" he said, nodding severely.

"Paul. Money's very nice to have, but—" she said vaguely and could not finish. Why was she frightened? What was he doing wrong? He walked as far as the corner with his father, but his father said nothing.

He rang Mr. Loring's doorbell. The old man was playing some shrill opera records, very loudly. Paul beat on the door during a momentary silence, and Mr. Loring opened it, staring out with only one eye showing. "Go away," he said.

"I've come to collect," he said firmly. "It's Saturday, Mr. Loring, and I'm supposed to collect for the week—for papers."

"I know all about that, but I haven't decided if you earned it," he said pompously, throwing the door wide open and revealing a huge, shabby, cluttered room. Paul could see a bottle of milk and a box of soda crackers on the table. The room smelled of desolation, a queer odor which he could not understand but which made him stare at the old man. "The present generation has no sense of responsibility, no respect, no—no values. How do I know I approve of you as a paperboy, hm?" he asked thrusting his face toward Paul. He wore the same Indian-blanket bathrobe, and Paul could see the limp fly-swatter by the record player, which was the kind with a big horn and a winder.

Whistling, Paul thought. Did Dad mean now, when he was scared and did not know what to do? Wasn't he *supposed* to get money? He moistened his lips, trying to understand everything the old man was saying.

"I may have to have you dismissed—how do I know?" the old man asked, blinking furiously and gathering wind for another long dissertation.

"Mr. Loring—" he said gravely, aware of the responsibility of his position. "Mr. Loring, I won't *forget* you. I'll *always* bring you the paper. You're the first person on the list. Only, if you don't pay me, I'm not supposed to bring you a paper. Ever." He spoke as he would to Jeannie, explaining the difference between the goods and the bads in stories.

"Eh?" he asked, letting his wind out slowly. "Whassat?"

He explained it all again, very loudly. The old man did not say another word but reached into his pocket, took out a little tin cigarette box and found the right change. He looked out shyly from under his shaggy, yellowed eyebrows. It was curious, too, how that money felt, both hot and cold, and Paul curled his hand about it reluctantly. "I *like* you, young man. I like you *very* much," the old man said softly. "You promised, now—you won't forget me?"

"Nossir!"

"People forget easily," he sighed, making a gesture of dismissal with the fly-swatter he had picked up off the table. He closed the door very softly. Paul felt a little tugging pain right there in his chest where you got pains when you ran too far and too long. He wished for a moment that he could give the money back.

The money part was harder than passing the papers. It took more patience. The Baptist minister's wife, so ready with hot doughnuts and chocolate cookies, could not find a cent and had to send him around to the church where the minister was playing the organ. One lady had a twenty-dollar bill which he took down to the corner grocery to be changed. At home, everything was always ready for him—his school clothes, his breakfast, his clean bed at night. "They *knew* I was coming. Why didn't they get ready for me?" he wondered. This made him feel both small and large, and at the same time he finally admitted what he had been trying to conceal from himself: "It'd take me two, three, four years to buy that canoe. Like Steve said it would. I'll never have that much money."

The first time that he went to Miss Campbell's, she pretended she was not home, but he saw her peeking out. He returned in ten minutes, determined. "I came to collect for the papers, Miss Campbell," he said when she finally opened the door.

"Yes, I know," she said softly. "And you're sweet and good to me."

He took out the book with her name. He waited.

"Tell you what," she said, biting her lips and running her fingers through her orange curls. "Could you wait till next week? I haven't one red cent in the house right now, and—if a certain gentleman—well, you see, everything is so complicated."

He looked into her eyes. "What's *she* scared of? She scared of *me*?" he wondered. Steve had warned him about Miss Campbell. He wondered what Steve did when she begged like this? He cleared his throat. He felt a burning red cover his entire body.

"You young men," she said, teetering slightly.

"We-eell," he said. "Next week you *got* to have it, Miss Campbell. Or the rules say no paper."

"I'd just *die* without a paper. I read myself to sleep with it," she said, laughing. She thrust another roll of lifesavers at him—clove—and smiled giddily, and he was almost to the next customer's before he realized she had not paid him. Maybe she would *never* pay him. No—next week would be different! He would insist on getting the money.

Buddy Pearson was waiting on his porch. He pretended not to see him and walked around him to ring the doorbell.

"You won't last long," Buddy said. "You're the slowest paperboy ever. You are just about finished here, Mr. Paul Hendricks."

The doctor came hurrying out. "Oh—you're the new paperboy," he said. "You're the one who takes good care of the papers, hey?" He smiled and Paul flushed with pleasure. "Steve told me you'd be a good boy. Well, now, maybe when you're finished with this route, you'd hand it over to Buddy, hey?" He thrust some money at Paul and told him to keep the change. "Don't just *sit* there, son," he said, prodding Buddy with his foot. "*Do* something." He hurried away, swinging his black bag and driving out of the driveway with a terrible roar of his engine. He was always in a hurry.

Buddy looked odd. Paul was glad he had not pushed him. You didn't always *have* to slug somebody, Steve said, if you just waited long enough. "Lump," he said when he passed him, and by the time he reached the

street, Buddy had disappeared. He was tired, then, and walked slowly to the corner store where the newsboys made up their week's envelopes and left them for the driver to collect. The others had gone, but Steve was sitting beside the candy counter eating popcorn. He looked up and grinned.

"How'd you like it—the first week?" he asked.

"It's okay," Paul said. He sat down and divided the money carefully. Even without Miss Campbell's, he had four dollars and a bit more all his own. It did not look like so much when you thought about the cold Sunday mornings, the evenings, the patience and fears. It was all very different from what he had planned.

"Get any dough from Miss Campbell?"

He shook his head. Steve laughed. "I didn't think you would."

"Next week, though," Paul said.

"Buddy Pearson make trouble?"

"He tried," he said. "That's over, though."

"Sure, sure," Steve said, rising and stretching. "Well, rich man, you gonna get that canoe?"

"Not now," he said. He folded the money carefully and walked a ways with Steve. He wished he could ask why things were so different. He had expected the money would *feel* like more and make him happy and give him whatever in the world he wanted. He approached his house thoughtfully, seeing his father's tracks going up to the kitchen door. He stared at the house as though he had never seen it. In a moment, they would open the door for him, and he would go into the moist, fragrant warmth, and *they* would be waiting—his mother ready to serve him some hot food, Jeannie wanting to know about the money; and Toby would probably try to give him a chewed Tinker Toy again, and even Billy would come up to him, sniffing like a puppy.

Then slowly Paul took off his cap. He put the loose change in his pocket and folded the money inside his cap. When he opened the door, he felt as tall as Steve or anybody. He swept off his cap, holding it toward his mother and saying, "Here you are, Mae sweetheart," the way his father said it. His father half stood, and then sat down again.

His mother shook her head, her eyes glistening with tears. She put the back of her hand hard over her mouth and made a funny sound, like moaning.

"Look, son—" his father said, slowly.

He turned his head and darted his father a stern look.

"Take it, Mae," his father said.

"But—he was going to buy himself—"

"Take it," his father said again.

He grinned when she took it. He did not dare to look at his father again. For the first time he loved his father as much—probably even more—than he loved his mother. They were together. It seemed he had gone away from home a long way, farther than just the paper route, and now he knew something; and he would remember it, too. Money was a lot harder to come by than he had supposed. His father knew that well enough. It was so hard to come by, you had to do something big with it just to show you *could*.

Whistling softly he hung his jacket beside his father's, in that special place near the stove. He sat down at the table, smoothed his hair as he had seen his father do, and said in a voice that sounded very deep to him. "I'm famished. How's about a little service here?"

THE END

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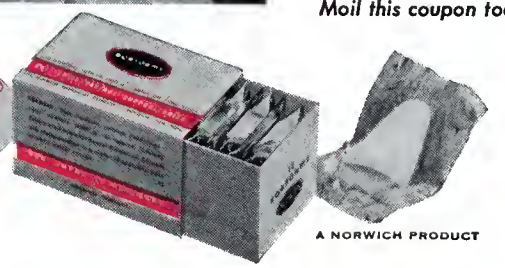

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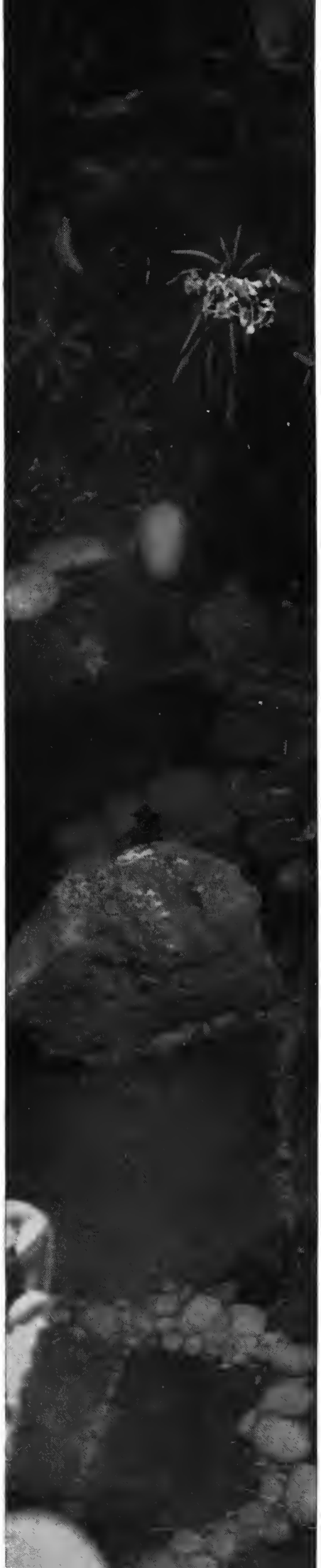

After three hectic years of marriage, Ellie and Bert Lang, from Salt Lake City, went to Hawaii, moved into a luxurious thatch-roofed hut in Waikiki for ten days, and discovered that a honeymoon is a romantic interlude every couple should have, no matter how long the wait for it

PHOTO ESSAY BY ORLANDO—CAPTIONS BY HARRIET LA BARRE

"I feel newly married," says Bert. "Ellie and I have worked so hard since the wedding that this is the first time we have ever really relaxed together."

Watching Bert shave is still fascinating to Ellie. They met at Rochester Institute, where the ratio was 127 men to 6 girls. "I picked him," says Ellie.

"The luxury of late mornings!" Bert says happily as, laughing, without a care in the world, he and Ellie roughhouse together like a couple of kids.

Bert prepares breakfast as a surprise for Ellie. It's something he's always wanted to do, but never had the nerve. "Seemed kinda silly until now," he explains.

Watching Ellie dress for a romantic evening in Waikiki, Bert is seeing a charmer whom he missed noticing back home. It's nice to have all the time in the world for each other.

Dancing by torchlight at the Hawaiian Village stores up happy memories for the couple's future. Later, Ellie and Bert sneak off for a moonlight swim in the languorous starlit sea.

It was better than an early honeymoon, in Ellie's opinion, "because after three years of marriage you don't have to worry about whether things will work out or not."

Tears can flow on any honeymoon, especially when the husband does not show proper appreciation for a grass-skirt hula. But he makes Ellie laugh by reminding her that before they were married, he used to tell her dates: "Take good care of Ellie, because someday I'm going to marry her."

Ellie and Bert Lang take leave of their paradise preceded by three-year-old suitcases, so unlike the spanking-new bags sported by newlywed honeymooners. But their feeling of romance is just as fresh. "Might seem an extravagance to some, but I feel it's the best investment in happiness we ever made," says Bert.

THE END

April Evil

He was rich and lonely and couldn't know that he was menaced from two directions—by relatives trying to prove him insane, by professional killers, mercilessly evil—or that his fate might hinge on the curiosity of a small boy

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

The man and woman arrived in a soiled gray Buick with Illinois plates. They reached Flamingo, a town of twelve thousand on Florida's west coast, at eleven-thirty on the morning of April eleventh. The car moved slowly through the main shopping section on Bay Avenue and pulled into a drive-in restaurant near the approach to the causeway and bridge that led to Flamingo Key.

The day was hot. They were first noticed by a waitress in a green cotton uniform who stood in an angular patch of shade made by the restaurant building, her back against the pink wall, smoking a cigarette.

The man was thirtyish and tall, with the pallid look of recent illness. He got out from behind the wheel and stood by the car wearing a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up and trousers that looked as though they had been made for a heavier man. He stood blinking in the sunshine, his shadow black against the blue of the asphalt, his posture poor, his shoulders thrust forward. His glossy black hair gleamed in the sunshine. The man turned and looked up Bay Avenue toward the shopping section, then turned slowly a bit more and looked at the waitress. There were deep lines in his cheeks, dark patches under dark eyes. His nose was long, thin at the bridge, wide at the nostrils. He looked at the waitress without expression, steadily, blankly. It was curiously disturbing to her. She looked away.

The man spoke, a harsh monosyllable directed at the woman in the car who was applying lipstick. She got out quickly: a tall girl of about twenty-five, tall as the man in her high heels. She wore a sheer white blouse, a travel-wrinkled tan linen skirt which she smoothed across her hips with the back of her hand. Her blonde hair was cut unbecomingly short, accentuating the heavy, placid sulkiness of her face. It was a face with the wide cheekbones, short upper lip, wide-set blue eyes, and heavy mouth that have become a stereotype of sensual beauty. It was a show-girl face, slightly coarsened. Her figure was a little too heavy, with a look of softness. Her legs were very white.

He put down the phone. "I'm temperamental," he said. She hesitated a moment and let the curtain fall.

April Evil (continued)

She walked ahead of the man in a constricted, body-conscious way, and with a passive humility that seemed to expect a blow—or desire it.

They took a table for two. The man picked up a copy of the morning *Flamingo Record* and read it while the girl sat quite still and looked out the big side window toward the blue of the bay and the white houses on the key beyond the bay. She moved only when she lifted a cigarette slowly to her mouth and as slowly returned it to rest over the chipped yellow glass ashtray on the Formica table top.

By two o'clock that afternoon, using the name Mr. and Mrs. John Wheeler, the couple had rented the Mather house on the bay shore, three miles south of the center of town. Walter Hedges, the realtor, had been unable to interest them in a vacancy on the key. It was the fourth house he had shown them—a long, low cypress house with three bedrooms and two baths, with a terrace that faced the bay, with a new dock but no boat. The nearest house was two hundred feet north of the Mather place, and both houses were screened by heavy plantings. The Mather place was pleasant, with a curving shell drive, live oaks heavy with Spanish moss, pepper trees, punk trees, a clump of cocoanut palm.

Hedges, a man of very little imagination, accepted the seven hundred and seventy-two dollars in cash, which covered the rental until May fifteenth and included the state sales tax. He agreed to have the phone connected at once. He thought only that the couple seemed rather sullen for people on vacation. And he was surprised that they had the cash for the Mather place. Hedges always looked at shoes to determine economic status. The man's shoes had been cheap, black, cracked across the instep. It was a better index than automobiles, because they won't let you buy shoes on time.

After Hedges had gone the couple looked the house over more carefully. The girl carried the luggage in. The man wandered around the grounds while the girl unpacked. He went down and stood on the dock and watched mullet jump in the bay. He watched the boats go by, following the channel markers. He could see the narrow pass between Flamingo Key and Sand Key, see the deeper blue of the water of the open Gulf beyond the pass.

The girl came out onto the terrace and said, "It's all unpacked. I ought to

The girl fell, fighting for breath. "I'll do it again," Mullin said, "as soon as she can stand."

get some stuff at the grocery store we passed."

"Like what?"

"You know. Staples. Bread and butter and salt and eggs and cans and stuff."

"Can you cook?"

"I can cook some. You don't want to go out much, do you?"

"No. I don't want to go out much."

"I fixed the trays. There'll be ice pretty quick."

"Little homemaker. Here's the money. Pick up some bottles too."

She was back an hour later. He heard the car and rolled quickly off the bed and went to the window. When he saw it was the girl, he went slowly back to the bed and stretched out. She brought him a drink and then went back to put the groceries away. After a while he went out to watch her. She acted as if it made her nervous to be watched.

"It's a nice kitchen," she said.

"It ought to be a nice kitchen. It ought to have a gold stove. It ought to have a floor show yet. Make me a floor show."

She gave him a sidelong glance, broke into a husky fragment of chorus routine, ending with grind and bump. He put his glass down and clapped his hands solemnly three times.

"I'm out of practice," she said. She looked at him and at her arms and frowned, saying, "We should get some tan, Harry."

"You get some tan. This sunshine routine doesn't grab me."

"We'll look more like the other people around here."

"You wouldn't be trying to tell me how to run my business?"

"Don't get like that, honey."

"Stick to cooking, Sal."

"So okay."

He went and tried the phone again. It had been connected. He got the slip of paper from his wallet, looked at it, looked up a number and dialed it.

"Sandwind Motel."

"You got a Robert Watson registered?"

"Yes, sir. You wish to speak to him? Just a moment, sir."

It was five minutes before a familiar voice said, "Hello?"

"Hello, Ace. This is your old buddy."

The voice was careful. "Hello, old buddy."

"I got a nice house. You can move in with me and stop paying rent. Say I pick you up about seven-thirty. I'm driving a gray Buick. I don't want to come in, so watch for it. Where is this Sandwind, anyway?"

"On Flamingo Key. Go out on the key and turn left. Go a mile. You'll see it on the right, a big sign."

"How . . . how have things been?"

"Silk and cream. I'll tell you all about it." He hung up. Sally came out of the bedroom in the skimpy pale blue sunsuit she had bought in Georgia. She carried a blanket, a small bottle of sun lotion, a television fan magazine.

"Okay?" she asked.

"You're not exactly bundled up. I got hold of the Ace okay."

"That's good."

"When he gets here, keep your mouth shut. Don't talk. Get out of the way and leave us alone. I pick him up at seven-thirty."

"Sure, Harry."

He slapped the seat of the blue sunsuit. "Go get the happy sunshine, kid." He watched her go down, annoint herself, and stretch out on the dock. He slept for an hour, got up and made a drink. He felt restless. He wondered if she was right about getting a tan. He went down to the dock and took the white shirt off and sat near her in the sunshine. His skin was white as paste. His ribs showed. There was a small black mat of hair on his chest. He sat hugging his knees. His shoulder blades stuck out. There were two deep dimples on the back of his left shoulder, the scars of bullet wounds. She lay on her back with her eyes shut. Her white legs had turned pink. He studied the pinkness and said, "That's enough, kid. Get in the house."

"But Harry, I . . ."

His voice became very soft. "A big day you're having. Homemaking and arguing and everything. You want we should have any trouble with you?"

She got up and went to the house. When he finally went in she had changed to a blouse and skirt. She said quickly, "I'm glad you made me come in. I feel sorta scratchy all over."

"I tell you everything you do."

"Sure, Harry."

"Then there's no trouble. We got no room for any more trouble than we came for."

She moved closer to him. "Is it going to be rough?"

"It's going to be done right. It's going to be silk and cream. I'm using the Ace and Ronny. That's top talent. When it's over we split fast. Where they go is their problem."

"Where will we go?"

"You know how I feel about questions."

"I'm sorry." She turned away and turned back, smiling timidly. "But could I ask just one?"

"Let me hear it."

"Is anybody going to get killed?"

He buttoned his shirt slowly. "I hope not, honey. I hope nobody gets himself killed. I hope nobody gets that excited."

On that warm afternoon of April eleventh, Ben Piersall, a young Flamingo attorney, was late getting to the Flamingo Country Club and had to play alone. He had phoned and told the members of the regular Monday foursome to go on ahead.

He was a tall man, big in the shoulders, with a blunt, tanned, good-humored face, gray eyes, brown hair that was beginning to get thin on top. He had a successful law practice in Flamingo and worked hard at it. He was a son of one of the town founders, so estate work made up a large percentage of his practice.

He was a scratch golfer, a man who had played on his college team, who now took a savage pride in being able to pound out the long ball, arch the accurate wedge shot, sink the long curling putt. Golf relaxed him, but he could no longer play as regularly as he wished.

When he reached the fourth tee he saw a caddy cart with a red golf bag on the side of the fairway about a hundred and seventy yards out. He saw no player. He drove and walked down the fairway. When he was a hundred yards from the tee a woman came out of the brush, club in hand.

He recognized Lenora Parks. She took a new ball from the bag, tossed it out, and waited for him. "You alone, Ben?" she called.

He went up to her and told her the usual customers had taken off without him. "Please play along with me, Ben," she said. "That damned slice is back. I just plain hate the damned awful thing."

He watched her hit it. Her stance was too open and she was trying to steer it. He told her the corrections to make and she made them and was delighted. They played along together. Lenora Parks was one of the better women golfers in the club—a dainty blonde woman with the same figure she had had at eighteen, back when they had gone together for over a year, back when she had been Lennie Keffler, before she married Dil Parks. It made him feel guilty and uncomfortable to be alone with her. Joan was well aware of his past romance with Lennie. Joan had a cold eye for Lennie and that was Lennie's fault, as Joan was not a particularly jealous wife. He and Joan kept running into Lennie and Dil at too many big parties, and Lennie, after two drinks, would take a proprietary attitude toward Ben. There was always enough mockery in it to make him quite certain she did it on purpose, and that her purpose was revenge. Theirs had been a turbulent affair, and he was the one who had ended it.

Her husband, Dil Parks, seemed to Ben to be about ninety-five per cent slob. Lennie had married him on the rebound from Ben. Lennie had since then made trouble between several sets of husbands

and wives, but there were those who excused her on the grounds that a steady diet of Dil would drive anyone astray. She was clever enough to avoid proof, but not locker-room talk.

He decided that Joan would understand that he could not have got out of this gracefully. As they played, Lennie seemed to be trying her very best to charm him: an effort she usually made only when Joan was present. She was an attractive woman, and he knew that under the fragility, the blonde demureness, she was an earthy woman. And he also knew that he was pounding his drives a little farther than usual in order to impress her. He awaited the usual thrust of the sharp needle, but it was missing and he wondered why.

After they holed out on the ninth she said, "Ben, I want to talk to you. Business talk."

"Sure. Go ahead."

"After your shower. I'll be on the porch." He couldn't get out of it gracefully. When he came back out she was sitting in one of the big chairs in the dusk, with an empty chair pulled close, two drinks on the porch railing. They were alone there. He thanked her for the drink, sipped it, asked her what was on her mind.

"It's about Doctor Tomlin, Ben. Dil's uncle."

"His great uncle, actually."

"Don't quibble. Dil is his closest living relative."

"But they don't get along."

"That isn't my fault. My Lord, I've tried. Your father used to handle Uncle Paul's legal affairs. Do you handle them now?"

"I guess I would if he had any."

"Is there a will?"

"Probably. I don't know. I didn't handle it. If I did, I couldn't tell you about it. You know better than that."

"It isn't that, Ben." She leaned closer to him, her face intent, the fading light slanting against her cheek, showing the fragile bone structure. "You know how strange he is. He's nearly eighty. He's been quite mad for years."

"A little eccentric."

"You use that word because he's rich. If he were poor he would have been put away a long time ago."

"He's not that bad."

"You haven't been in touch. Have you heard about that couple?"

"The people staying with him? I heard something about it. Distant relatives of his, aren't they?"

"They *claim* to be. Fiftieth cousins or something. Dil never heard of them. We've checked Dil's mother's geneology stuff she collected before she died. We can't trace them accurately. There are people named Preston in the family. These people claim their name is Preston. We didn't know anything about it until he'd taken them in. I never thought he'd take anybody in to live in that damn fortress with him. But he did. He's senile, Ben. Lord only knows what they're telling him and what they're getting out of him. And Dil is wishy-washy. He doesn't want to *do* anything. I was going to come and see you in the office, but this is better."

"Lennie, I couldn't run that couple out."

"No. But face the facts, Ben. He's quite mad. We're his nearest relatives. I want to start some kind of proceedings and get him committed."

Ben thought it over in shocked silence. Finally he said, "I wouldn't have any part of anything like that. He isn't a menace to anyone. It's your greed talking, Lennie. You think those Prestons will cut you out."

"Say No if that's the way you feel. But no lecture, please."

"Maybe you can find some damn fool who'll try to do it. But you'll get your nose bumped. Tomlin is an impressive old geezer. He'll talk well at a sanity hearing. It will fall through and all you'll have done is made certain you get nothing when he dies."

"When he dies. It seems like I've been waiting half my life for him to die. If anybody could do it, Ben, you could. We would be willing to pay any fee you want to ask."

"I'm not that hungry."

"Damn it," she said angrily, "isn't it evidence enough the way he keeps his money? Isn't that enough?"

"There's no law that says you have to keep money in a bank. There's no law that says you can't turn your home into a vault and keep it all there. He lost money years ago when the bank closed. He decided he wouldn't lose it again. And remember, Lennie, there are a lot of people around here who were treated by him when he was still practicing. He has a backlog of good will. Suppose you managed it. You'd find it tough to keep on living here."

"With the money we wouldn't have to live here."

"But you wouldn't get any until his death."

"It would keep the Prestons from getting their hands into it, Ben. And the change might . . . kill him."

"That's one of the most vicious things I ever heard."

"It's realistic. What good is it to him? Do you know what we owe? Never mind. It's a fat figure. The agency would have to sell a hundred cars tomorrow to get us out of deep water. Now summer is coming up. I honestly don't know how we're going to squeak through. Dil even tried to borrow from him. Hah! That was a big fat mistake. I'm looking out for myself. I'm so damned sick of everything. I really am."

"This idea you have is a bad one."

"It's the only one. Somebody will help. Somebody will try it."

As he drove home, Ben Piersall thought about Dr. Paul Tomlin. He was a proud, stubborn, independent man. His wife and child had died of undulant fever back in the early nineteen hundreds, right after he had come to Flamingo to practice medicine. Dil's parents—Dr. Tomlin's niece and her husband—had come down to keep house for the Doctor. Dil's father, Wes Parks, had established himself in the real estate business. Dr. Paul Tomlin had worked hard and invested every spare dollar in Gulf frontage on the west coast of Florida. He had not lost much when the bank had closed, but he had lost his faith in banks. He had managed to retain all the land he owned and to acquire more at the rock bottom prices of the mid-thirties. When the causeway to Flamingo Key had been constructed, Dr. Tomlin owned better than three thousand yards of Gulf to Bay frontage, some of which had been acquired for as little as ten dollars an acre. Some of that land was now worth two hundred and twenty-five dollars a front foot.

When, after retirement, Dr. Tomlin began to sell off his land, he used the first ninety thousand dollars of proceeds to build Rocklands, the fortress house on a small knoll two miles inland from the center of Flamingo. It was built of native stone and surrounded by a high wall. A safe was brought down from Birmingham by technicians and built into the house during construction. He lived there alone with a Negro named Arnold Addams who, as a young man, had driven the doctor's car during the last few years of the doctor's active practice.

The last big holdings were sold in 1951 and 1952, and the Flamingo Bank had to get cash from Tampa to honor the checks presented by the doctor.

Dr. Tomlin was a recluse. Few people had been inside the house. Rumor had it that the amount in the safe was fantastic. Ben Piersall was inclined to believe that Walter Hedges, the realtor, made the most accurate guess. Walter had looked up the old transfers, deducted taxes, cost of the house, living expenses, and estimated that Tomlin should have somewhere between one million three and one million five squirreled away in the big safe, all in cash. Hedges had investigated carefully to make certain Tomlin had not reinvested the money.

Tomlin was a man of cool politeness.

Arnold Addams drove him in a pre-war Packard polished to a high luster. From time to time cases of books and phonograph records would arrive at the railway express office and Arnold Addams would drive down and pick them up.

Ben tried to estimate Lennie's chances. They were slim. Tomlin was a tall, straight, frail man, full of years and dignity. Dil's parents had been dead many years. The town accepted the fact that Dil would some day inherit. Now a new factor had been added. Ben could understand Lennie's distress, and her greed. But he could not approve of her actions.

The years had turned Dil Parks into a big-bellied, hard-drinking, loud-mouthed failure. It was not a role that fitted him with precision, for there was something plaintive and uneasy about him, something apologetic, even when he told his bawdiest stories. He owned and operated a marginal automobile agency. He was reputed to be difficult to work for. They were childless.

Ben turned into his driveway on Huntington Drive. It was dark and he was late and he suspected he should have phoned. He saw Toby's bike in the garage, and he looked through the living-room picture window and saw Sue, his fourteen-year-old daughter, fiddling with the controls on the television set. When he went through the garage into the kitchen Joan was standing frowning at the refrigerator. She turned and smiled at him and he kissed her. She was a tall, pretty woman with Indian-black hair, tan face, and eyes of a hot, bright, startling blue. She was broad-shouldered, high-waisted, long-legged, and she moved in a pliant and, to Ben, continually provocative way.

"Playing in the dark?" she said. "Luminous golf ball? Or too many putts on the nineteenth hole?"

He explained about missing the others, playing alone, running into Lenora and her problem. He explained he had been trapped.

"There's poisoned bait in that trap, my friend. Are you going to be her attorney?"

"No. She wants to commit Paul Tomlin. I'll have no part of that."

"I think that's very wise, darling. Now for local jurisdictional affairs. Sue is being plaintive about going to the movies on a school night."

"No."

"My decision confirmed. And Toby had an experience."

Toby came into the kitchen at that moment. "Hi, Dad. She's right. An experience. Brother!"

"He didn't know the Mather house next door had been rented. Neither did I. They must have come in today. When he got home from school he . . ."

"Gosh, Mom. Let me tell it. I took my spinning rod over to the Mather dock. It was nearly time for the tide change and I thought there might be a red out in that hole out there. I got to make one cast and then this real mean-acting guy came running down out of the house. He says, just like this, 'Get the hell off this property.' He looked like some kind of gangster, honest. I thought he was going to hit me or something. I tried to say I didn't know it was rented and he just said it again. So I came home. When I was leaving I saw his wife through the window. She looks like some kind of a movie actress."

Ben set his jaw and went to the phone and got hold of Walter Hedges, and reminded Walter of the gentlemen's agreement they had about the kind of people he'd put in the Mather house. He told him what had happened. Walter was apologetic. He said their name was Wheeler and they'd looked all right, and it was a hard property to rent this time of year, and he should have phoned Joan and warned her that it had been rented, but he had forgotten. Ben was partially mollified, and they chatted of other things. After he hung up Ben told Toby to stay away from the Mather place.

"Gosh, I wouldn't go over there again."

He then informed Sue there would be no Monday night movie. Sue phoned her girl friend to tell her it was off. She tried to maintain an attitude of chilly indifference, haughty resignation—but the role lasted only half an hour.

After dinner, while the kids did their homework, Ben and Joan talked about Lennie and her plan. The kids went to bed, with the customary protests, at ten. Joan went an hour later. After she had gone he walked slowly through the house, feeling smug about the house and the good warmth it enclosed. These were the good years. He turned out the lights, evicted Bucket-Head, the calico cat, checked the locks. In the darkness he could see the gleam of lights from the Mather house, shining through the leaves. He felt a recurrence of anger and wondered if he had let Toby down by not charging over there and demanding an apology. But they didn't sound like the sort you could reason with. He shrugged and went off to bed.

Harry parked the Buick just beyond the range of the flood lights of the Sandwind Motel. The Ace came out quickly, walking with a heavy plunging stride, his big shadow long in the white lights. He looked into the gray Buick and grunted in affirmation. He put the suitcase in the back, dropped into the front seat beside Harry, and banged the door shut. He heaved his big solid body into a more comfortable position, the front seat creaking under his weight. Harry made a wide U turn and headed back down the key toward the causeway.

"A beach boy," Harry said. "Handstands for the girls."

"So it's a vacation."

"How long you been here?"

"Nearly a week. Got in last Tuesday. How about this heap?"

"No sweat. It's clean. Favor from Riverio. Registration and license okay. In the name of John Wheeler, with a Chicago address that'll stand a check, if nobody checks it too hard."

"How about the kid?"

"Tomorrow or Wednesday. By train.

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American Cancer Society

April Evil (continued)

He'll check a book they keep at the Chamber of Commerce. A visitor's book. In the morning you go down and put my phone number in it."

"Is the date set up yet?"

"Not yet. We got to ease into it. No slips. This could be as big as Boston."

"Sure."

"I'm not kidding you, Ace. You understand I'm running it all the way."

"That's the way I heard it."

"I've got a woman with me."

Ace was silent for a few moments. He said, "That is one thing I don't like one damn bit."

"You'll get used to it. So will the kid. She's okay. I hid out at Riverio's place at the lake. I was about to go nuts up there. He sent her up."

"What about after?"

"We split as fast as we can."

"I don't like working with the kid."

"We need the kid."

"How did it feel to make the list, Harry?"

"Don't ride me, damn it. One of the ten most wanted. It makes me jumpy. But not too jumpy to work. With the score we'll make, I'll be able to run far enough so it won't matter."

"I tell you, Harry, when I heard you were on the list, it just about cooled me off on this whole deal. It makes you so damn heavy. You're bad news."

"I'm careful."

"This the place? Pretty fancy layout."

"That's smart. If you hole up in a crummy place some cop looks you over. They don't bother you in a neighborhood like this." He ran the Buick into the garage and they went into the house, into the kitchen. Sally Leon stood at the stove stirring something in an aluminum pot. She smiled faintly, uncertainly, at the two men as they came in. Harry introduced her to the Ace.

The two men took drinks into the living room and Harry told the Ace about the job ahead. During the months before Harry had escaped from prison, he had become friendly with a new prisoner, a man named Stan Dingle who had been caught during the armed robbery of a supermarket in Evanston. It was the first job Dingle had tried since coming in from the West Coast, from California. Dingle talked to Harry about the job he was going to pull when he was released. It seemed that out on the West Coast, Dingle had known a small-time punk named Joe Preston who claimed to be related to a very rich doctor in the town of Flamingo, Florida. Dingle had always kidded him about it, pretending not to believe it. Then Dingle got a letter from Preston, from Flamingo, saying that this Dr. Tomlin had taken Preston and his wife in to live with him, and saying that the doctor

had made a killing in Florida land and kept a million dollars in a safe in his home. Dingle was going after that million when he got out.

Harry decided the million would shrink to ten or twenty thousand, but he kept thinking about it; he sent word out to Riverio to have the story checked. By that time his escape plans were almost complete. Word came back two weeks later that Riverio had checked it through Miami contacts about six different ways, and the take would add up to a minimum of a half million. Cash.

Harry escaped on schedule in a compartment built into the rear wall of a truck cab: Riverio had hidden him, had fixed up the car, had sent up the girl, had passed the word along for a good safecracker and a steady gunman. Arrangements were made to meet in Flamingo, and when the arrangements were complete and Harry had approved the personnel Riverio had lined up, he had left the lake with the girl and the car, and had driven down.

"How old is the box?" the Ace asked.

"It was put in twenty years ago."

"A torch and a can opener should do it then."

"If we can't get the combination. I think we can. Are you in?"

The Ace thought it over and nodded and the two men shook hands. Harry promised that there would be no killing. He said he could keep Ronny under control. They agreed on the cut, and decided that the place to split up was Tampa. They'd check into a motel there and total the score and split.

They sat up late talking about old names and old places. They were like two mercenaries speaking of lost battles in a war in which they didn't believe. The list of the fallen was long.

At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning Dr. Paul Tomlin stood quietly at his open bedroom window and looked down into the yard where Laurie Preston squatted, trowel in hand, grubbing patiently at a flower bed set into the corner of the wall around the big stone house.

Tomlin was a straight, lean, knotted old man with a hard shelf of brow, thin white hair with a yellowish tinge to it. He felt a warmth within him as he looked down at the intent girl.

Laurie and Joe had arrived in a cold rain two days after Christmas. Two months before that he had received a penciled note from Joe Preston explaining that he was the grandson of Dr. Tomlin's wife's half-brother. The letter had said they might drive east to visit. The doctor had not answered it. Yet when they had come, he knew he could not turn them away without seeing them. The young people had been ill at ease. Dr. Tomlin had not liked the look of Joe Preston, with his long sideburns, his weak narrow face, the dark hair long over his ears. He had been brash, noisy, and had even called Tomlin "Doc." And was unabashed at the instant correction. Laurie was a different breed. She did not smile. She stood with her body tense, just inside the study door. She was of medium height, sturdy in her cotton skirt and light sweater. Her hair was brown and sun-streaked, her face broad but pretty, lightly freckled. He found himself liking the girl on sight. Something about the way she stood, something about the strength in her face, reminded him of how his wife had looked as a young girl.

Tomlin intended to send them away as soon as possible. The girl felt unwanted and tried to leave. He made them sit down. He talked to them. Joe complained about the West Coast, about the jobs he had lost and the ones he couldn't find. Life was unfair. You never got a break. He said they thought they'd try Florida for a while.

Tomlin looked at the girl and saw her blush and realized that she was sensitive enough to be embarrassed by Joe's brash manner and conceit. He became curious about her. It was as though some hidden frozen part of him was awakening. After the death of his wife and child he had lost himself in work. After that he had sought solitude. He had felt that he was waiting with polite patience for death to take him. But the girl brought a stir of life, of interest. To his astonishment he heard himself inviting them both to stay.

Joe had no job yet, but they were still with him, and he was not sorry. Not for a moment was he sorry. Arnold grumbled at first about the extra work, but as Laurie took over more and more of his unwelcome duties, that complaint faded away.

Joe was nothing. His mind and interests were infantile. It was obvious that Joe would be delighted to enjoy free food and shelter for the rest of his life. But Laurie was a person. Almost a personage. For a long time he was unable to draw her out. When at last she began to talk freely to him, began to trust him, he learned that she had sharp native intelligence, innate sensitivity, and a very meager education. This was a house of books and music. A thousand new doors were opened to her, and she began to learn with a great hunger. He subtly guided the girl in her reading, in their conversations.

The girl had taste and imagination. Tomlin was able to ignore the depressing presence of Joe Preston for the sake of the delight he took in watching this girl unfold and flourish. He began to feel possessive about her as she grew in mental stature, and he also felt growth and change within himself.

When the girl decided that they could no longer stay accepting his bounty, Dr. Tomlin talked her into staying, gave her the mock title of companion and assistant housekeeper, and put her, despite her protests, on a salary. After that she felt more at ease and she told him about herself, about a small-town past in a town named Crystal, California. About living with an aunt and how the aunt was run over. About working in a lunch room and meeting Joe when he came to town with a crew that was working on an irrigation project. About

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moving with Joe to Los Angeles and how he kept getting into trouble there, associating with some man named Dingle and working for a bookmaker, and how finally a sergeant of police had warned Laurie that if Joe didn't leave the city, he was going to be in serious trouble.

He understood that she felt that she loved Joe. He suspected that it was Joe's need of her that stirred her rather than love; but he sensed the danger of trying to explain that to her.

One day when Joe had gone to town and Arnold was on an errand, he took her to the study, slid the paneling aside and showed her the big safe and its contents, the brown-wrapped bills stacked with the dusty profusion of magazines in a basement, stacked around the large tin box that held important papers. He watched her and saw her eyes go shocked and wide.

"But why?" she asked. "It doesn't even look real."

He tossed the packet of fifties back into the safe, banged it shut and spun the dial.

"It's hard to explain why. Affectation, I guess. A gesture of defiance. I treated their bodies for years. I know the bodies well. Laboring lungs. Overworked hearts. The body is a magnificent, resilient, impressive thing. But I learned about their minds, too. Small, evil, grasping, bitter, greedy minds. Their sorry little god is money. I was fortunate enough to make a great deal. So, I, in a sense, captured their god. Their idea is that once you capture him, you put him to work for you, and he faithfully brings in your three or eight per cent increase. They can't imagine capturing him and not making him work. So I keep him imprisoned and idle in this safe. I won't let him work. I guess it's defiance. Shut away in here are the services the god will buy. Cars and planes and cruises. Or charities to bear your name. All manner of gleaming things. So they respect me and they despise me, and perhaps it makes them doubt a little."

"What will . . ."

"Will happen to it? Don't blush. It's a normal question. I plan to set up two trust funds. One is already set up. The other will be for you. The balance will be divided among medical research organizations."

She did not want it. She honestly did not want it. But in the end she accepted only because he wanted her to.

Mooney stood, slack and bored, leaning against a new car on the showroom floor of the Parks Auto Sales Company. He could hear somebody beating out a fender in the repair garage. Somebody was in Dil Parks's office with him, and infrequently he could hear the juicy ripeness of Dil's laugh. He thought idly that he would like to punch Parks in the nose. It was time to quit and head north.

Mooney was a restless man, an itinerant auto salesman. He had broken in on the used car lots of Dayton and Cleveland and Columbus. He was forty and looked thirty. Restless, unattached, worldwise. He knew he was no good for the long-term contracts, the clubs, golf games, cocktail party chatter. But he knew he was the best floor and lot man he had ever seen. He could club the drifters, the lookers, shove the sharp sale down their throats and make it taste sweet to them. He felt alive when he was pushing iron.

It had been a pretty good season. Even if it was spent in a sloppy agency. Parks did not know how to run his business. Mooney had found several ways to increase his own take, particularly on used car sales off the lot. And the make the agency handled was just like the owner. All flash and chrome and no guts.

It was time to swing north, with a month's layoff en route. He wondered why he was sticking around this long, taking Parks's noisy lip. He picked his teeth with a thumb nail and he knew why he was staying around. Pure hope. Lenora her name was. Lennie they called her. Tramp if he had ever seen it. But no dice yet. If it could be arranged, it would be more satisfying than busting Parks in the nose.

He heard Parks bellowing at him and he walked over toward the office to see what the great man wanted now. Mooney was a man with a jerky, swaggering, belligerent walk. His face would have been nondescript except for its high order of mobility. It was a mobility thoroughly under control. He could match himself to the potential sucker, sensing and feeling out just how he had to talk to get close to the sucker. It was the instinct of a true actor, coupled with the gift of being able to remember and imitate the voice and mannerisms of nearly anyone he met.

Dil Parks wanted Mooney to hook the delivery motorcycle on the back of the green demonstrator and deliver it to Mrs. Parks out on the Key. Mooney made a token protest, and as he drove toward the Key he felt better about the whole day.

The Parks home was in a walled, restricted development at the north end of the Key called Seascape Estates. The Seascape Yacht Club was at the very tip of the Key, with membership restricted to those who lived in the development. The Parks home was a pretentious post and beam house of elephant-gray cypress wood brightened by touches of coral trim and wide areas of glass. Mooney pushed the bell three times, then walked around the house. He felt a combination of nervousness and anticipation. His hands were damp.

When he came to the rear corner of the house he saw Lenora stretched out in the sun on a maroon blanket, wearing a brief yellow sun suit, her face turned away from him. Mooney tore a leaf from a lush plant that grew close to the house and rolled it slowly between thumb and finger as he studied her. She had been treating him with scorn and amusement for three months, while he had donned all of his false faces for her, one after the other, without effect. He could not understand continual failure. Failure bred self-doubt. Gulls dipped and the waves made a soft warm sound against the beach.

He smiled and, in Dil's ripe baritone voice, said, "Wake up, Lennie!"

The woman turned over sharply, her eyes wide. Then she smiled, the warmest smile he had yet seen from her. "Damn you, Mooney! That's the second time you've fooled me that way."

"I come bearing vehicle."

She stood up and came toward him. "And I thank you. Care for a drink?"

"Sure. How come you're friendly? It makes me suspicious."

He followed her into the kitchen. She asked for a choice and he said bourbon. As she was making the drinks he risked going up behind her and putting his arm around her. She pushed him away without rancor or annoyance. He couldn't figure it out. They sat at the kitchen table and drank and chatted. She was most pleasant. It was a startling change. Slowly he began to catch on. There was something she wanted from him. He did not know what it could be. He knew only that it had considerably improved his trading position.

She looked directly at him and said, "I hoped Dil would send you with the car. That's mostly why I asked to have it sent out."

"What is it you want?"

"I think I want to use that special talent you have, Mooney. That knack of imitating people."

"You have some special talents I could use."

She looked at him steadily. "That seems to be the general idea, Mooney. Maybe a sort of a trade."

"Is this thing you want me to do honest?"

"Reasonably." She told him. He listened carefully. The story seemed simple enough, but she didn't tell all of it.

"Wait a minute, now. This old joker is Dil's uncle. You want to take me out

there on some excuse so I can meet him and hear him talk. Then I do some practicing until you think I've got it down good. Then I make some phone calls to people who would recognize his voice and say stuff that gets them to thinking he's crazy. You left out one thing. Why?"

"You don't have to know that."

"Is it so you can get the old joker put away and get your hands on his money?" He knew from her expression that he was right. He put his empty glass down and leaned back and smiled at her, the smile of a cat after a successful hunt. "Okay, I'll do it. On one condition."

"What's the condition?"

"When we're all set, after I get his voice under control, we make the calls from my place. Together."

"Where is your place?"

"I got one of those cabañas at South Flamingo Beach. Very cozy and private."

After a long moment she said, "All right, Mooney. We'll do it your way. Pick me up here at ten o'clock tomorrow morning and we'll go see Uncle Paul."

On the way back into town on the delivery cycle he did not feel as good as he had expected he would. He did not like the business about the old man. It could be trouble, law trouble. And the woman's acquiescence had been too cold. Too easy. He had the feeling that he had been outmaneuvered. Anyway, it should not take long. Another week and he would head north and then it would be something to remember and something to talk about.

"I was working down in a place called Flamingo, an agency owned by a nothing named Parks. This Parks had himself a wife that really . . ."

Ronny arrived in Flamingo on Wednesday, the thirteenth day of April. He left his bag, topcoat and hat in a coin locker at the station and walked with springy stride and amiable expression down Bay Avenue. He was in his late twenties, slim, erect, blond—with something of the Nordic look of a ski instructor, with the pale blue eyes of snow-country distances. He looked alert, intelligent and friendly, and he was in the mood of a man on vacation.

In spite of his vacation mood, habit was strong. He absorbed the mood and flavor of the town, studied traffic density, measured the timing of the traffic lights.

He was a man who believed intensely in paying attention to all details. Ever since he had completed his one and only prison term at the age of twenty-one, it was this preoccupation with detail and planning which had guaranteed his freedom, and had enhanced his reputation in the trade. Though he was known to be difficult to work with, he was in demand because of his ice-cold nerves.

He had a second function, one less generally known, but suspected by many. He was an assassin. Underlings often became too greedy, ambitious, unmanageable. Ronny was on call. On loan. His work was discreet, effective. The first assignment of that kind had shaken him up emotionally. Afterwards he had done research and found that the history of the assassin was a long and quasi-honorable one. In time he learned to take pleasure in the performance of that function. More pleasure than in large-scale robbery. In the past seven years he had efficiently eliminated twelve men and two women.

His intelligence was of a high order and it sometimes disturbed him that he should have come to take such great satisfaction in killing persons he had never met. He knew the danger of stepping over the line and killing without specific assignment. The work was very well paid, usually in ratio to the defensive devices of the victim.

He knew that the more cynical police officials suspected his function, and were neither very alarmed by it, nor very determined to apprehend him. Without his well-timed function, open warfare between syndicate apparatus could break out. This way there was more of a surface appearance of law and order.

He had received orders before, but never any quite like this. The orders were relayed through several hands. They were finally told to him by a white-haired man with a thin, high voice as they sat in Ronny's car in a drive-in movie.

"You heard how Harry Mullin crashed out. He's got something lined up that sounds a little sour, and he wants a gun and a box man."

"I don't want any part of Mullin."

"Hold it a minute, kid. This is wheels within wheels. Mullin made the list and he's too heavy. But nobody's against him. He paid off good in the past, so we help him. If he can make a score he'll get out of the country. The Ace has agreed to look the thing over and maybe go in on it as the box man. Mullin is satisfied with him and with you as the gun. They want you to go in on it because they found out that the Ace has talked himself out of some trouble. He did some cooperating with an assistant D.A. and the word got around. It caused some trouble."

"What am I supposed to do? Take the Ace or work with Mullin?"

"Go look the deal over. If it's as sour as it looks, take the Ace and then get out. If it looks possible, go along with it and make your cut and take the Ace later."

He thought it over. "Suppose, to do it properly, I have to take both of them? Would there be much of a kick?"

"Only from Riverio, and he wouldn't yelp too much. Mullin isn't useful any more. And you could still do it before or after, any way it looks right to you. You get to a town called Flamingo, Florida, on the twelfth or thirteenth of April. Take a train down. Check in the book in the Chamber of Commerce and there'll be a message there for you."

"If it's a bank, I want no part of it."

"Like I said, you're on your own. All they want is you should kill the Ace. The money will be nice."

Now he walked slowly on Bay Avenue, relishing the knowledge that he would take both of them. He had known it ever since the night at the drive-in. Maybe

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the ones who gave the orders knew it too. It was the safest way. And it would be nice to talk and sit and drink with them and know every minute that they were as good as dead. They wouldn't know that. They'd feel safe with him. He could make it last. He was in a holiday mood. There was so seldom a chance to sit around and talk to them before he did it to them.

He found a cryptic message in the book at the Chamber of Commerce and dialed the number given and talked to Harry. Harry told him the Ace would pick him up in a gray Buick at the corner of Palm and Bay, the southeast corner, at eight o'clock that evening. As the town was so small that people would be inclined to remember a face, Ronny Crown spent the rest of the afternoon in a movie theater.

At quarter of noon on Wednesday, after a visit to Paul Tomlin's home, Mooney pulled over to the curb in the middle of town to let Lenora Parks out.

"Do you think you can imitate him?" she asked anxiously.

"And you say Mr. Mooney here is assisting you on this fund drive, Lenora?"

She frowned. "That's not bad, but it isn't as good as I hoped."

"Relax. It's the first attempt. I have to work on it. Get that reedy old-man sound to it. I'll get it down. Don't you worry."

"When, Mooney? How long will it take?"

"You're real nervous, aren't you? By this afternoon, if I get a few chances to practice."

"Suppose you call me at home at three-thirty and try it over the phone, Mooney, and then I can tell if you can do it."

"You're in a hurry to get started?"

"Yes. Yes, I am."

He took his keys out of his pocket, took one off the chain and handed it to her. "South Flamingo Beach Cabañas. Number eleven. Suppose I call you there at three-thirty, and if it sounds okay, you wait there for me and I'll come and make the call. Okay?"

She hesitated and then took the key, looked at him, dropped the key in her purse and blushed as she did so. The blush surprised him. She got out of the car quickly and he watched her walk rapidly down the street. It had been a strange little visit at the big old stone house. The old man had been in the garden, with the girl named Laurie Preston reading to him. Laurie looked like a nice kid. The old man had been polite and formal. There certainly wasn't anything senile about him. He had seemed wary of Lenora, possibly even a little suspicious of her chatter about a mythical fund drive. He started the car up and, on the way back to the agency, he practiced the timbre and cadence of Paul Tomlin's voice.

Back at the Tomlin house, after lunch was over and Dr. Paul had gone up to his nap, Laurie Preston sat in the garden with the open book on her lap. The visit of Lenora and Mr. Mooney had troubled Dr. Paul. He had told her that he thought Lenora meant to do her harm in some way. He had tried to explain Lenora's greed and her opportunism. And he had said, "These last few months have been happy months, Laurie. I didn't know I could feel this alive again. Contentment is a gift horse. I have the feeling that something bad is going to happen, and I don't know which door to guard."

It troubled her because she shared his presentiment of danger. She sensed danger in her relationship to Joe. He had no patience with books, no patience with the way she was growing and changing. "You get along with the old guy real fine, kid. Keep up the educated talk, but leave me out of it. Keep him happy and we'll stay in clover."

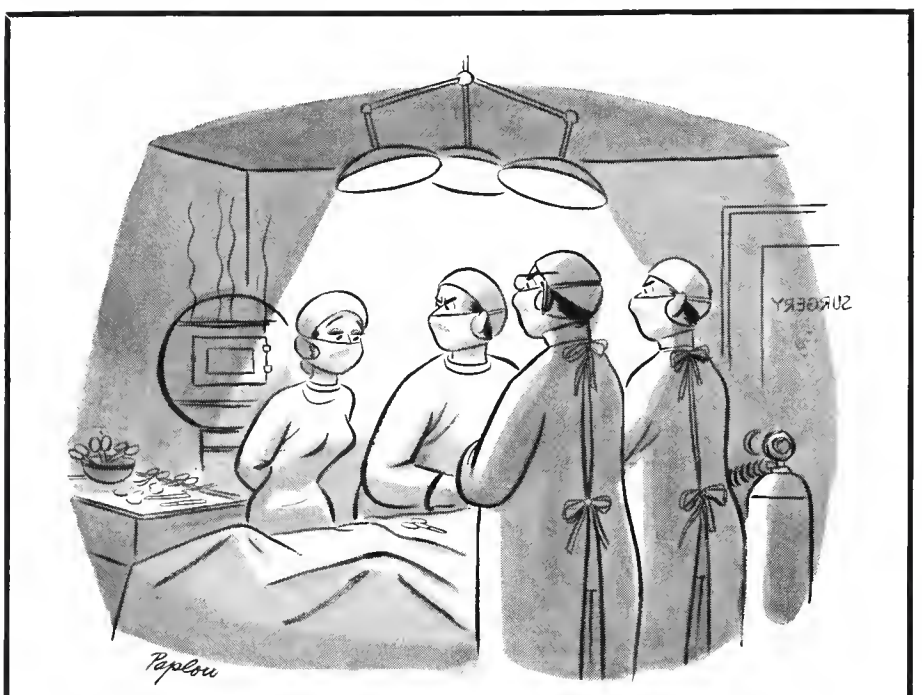
Lately Joe's conversation had seemed curiously empty, meaningless. And she had begun to feel distaste for the way he looked, those absurd sideburns and the overlong fingernails, the spots of acne near his lips. She was offended by the oil marks on his pillow, and resented picking up dirty shorts and socks, washing his comb, replacing the toothpaste top, picking dirty hairs out of the sink. She was afraid that soon everything in her marriage would be gone, and she did not know what she would do without him. She covered a sense of guilt by more frequent gestures of affection.

But she could not go back to what she had been. She was caught up in a strange new wind that moved her ever faster away from Joe. It frightened her.

Toby Piersall, at eleven, was brown and thin and agile, with a head that looked too large for him. But there was in his face a promise that he would look very much like his father, Ben. And it was possible he might become a man very like Ben—large, mild, steady, purposeful, with warm humor and an outsize capacity for love and loyalty.

Now he sat in his American History class, at the fourth desk from the front in the row by the windows. Mr. Weed was talking about Wilson and the League of Nations. Toby wore an attentive look, but he was not hearing a word. To him Mr. Weed had become like a television set with the sound turned off. Toby was thinking of the sheet he had torn out of a magazine. It was in his notebook, on the slanted top of the desk in front of him. He had torn the sheet out of one of Carl Gruen's magazines. Carl had a vast collection of true crime magazines, of the sort that Toby was forbidden to purchase, or read.

Toby Piersall stealthily slid the clipping out of the notebook. It showed a man in full face and in profile. "Harry Mollinetti, alias Harry Moon, alias Harry Mullin. Escaped in February from state penitentiary where he was serving two



"Miss Coleman, I'm going to have to ask you to stop saying 'oops'."

consecutive sentences for robbery, second-degree murder, and kidnapping. This man is the most recent addition to the F.B.I. 'Ten Most Wanted' list. Warning: He is probably armed and may be considered dangerous. Height: 5 feet 11 inches. Weight: 172. Hair: dark. Complexion: swarthy. Distinguishing marks or characteristics: two bullet scars on back of left shoulder. Triangular scar on top of left wrist."

He put the clipping away again. He did not want to make a fool of himself. He did not want to cry wolf. But he could not help thinking that the man who had chased him off the dock could be this man. Thinner and a little older than in the picture. But the same man. Yet, a man like that living on quiet Huntington Drive . . .

He rode home alone on his bike after school, not waiting as usual for Dub Rowls, his best friend. He did not want to let anyone in on this special problem. It was his problem, and there was one way to handle it. Watch him. Sneak over and try to get a look at him through the windows. Try to see his shoulder or his wrist. Then there would be proof. With proof no one would laugh at him—and there would be no punishment for reading Carl's magazines.

Mooney left the agency at four without telling Parks that he was taking off. When he phoned the cabaña at three-thirty, Lennie answered in the middle of the second ring. He had pretended to be Dr. Tomlin, and the perfection of the imitation had startled her.

Her car was parked behind the cabaña. He pulled in beside it and went in. She was in front of the big window, a dark silhouette against the late afternoon glare of the Gulf. He went to her and tried to take her in his arms but she disengaged herself firmly.

"No, Mooney. We make the first call now, as soon as I tell you what you have to say."

It was not difficult to understand. When he had it clear in his mind he made a phone call to Walter Hedges, the realtor.

"Walter? This is Dr. Tomlin."

"Hello there, Doctor! I thought I recognized your voice. Is there something I can do for you?"

"Yes, Walter. I want you to look around, very quietly, you understand, and see if you can pick up some land for me."

"Certainly, Doctor! It will be nice to work together again after all this time."

"Here is what I am looking for. Two or three thousand feet of key. Gulf to bay and a sand beach. Got any ideas, Walter?"

Mooney waited, Lenora's head close to his so she could listen too. They heard Walter Hedges whistle softly. "I think it can be done. We'll have to go quite a way south, though. Down to Marco, or maybe the Hurricane Pass area south of Naples."

"No, Walter. You don't understand. I want Flamingo Key land."

They heard Walter's startled gasp. Flamingo Key! That's too heavily built up."

"Just a few fishing shacks, Walter."

The man laughed nervously. "Fishing shacks? You mean de luxe motels and apartment buildings, don't you?"

"You're catching on, Walter. That's what I'll sell the land for after they get the causeway built. I understand it's going to be built soon. Now is the time to buy."

"But, Doctor, the causeway has . . ."

"If you can't handle it, Walter, I can always contact Joe Logan. He'll be glad to cooperate."

"Joe's been dead over . . ."

"Just find the land, Walter. Make certain the title is clear. Find out how much and phone me back. And be quiet about it."

"Yes, Doctor. I'll surely do that, Doctor," Hedges said in the voice always used to reassure invalids and small children.

Mooney hung up. Lenora clung to his hand, eyes beaming. "It was plain damn lovely, darlin'," she said. "Walter is a gossip. Now he's got a story he can tell all over town. He really swallowed it. Now here's the next call. Make it—"

"Whoa! Slow down, honey. Maybe tomorrow I'll make another call for you. Then again, maybe not. I'm a temperamental artist. Understand?"

She stared at him, angry at first. Then her face softened. She looked at him and looked away. She got up and walked slowly over to the big window that looked out on the private beach. He sat and watched her, waiting for some sign. She found the drapery cord and pulled it sharply. The rings slithered and rattled on the brass bar as the heavy draperies slid across the window, muting the room. She drew one drape aside and looked out for another minute, hesitating. Then she let the curtain fall.

Wednesday evening at eight o'clock the Buick swung in close to the appointed corner. The driver tapped the horn ring twice. Ronny crossed the sidewalk and got into the car, put his topcoat, hat, and suitcase in back.

The Ace pulled away from the curb. "Long time," he said.

"I was thinking about that. Winter of fifty, wasn't it? Las Vegas. And I haven't seen Harry since before that. How is he?"

"He's pretty jumpy. I guess you can't blame him."

"Are you in?"

"I wasn't planning on coming in. He's gotten so famous he's bad news. And, frankly, kid, I wasn't looking forward to working with you. But this one smells like a fat one."

"If I come in, you do your job and I'll do mine. We'll get along."

"Just wave the gun. Don't use it."

"I understand Harry gives the orders."

"I'm just giving advice."

"Sure. And I'm not listening. Where's the pad? Out of town?"

"Close in. A nice house. He brought a woman."

"Is that smart?"

"I don't think so. But she seems like

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Suddenly she bent over him, ripping the tape from his mouth. "What'll they do to me?" the boy moaned.

a good enough kid. Name of Sally Leon."

"Is this a bank?"

"Hell, no. That's too damn federal. Mullin can brief you. I haven't got time to tell you. We're nearly there."

They went into the kitchen. The woman was there, reading. Ronny liked the looks of her. He liked big blonde women, but not when they were arrogant. This one looked properly quiet and humble. Mullin came out into the kitchen and greeted him. He acted glad to see Ronny. They took drinks into the living room and Ronny sat on the couch while Harry Mullin paced back and forth and gave him the story. Ronny listened carefully and, after some consideration, found himself liking it.

"How many in the house again?"

"The old man. A colored boy about forty-five. The Preston punk and his wife."

"Why three of us to take them?"

"I need a gun. Ace will be on the box. Then there's the car. Two can be risky. When you got enough talent it can go like silk and cream. No shooting unless it has to go that way. Understand?"

"I understand. I brought a Detective Special and a Magnum. They're both clean guns. Have you got anything?"

"Luger. Ace won't carry. He never has. Ace has looked the place over. Give him the layout, Ace."

Ace sat beside Ronnie. "High stone fence around a half acre of land. Phone lines come in over the fence from the west. Big iron gate in the front. Usually it's closed and maybe locked. The first story windows of the stone house are barred. There's a garage."

"Burglar alarms?"

"Maybe. Don't know yet."

Mullin spoke up. "We're going to do some more checking through the Preston punk. He's the only one who leaves the place regular. He goes to town nearly every afternoon. Drinks beer, does a little bowling. Ace knows him by sight. You make contact with him, Ronny. You and Sal. Buy him drinks. Tell him he's a great guy. You know the routine. He goes into town tomorrow afternoon in his beat-up old tan Chev. Load him up, see what you can get, and then take him home."

"Fine! Do I wear a sandwich sign that says thief?"

"Don't sweat. When we go in for the

score we wear masks. Ape masks. The Ace picked them up in the five and dime. When we go in for the score Sal will stay in the car. She gives us the horn if anything looks sour. Go get the map, Ace."

They unfolded the map and studied the departure route Mullin had marked in pencil. Mullin said, "If it goes all right tomorrow, we set it for five o'clock Friday afternoon. There won't be any deliveries after that hour. We should be back out by five-thirty. We run five miles east to the Tamiami Trail and then up to Tampa. We make the split there."

"Have you got a routine for when we go in?"

Harry shrugged. "Standard. Round them all up. Keep them under the gun while the Ace takes a look at the box. Maybe by roughing up the girl we can get the numbers out of the old man. Once it's opened we tape them up good and leave them there."

After all his questions were answered, Ronny leaned back and sipped his drink and watched the two men talk and plan. He looked at the Ace's thick neck, at the bald spot that gleamed in the lights. The plan sounded pretty good. He would go along with it. He would have to integrate his private plan with the main plan. Ace was the primary assignment. But nothing should be done about the Ace until the box was open. Maybe the stone house was the place to do it. But then the girl out in the car would be a complication. Later, maybe. Yet once the money was in the car, both Mullin and the Ace would be more wary. Too many accidents have happened between the score and the cut. Mullin might even be planning an accident for the two of them.

So it was better in the stone house, or maybe before they set out. If it happened in the stone house, it might be best to take the whole seven of them. Get the blonde in the house and take them all and close the gates and drive away. It made him feel excited to think of taking the whole seven, but he saw that it would be too big. There would be far too much heat. The whole country would be looking for him, and the usual protection might want to turn him in.

The best plan was to take a chance on their not needing the Ace. Mullin would go through with it anyway. There was nothing else he could do. And he would need Ronny.

Once his mind was made up, he studied the Ace. It was as though he could see him more vividly. And as though the Ace already had a death-marked look. How many more beats in the thick heart? How many more gestures of the powerful hands? Ronnie felt the god-power in himself. A power to

glaze those eyes, to turn the man into nothing—into still, damp clay.

The woman in the kitchen could hear the low voices of the three men. The voices disturbed the Dream. It had been a dream that had nourished her nearly all the years of her life, but now it was beginning to lose its power to hold her. It was growing thin. And it left her in despair.

The Dream went like this. Sidewalks thick with people. Police keeping them behind the ropes. Limousine pulling up to the marquee. Searchlights fingering the sky. There she is! In a sable wrap. There she is! Sally Leon. It's Sally! She'd smile and nod and walk regally between them and maybe stop to scribble a single autograph in a child's book while flashbulbs popped.

See what can happen? It can happen to you, as it did to Sally Leon. Small solemn dreaming blonde child. Fifth daughter of a Dearborn factory worker. Always different from the others. Ran away from home at fifteen, and now look at her.

She had run away at fifteen. California. Carhop. Waitress. Saving every dime for the lessons: dancing, singing, acting. And paid for her own screen test. And saw herself. Dead-faced, awkward-moving, slow-bodied, crow-voiced. And gave up then.

And left California. And tried to cling to the Dream. Found a part of the Dream with Barney Shuseck—like playing a part in a movie. Girl friend of bad man. And lost that role when Barney died under the bullets. Like in the movies. Another one now. Still not real. But a little bit more real than stripping in the cellar club in Chicago.

She was familiar with Harry Mullin as a type. Sour, quiet, domineering. Subject to freak gestures of generosity. No tenderness in him. She accepted him as she had accepted the others—ever since the Dream had become only a dream, not something to work toward. Now Mullin and Ace and that one called Ronny were on a job and she was along. It frightened her a little. Not very much. She did not know or care very much what would happen to her afterward. She wanted to go out of the country with Harry if they made a big score. That would be nice. She'd never been out of the country.

She heard them talking and she hoped nobody would be hurt. She hoped it wouldn't go wrong. She wondered about Ronny. He didn't seem like the other two. There was something strange about him. Something almost creepy in the way he had looked at her.

Ben Piersall sat behind his office desk at nine o'clock on Thursday morning reading the will that Dr. Tomlin had handed him across the desk. Dr. Tomlin had apologized for not having an appointment, and explained that when Ben's father had made out the will, Dr. Tomlin had asked that he not keep a copy in the office.

The will was not complicated. It established a generous trust fund for Dillon and Lenora Parks and it left them the house. There was a cash bequest to Arnold Addams, with the remainder of the estate to be divided equally among the medical research foundations that were listed.

"How do you want it changed, Doctor?"

"I want to establish a trust fund for Laurie Preston, Mrs. Joseph Preston, to take effect upon my death, to provide her a life income of five hundred dollars a month. She and her husband are staying with me. They're related, though not very directly."

"That's easily arranged."

"And I'd like to increase the cash bequest to Arnold."

"In that case, Doctor, rather than adding a codicil, I think we should rewrite the whole document."

"Can it be done quickly?"

Ben smiled. "It can be done today."

"I would appreciate that, Benjamin. It isn't a matter of health. As a doctor I know I'm in better health than I deserve. I just have some sort of old maid fear that something is going to happen."

Ben studied the old man carefully. There was the inescapable feebleness of age, but the eyes and the brain behind them seemed as sharp as ever. "Can I speak frankly, Dr. Tomlin?"

"Your father always did."

"A lot of people around here consider you to be a very eccentric man. We want to guard against any attempt to break your will. I'd like to send you to two doctors today and have them make written statements on your sanity to be filed with our copy of this will."

Tomlin looked both shocked and angry. At first he protested and then he said, with a certain dignity, "I suppose you believe that Dillon and Lenora will try to break the will."

"I don't want to name names. But I want to ask you something. What did you tell Walter Hedges over the phone yesterday?"

Tomlin looked surprised. "Hedges didn't phone me yesterday."

"You phoned him, Doctor."

Tomlin's face darkened. "I'll have you know that I have had no contact whatsoever with Walter Hedges for a very long time."

In spite of his anger, Dr. Tomlin listened carefully while Ben told him of the conversation he had had with Walter Hedges, told him about Hedges' version of the phone call from the doctor.

Paul Tomlin said, "I have no recollection of making any such call. In my work I've seen the effects of . . . senility . . . the effect on memory—how people can lose touch with reality. I think I can account for every minute of yesterday, however. Would you mind finding out when he received that phone call?"

Ben phoned Walter's secretary and found that she had marked the call down on her pad as coming in at twenty to five. He hung up and told Dr. Tomlin.

Tomlin smiled sadly and said, "Yesterday I napped until quarter of four. Then

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Laurie and I went for a ride. Arnold drove. We left shortly after four and we didn't return until a few minutes after five. We didn't stop at all en route. Now if you would care to phone my home and verify that . . ."

"I don't consider that necessary, Doctor."

"Thank you."

"I think I know what is happening. And I'm going to violate the ethics of my profession to tell you. Lenora tried to hire me. She wants to have you committed as mentally incompetent. She seems to be alarmed by your taking the Prestons in."

Tomlin did not get angry. He looked hurt, and older, and more feeble. He said in an almost inaudible voice, "You know all along they are greedy people. And selfish. You know that but you think there is some warmth there too—some pride, decency. It just seems . . ."

Ben waited for him to go on, but his voice trailed off. "That might explain the phone call, Doctor. That's why I mentioned it. Someone, instigated by her, pretended to be you—to discredit you. If so, there'll be other calls. Or mayhe there have already been others. With a manufactured background, she might make commitment stick."

Tomlin raised his head. "What can we do?"

"Get this will fixed up as quickly as possible and then . . ."

"Just a moment. She came to the house. She had a man with her. A man named Mooney. He works for Dillon. She came on a very feeble pretext. I didn't like the looks of the man with her. He could be the one helping her."

"It's possible."

"Can you find out?"

"I don't know. It would be difficult. I can try."

Tomlin seemed to have regained his strength. "Go ahead with the will. Eliminate the trust fund for Dillon and Lenora. Leave them . . . five hundred dollars. Give Laurie Preston the house. Do that first, Benjamin, and then investigate Lenora and her Mr. Mooney. If your guess is wrong, there'll still be time to reinstate the trust fund in the will. And . . . I'm grateful to you for your frankness."

"I'll make the appointments for you right now, sir. The will can be ready for signatures by three this afternoon."

Ronny and Sal picked up Joe Preston in the Flamingo Bowlarama at two-thirty in the afternoon. After Sal started bowling on the alley beside Joe's, it was not difficult. Joe's Bogart mannerisms became more pronounced. He talked eagerly to Sal. He bowled with more gusto and flourish. Ronny knew the Joe Preston type. He sensed that Joe thought of himself as both handsome and tough. But the façade looked brittle. One backhand from a cop would create the sniveler. Ronny had seen many of the same breed. They dwelt on the fringe of evil. He'd never had to kill one. They never became that important.

Sal was heavily flirtatious, provocative in her bovine way, twitching heavy hips as she bowled, giving little squeals when the ball knocked the pins down. They bowled together. Ronny supplied the beer. Then they went out, the three of them, and got into the Buick and went to a bar, a dark narrow place, frigidly air-conditioned. Ronny bought bourbon on the rocks. A lot of it. Joe sat beside Sal in the booth. Joe and Sal found they both knew Los Angeles, and they talked eagerly about the place. Ronny kept buying bourbon. He hinted to Joe that he'd come to Florida because it got a little too warm for him in the north. Joe caught the implication and let it be known that he had left Los Angeles by request.

When Joe started talking about the doctor, it was easy to give him the needle. "Sure, Joe. Sure. And he sleeps on a pillow stuffed with thousand dollar bills."

Joe, abused and angry and half drunk, confirmed all the stories about Dr. Tomlin. He said the safe was some place in the study. He didn't know exactly where. He said there were no burglar alarms as far as he could tell. The drinks were beginning to hit him hard. He no longer bothered to take his red pocket comb out and comb the dank hair back from his forehead. His mouth was loose. He had crowded Sally back into a corner. He told them how important he had heen out in California. He dropped a few names.

When they took him out to the Buick he was staggering badly, his face sweaty, his pallor greenish. Ronny wondered if he had hought a little too much bourbon. Joe insisted on driving his own car, on having Sally ride with him. They picked it up at the bowling alley. Ronny followed it to the big stone house, driving in through the gates after the Chevie when the colored man swung the gates open.

Joe got out of the Chevie and fell down. Sally helped him up and he clung to her, his arm around her neck, smiling foolishly at the sturdy young woman with sun-streaked hair who came around the corner of the house and stopped, staring at him.

"Laurie. Hey, Laurie. Thiss some friends of mine. Bes people. Thiss Sally. Thass Joe. No. I'm Joe. Thass Ronny."

"We came to see that he got home all right," Ronny said to her.

"Thank you. I can manage now," the girl said.

Joe smiled weakly and crumpled against the girl. She could not hold him. He lay on his back on the gravel. Ronny picked him up easily, smiled, and said, "Lead the way."

The girl hesitated, then led the way.

"I don't object to a four letter word if it advances the plot."

An old man stood in the lower hallway. Laurie said, "Joe got drunk in town, Dr. Paul, and some people brought him home."

The doctor went back into what looked like a study. Laurie made no attempt at an introduction. Ronny followed her down an upstairs hallway to a room at the far end. She quickly stripped the spread back and Ronny eased Joe down onto the bed. The girl took Joe's shoes off. Her face was impassive. Ronny decided she was a farm-girl type.

"I can manage now. Thanks," she said.

"I guess I can find my own way out."

She stood up, flushing. "I'm sorry. I guess I'm upset. I'll walk down with . . ."

"Better stick with him. He might need you all of a sudden. It's perfectly all right."

"I'm sorry I was cross. It's just . . . seeing him in this condition. It hasn't happened in a long time."

"Not since Los Angeles?"

She regarded him steadily. "That's right. Not since Los Angeles."

He went downstairs alone. The lower hallway was empty. He went to an open doorway and looked into a study. The walls were lined with books. The old man was reading a newspaper. He looked up at Ronny.

"Well, we got him in okay."

"Splendid," the old man said, and raised the paper again. Ronny looked the study over. He looked the hallway over. He examined the lock on the front door. He looked at where the phone lines came in. He took a good look at the gate. Then he got in the car and drove back to the house on Huntington Drive.

At a little after two o'clock Lenora Parks came in from the beach for a shower and a change before going to meet Mooney at his cabaña. She had met a neighbor on the beach who had, with reasonable accuracy and only a touch of embellishment, repeated with gusto the conversation between Dr. Tomlin and Walter Hedges.

She knew that it was going to work. At last something was going to come out just the way she wanted it to come out. In the beginning it had seemed that it would be a good marriage, marrying Dil. They had had fun, a few laughs, a feeling of closeness. But it hadn't lasted. She felt pity for him. And contempt. At heart he was as weak as water. Now he was close to losing the dealership. And if he lost that, the house would go too. He wouldn't do anything about it. He'd whine and complain and demand sympathy. She was the one with the courage to do something about it.

As she showered she thought about Mooney and about what she was doing. It made her feel stained and old and cynical. But it was something that had to be done. There was a word for it. She did not like to think of that word. She preferred to think of the necessity, to think of herself as being the one who was saving them in the only possible way. She had thought of the scheme, thought of using Mooney, and had bought his services. She had the nasty little feeling that if Dil understood the whole story, he would approve of what she was doing. Oh, he would rant and howl, but deep down he would approve. And that made her feel ashamed for both of them—for it to have come to this.

Somehow, long ago, she had lost Ben Piersall, the one she'd really wanted. Instead she had married a child. A fat whining incompetent child. She remembered once when she was a child how her parents had overslept and when they had arrived at the place where they had planned to watch the parade, the last band was far down the street and the crowd was breaking up. The marching band glinted and shimmered and oompahed in the distance, forever out of reach. All her life, she thought, had been like that. Now, at last, when it was almost too late, she would get what she wanted. Even if it meant accepting Mooney.

She dressed herself with care and distinction. She used expensive perfume sparingly. She went out and got into the car and started it and drove south down the Key toward the cabaña, toward the second phone call, toward the arrogant eagerness of Mooney.

Toby Piersall came home alone on his bike from school on Thursday, frowningly intent on his plans for the evening. Wednesday night had been a washout. During the afternoon he had crept close enough to see the big blonde woman sunning herself on the dock. After dark, after dinner, he had managed to get a lot closer to the Mather house. He had moved with great caution. He had found a window where he could see into the lighted kitchen.

He had learned nothing. At least, nothing that would enable him to prove or disprove his hunch about the man who called himself John Wheeler. He had learned that there were two other men staying there. One of them was a huge man. He had a battered face, but he looked sort of friendly and pleasant. The other one was younger. He certainly didn't look like a criminal. The way he looked shook Toby's confidence. If he had been in a television play, the younger one would have heen the hero.

Toby, from his vantage point, couldn't hear what was said in the kitchen. At one point he saw the good-looking one stand behind the blonde woman and rub the back of her neck. The woman acted as if she didn't like it. When the dark one came out into the kitchen, he looked angry. Toby had wanted to believe, when he saw the two strange men, that they were crooks planning something. But the two new men looked so . . . ordinary. He was half tempted to give it up and do his homework and spend the time that was left working on his boat model, the big one with all the parts.

He went into the kitchen as soon as he got home and made himself a thick sandwich and poured a glass of milk. His mother said, "You seem ominously quiet, Tobe. Anything on your mind?"

"Num."

"Allowing for a quarter pound of ham

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sandwich, that must mean No." She cocked her head and smiled. "No fat plans cooking?"

"Uh-uh."

"School trouble?"

"Gosh, Mom, I don't see why . . ."

"Okay, okay. Drop the rest of those crumbs out in the grass, please."

He went out into the yard. He drifted toward the south property line. The big man was standing on the dock. He moved to where he could see the garage. The Buick was gone. He knew what he had to do, knew what would end this suspense. He had to see the thin dark man with his shirt off. See the bullet wounds. Then he would know.

He rinsed the milk glass in the sink and went to his room. He studied the picture and description again, then hid the clipping. He stretched out on his bed and wondered if he should give the police an anonymous tip. Harry Mullin is in the Mather house on Huntington Drive. Then hang up. He could call from the booth at the sundry store. He couldn't make his voice deep. But they'd have to check, wouldn't they?

If it wasn't Mullin then he wouldn't look like a fool to anybody but himself. But if it was, and Mullin was captured, how could he prove he was the one who gave the tip?

If only the man would go out on the dock and take a sun bath. Then he could use his father's binoculars and find out with no trouble. He'd see the scars, then ride down to the police station and take the clipping and show them. They'd give him a ride back. They'd put men all around the house and hook up a loudspeaker and tell Mullin to come out with his hands up. There might be shooting. They might even evacuate the houses on either side first. Toby Piersall of Huntington Drive, son of Benjamin Piersall, prominent local attorney . . . He wished he could tell his father. But he didn't want to risk laughter. That would spoil everything, forever.

Ronny sat in the living room, Sally behind his chair. Mullin and the Ace listened. "Preston is a punk. He'll be no trouble. The yard man looks husky, hut I wouldn't expect trouble. Better to shut him up real early. The old man is frail. Preston's wife, Laurie, is probably the only one with guts. We both got inside the gate and I got into the house. It's isolated enough. Nobody can see into the yard behind the wall unless they stop right in front. The phone lines come in from the front. We take a rock tied to the end of a rope. Heave it over the line and pull it down before we go in. That's my suggestion."

"Where's the box?"

"Preston thinks it's in the study. I took a look in there. I think that's a good guess. It is probably behind paneling. I don't want to hex us, but I think it looks easy. No burglar alarms unless one is hooked to the safe somehow."

"Which I can handle," the Ace said.

"Then we make it five tomorrow. Everybody agree?" Mullin asked.

Ace nodded. Ronny shrugged. The woman played with a bangle bracelet.

"Harry," Ronny said, "I think we should take the car inside the wall. The man will come and open the gate. We turn it around so it's headed out. And leave the gate open. What do we carry the money in?"

"Put our stuff in the trunk compartment and take the empty suitcases in."

"One man could almost handle it. Two is plenty," Ronny said.

"Then why don't you go home, kid?" the Ace asked.

"Cut it out," Harry said sharply. "Sal, go get some food started. We stay holed up here until we take off for the score tomorrow. Ace, we'll go over that map again right now. Go get a bottle and glasses and ice, Ronny."

When Ronny brought the things from the kitchen he put them down and stood looking down at the thick nape of the Ace's neck. He rubbed thumb and forefinger together, lightly. He ran his tongue along the rough edge of his lower teeth. He felt vibrant and alive and he wanted to laugh aloud.

Harry Mullin felt as though he were walking on thin places. When he walked across the room he had the curious feeling that the rug was unsupported, that it would sag under his weight and drop him into darkness. The world seemed to tremble under his feet. Everything had an odd fragility. The world did not seem to have the substance and purpose he remembered. Ever since he had escaped it had been this way. He found himself touching things to test their hardness and reality. He felt at all times as if from directly behind him there might come some horrid and incredible sound that would crack and smash everything he could see, the way he had heard that a violin can shatter a wine glass.

He tried hard to conceal all this. It made him unsure of himself. It made him move more slowly, and show nothing. He felt as if there was an area of darkness always off to one side where he couldn't quite see it. The Ace, Ronny, the woman—they seemed unreal too, not at all like the people he used to know, used to laugh and drink with.

He thought of the money all the time. It was the only real thing left in an odd, shifting world.

Once he had the money he could be Harry Mullin again, a man who could laugh, who had confidence, who knew his place in the world. Until then he was unfocused—a double image on his own retina. This score could not be permitted to go wrong.

As they ate he knew the hours would be interminable until they would be able to leave the house the next day. After the woman had cleaned up, she sat in the kitchen and listened to a small plastic radio, snapping her fingers in time to the beat. The Ace and Ronny played gin rummy. The Ace was morose, but Ronny seemed to be laughing a great deal. Mullin paced the house. He went into the bedroom to get a fresh pack of cigarettes. As he turned to leave he saw a whisper of motion at the dark screened window. He did not turn back. He walked slowly out of the room. Then he hurried. He went to the living room. He said, "Somebody looking in my bedroom window. Go out the front and around, Ace. I'll take the back."

The men moved quickly and silently. Mullin's steps were soundless on the grass, the gun oddly warm in his hand. After the house lights he could not see well. He saw the shadow move quickly away from the window. He heard the Ace grunt, heard a shrill yelp cut off suddenly. There was a scuffling and the thick meaty sound of an open palm against flesh. He moved closer and saw that Ace held a motionless figure in his arms.

"It's a kid," Ace said.

"Bring him in the house. Don't let him yell."

They took him through the back door into the bright kitchen. The head lolled and Ace had to hold him erect. In the white fluorescence the smear of blood on the boy's chin was dark and theatrical. He was a thin, brown, big-headed kid of about eleven. He needed a haircut. He wore a T shirt, khaki shorts, and sneakers. He became steadier on his feet and his eyes cleared. He looked at them. His eyes were a vivid astonishing blue. "He's just a kid," the woman said. "You didn't have to hit him, did you?"

"Shut up!" Mullin said.

Ace looked at the back of his own hand. "Careful of him. He bites."

"It's the same kid was on the dock the other day," Mullin said. "What's with this looking in windows, kid?"

"That's none of your business." The voice was thin, bold, quavering. The Ace backhanded the boy across the mouth, knocking his head back against the broom closet with a hollow thud. The boy's face twisted and he began to cry.

"Where do you live?" Mullin demanded. Before the boy could answer, the Ace hit him again, a little harder. "Where

do you live, kid? Come on, where?"

"N-next door."

"What's your name?"

"Toby Piersall."

"You're a wise kid going around looking in windows. What's on your mind, kid?"

Mullin saw the kid's eyes shift and realized that the boy was staring at his left wrist, staring at the scar. He looked up into Mullin's eyes and seemed to shrink back against the broom closet door. Mullin looked down at the scar and then at the boy. His voice was very soft as he asked, "Learn something, kid?"

"No. N-no sir! I . . . I . . ."

Mullin moved quickly forward, caught the thin brown arm, twisted it in a cruel punishing grip. As the boy started to scream, the Ace clamped a big hand across his mouth. The two men stood close over the boy, staring down at him. Mullin nodded and the Ace took his hand away. The boy was snuffling. "Say the name, kid. Go ahead. Say it."

"M-Mullin."

"This is a real smart kid. I bet he gets good marks in school. Who else did you tell, kid?"

"Nobody. Honest. I didn't tell anybody."

Mullin exerted pressure again. The Ace muffled the shrill cry. They kept at it for some time. They asked questions. Finally they stepped back. The boy slid down and sat on his heels, all curled up, his head against his knees, his shoulders quivering.

"Okay," Mullin said. "I'm satisfied. It was his own idea. His people don't know where he is. He didn't tell anybody. We're still all right."

"What are you going to do to him?" the woman asked, a strange note in her voice.

"Always glad to oblige," Ronny said. Mullin looked at him. The look on Ronny's face made him feel queasy.

"No, damn it," Mullin said. "We start off killing a kid and there won't be a man anywhere we can ask for help if we need it. Ace, go get a roll of that wide tape you bought. Pull those drapes across the windows in my room. Tape him, gag him and put him in there. Make sure he can breathe okay. After he's taped up, Sal, he's your problem. Keep checking on him. Listen, kid. Can you hear me? Look at me."

The boy raised his head slowly and looked at Mullin.

"Tomorrow we're leaving here, kid. We're leaving you in the house here. They'll find you later. You got a big nose and it got you in trouble. Try to get smart with us again and there'll be a lot more trouble."

When Ace said the boy was all set, Mullin went in and took a look at him. The boy was on his back on the floor in front of the closet door. His arms were in front of him, bare forearms taped together solidly from wrist to elbow. There was a band of tape around his ankles and another around his legs just above the grubby knees. A wide piece was pasted across his mouth. The eyes, full of tears, glinted in the light of the bed lamp. Mullin checked the tape and grunted approval, went back out into the kitchen.

"I don't like it," the Ace said.

"So who likes it? But it will be okay."

"Okay. They live next door. The kid doesn't come home. By tomorrow there's a big yell about kidnapping. Road blocks. The works."

"So there's a road block. The car isn't hot. My papers are okay. We won't have the kid with us."

Ace raised his voice. "I don't like it. I didn't feel right about it in the beginning. It's going sour. When they start to go sour, it's time to check out. You're too jumpy to run it, Harry. Ronny here acted like he wanted to kill the kid. I say let's get out of here now."

Ronny was leaning against the sink. He laughed, a bright, amused, boyish laugh. He said. "Ace, you're getting old and soft and fat and slow and timid. You should get a new start behind a ribbon counter. Your brain is getting soft as your gut. You're certainly in bad shape."

Ace's face darkened and he began to lumber toward Ronny, big hands opening and closing. "Listen, I can . . ."

Ronny merely smiled at him. "What can you do? Look at the shape you're in. Can you do this, Ace?" Ronny bent over, and, without bending his knees, touched his knuckles to the waxed floor, doing it lithely, easily, three times. He straightened up and smiled at Ace.

"I don't want to play kid games," Ace said. "I want to get the hell out of here."

"You know you can't do it, so you won't even try."

The Ace glowered at Ronny. Then he bent over, straining to reach the floor with his fingertips. He struggled, getting a little closer with each effort. The other three watched him. Mullin looked disgusted. Sally looked blank. Ronny smiled. Still smiling he picked up a short paring knife from the drainboard and took one step and, as the Ace started to straighten up, he plunged the knife crossways into the nape of the thick neck, severing the spinal cord, stopping in that one thrust the mighty engine that had been the Ace, sending it from fullbodied life into the heavy formlessness of death. He did not move or twist or make any sound. He was clay. Ronny tossed the knife into the sink. It clattered and came to rest.

Mullin stared at Ronny, face livid, eyes bulging. "You . . . you . . ."

"He wanted to get out. He was about to ruin it, Harry."

The woman stood staring at the body, biting the back of her hand, her eyes wide, shocked and blank.

"I needed him!"

"We can handle it. Two is enough. He was cracking up. It was nice and quiet, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Mullin said, "it was nice and quiet." He sent the woman into the bedroom to the kid. They went through the pockets and divided the money. The two of them dragged the big body out to the utility room. They worked it behind the water heater and the water

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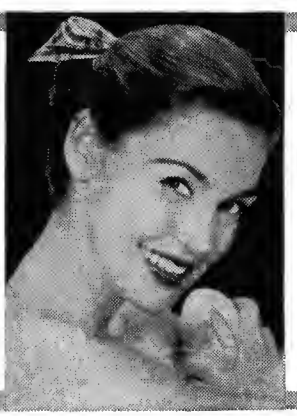

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softener tank and covered it with an old grass rug Harry found in a corner. Ronny was the last one out of the utility room. He looked at the formless mass and he yawned deeply and turned out the light. He knew he would sleep well, sleep deeply. Like the sleep of childhood. It was always that way.

Toby watched her when she came into the bedroom and put on another light. She brought a small radio with her. She plugged it in, found music, turned the volume down. She stood over him, looking down at him. She seemed very tall. Her face was in shadow. She knelt beside him and smoothed his hair back from his forehead. "Can you breathe okay, kid?" He nodded. The act of casual kindness made tears come to his eyes again. "You shouldn't have come messing around those fellas, kid. They're too rough. Does your arm hurt bad?" He nodded again. "I can't do anything about it. It ought to be okay. Your folks are going to worry something awful about you. But don't you fuss too much. I won't let them hurt you bad."

She got a blanket from the closet, folded it double on the floor and moved him over onto it. She put a pillow under his head, patted his cheek, smiled at him and then lay down on the bed, her head close to the radio. The music was quiet. By turning his head he could see her round arm and one upraised knee.

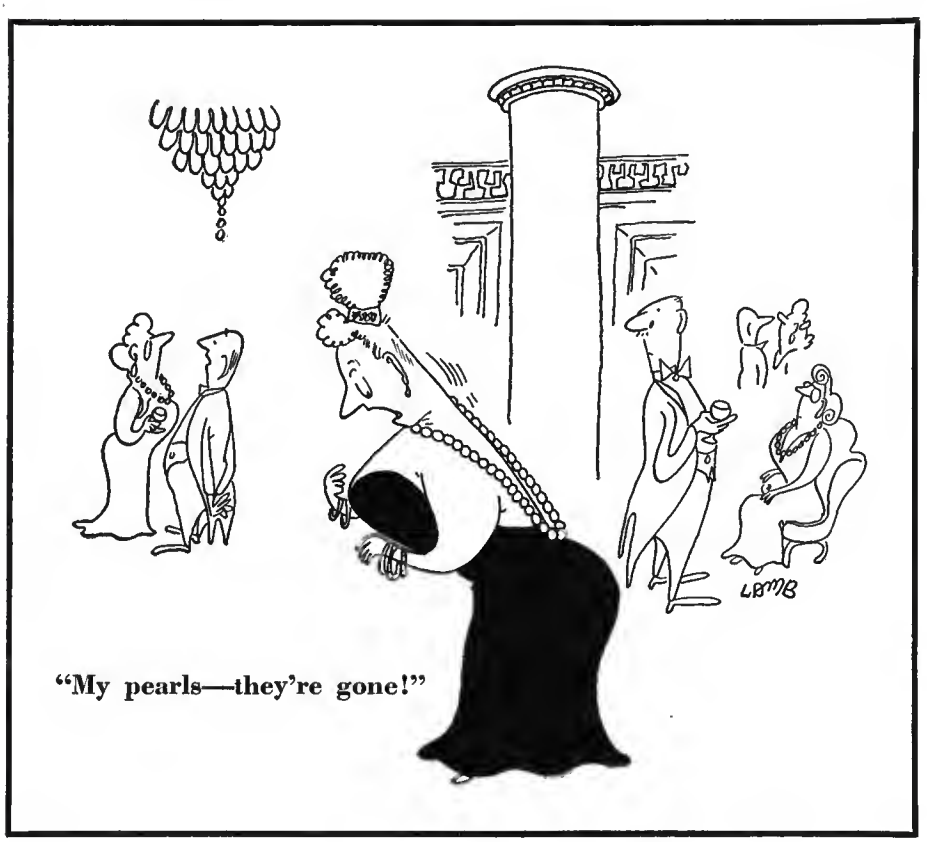
It hadn't been anything like he thought it would be. They hadn't acted the way he thought they would act. He had been scared when the big one had caught him. He had been hit and then it had been like being in a funny dream and waking up from the dream in the bright kitchen with all of them looking at him.

It wasn't like television. Kids never got hit on television. Something always made it come out all right. The kids could be in danger but nothing bad ever happened. Nothing like this. Somebody always came through the door with a gun, just in time.

He had felt grown-up and responsible, watching through that window. He had felt as though he were protecting something pretty important. But out there in the kitchen he hadn't been grown up at all. He'd felt about six years old. Crying like a baby. If they were mad at you and hit you because they were mad, that was one thing. But these men hadn't been mad at all. They'd just done it. They didn't look as though they were even thinking very much about it. They were casual.

It was Mullin all right. In the kitchen he had prayed that it wouldn't be. But it was. And Mullin had seen him find out and had understood.

He wondered what would happen to him. He wondered what they would do at home when they started to worry. He wondered what that funny noise had been, like somebody falling, and then a lot of whispering. Why were these men down here in Flamingo? Maybe they were going to rob the bank. He knew he'd been wrong about the other two. They were as bad as Mullin. They didn't look it until you saw them close, and then they looked even worse. He tried to get his fingers on the tape. He couldn't reach the tape. And then, with sudden knowledge, with a heartbreaking awareness of self too adult for his years, he knew that even if he could manage to touch the tape, he would not try to unwind it. He would not try anything. Like a small, wary animal, he would merely try to endure.



"My pearls—they're gone!"

At a little after six on that same Thursday evening, Ben Piersall crossed the causeway onto the Key and turned toward the Parks home. He dreaded what he was going to have to do. At five-fifteen he had received a verbal report from a discreet and competent investigator. The man had seen Lenora and Mooney go into Mooney's cabaña. After they left the man had let himself in and found a number scribbled on a phone pad. Ben dialed the number and found it was for the Flamingo Builders' Supply Company. He talked to Dick Shannon, the owner, and found that Dick had received an odd phone call from Dr. Tomlin, who wanted to place a large order for native stone, and who talked about an architect who had been dead many years as though he were still living. Shannon, having heard about the call to Hedges, had played along with the call. At Ben's request he promised not to mention it.

With the proof at hand, Ben had a choice. He could report to Tomlin who would then leave Dil and Lenora out of his will entirely. Or he could go see Lenora and tell her that he knew, tell her to stop at once, and then report back to Tomlin that he had been unable to prove anything against her. Actually, Lennie merited no inheritance from Tomlin. Yet Ben felt that she was not thoroughly evil. She was thoughtless, greedy, ruthless in the way a child is. She expected her world to be sequins and bangles.

Before he left the office he had phoned Joan and told her he would be late. As he drove north on the Key the sun was changing from yellow-white to orange as it slid toward the windless steel-blue Gulf. Dil turned into the drive just behind him, and they got out of their cars at the same time. Dil came over, beefy hand outstretched. "How the hell are you, Ben boy?"

They were always too cordial with each other, too hearty, too beaming, too aware of mutual dislike. When they went into the house Lennie came in from the beach side to meet them in the living room. She wore a white sharkskin sunsuit, one cotton work glove, and carried a red enamel

pair of pruning shears. She looked industrious, plausible and glowing. Ben found it hard to imagine she had been in Mooney's cabaña during the afternoon.

There were a few awkward moments and he decided that it would be impossible to ask to speak to Lenora alone. "I want to talk to both of you," he said. He refused a drink. Dil made a drink for himself and one for Lennie and they moved out onto the small terrace overlooking the Gulf. They sat in three canvas and bronze beach chairs, three points of an orderly triangle.

Ben looked at Lennie. "This is one of the awkward things a lawyer has to do. You wanted me to help you get Dr. Tomlin committed. I refused. On Wednesday morning you took a man named Mooney to Dr. Tomlin's home. On Wednesday afternoon at about four-thirty Mooney placed a call to Walter Hedges. He imitated Dr. Tomlin's voice. He talked nonsense to Hedges. Since that call Hedges has been going around telling everyone that Dr. Tomlin is senile. This afternoon Mooney made another call from the cabaña. You were there with him. Possibly you were there both times. This time he phoned Dick Shannon. More nonsense. You've done a very foolish thing, Lennie."

He had watched her as he talked. At first she had looked dazed. Then defiant. Toward the end her head drooped and she looked smaller in the chair, smaller and helpless.

Dil came out of his chair with bulky speed and stood with fists clenched. "You and Mooney! A great idea! My Lord, you've really ruined it now, haven't you? I told you it couldn't be done. But you had to be in a big hurry. Now you've spoiled—"

"Stop standing in front of me. I'm talking to Ben. Stop quacking about people ruining things. Am I the one who ran the dealership into the ground? Am I the one who can't make enough money so we can even keep this house? Sit down, Dil." She spoke in a weary, nasty tone. The anger seemed to leave him. He moved back to the chair and sat down, his mouth working. She said, "Ben, does Uncle Paul know about this?"

"He suspected it. Today I wrote a new will for him. And two doctors examined him for mental competence. Their reports are on file. He asked me to check on his suspicions. I did. I don't plan to tell him he was right. I won't tell him anything. Not so long as you behave yourself. You've been a fool. Conspiracy is a nasty word. The courts don't like it. I want your word that you will not continue with this scheme or anything like it."

"You have my word," she said coldly.

"*Her* word of honor," Dil said bitterly.

"In that case, I won't tell him. I'll tell him we couldn't find any evidence. Then it will be up to him to reinstate your inheritance with a codicil, if he so wishes."

Dil wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "How much did she lose for us?"

"I can't tell you," Ben said. "And understand that I should have gone to the doctor with this. I didn't because I don't think you're vicious, Lennie. Just foolish and greedy."

"And that," she said, "gives you such a nice chance to play God, doesn't it, Ben? To be so virtuous and noble and godlike."

"Stop it, Lennie. Don't make him sore. He'll go to Uncle Paul."

"He won't tell him. He'd have to stop being God. He wants to feel virtuous. And stop ranting at me, Dillon."

"Lennie, honey . . ."

"Don't Lennie me. Just be quiet."

"I'd better be running along," Ben said.

"Life among the savages distresses you?" she said.

Ben stood up. "Dil, you'd better let Mooney go. Tell him it's time to head north or something."

They all stood up and moved through the big open glass doors into the house. Dil said, "I'll let him go, and fast. I never liked him anyway, and . . ." His face changed and seemed to grow heavier as a new facet of the situation occurred to him. He turned toward Lenora. His voice was thick. He pointed a finger at her.

"Wait a minute. You were at his cabaña when he phoned. What the hell was in it for him? He's sharp. What was in it for him?"

Lennie didn't answer. She looked at him and smiled. Ben saw that smile. It answered Dil's question in a brutal and unmistakable way. Dil Parks made an astonishing sound—like the harsh bark of a small indignant dog. He swung his heavy arm, thick fist. It clubbed her in the side of the head. She flew sideways, loose-jointed as a boudoir doll. She fell against a basket chair that stood on slim iron legs and went over with it and rolled and came to rest face down, blonde hair spilled. She looked small and broken.

They both went to her. Dillon dropped to his knees and turned her over gently. Her eyelids fluttered and she opened dazed eyes and made a low moaning sound. Dill sobbed and gathered her into his arms and stood up with her.

Ben said, "Is there anything I can—"

"There isn't anything you can do," Dil said harshly. "This is between us. This is something we have to work out. I shouldn't have done that. I never hit her before. She shouldn't have done what she did. We just have to work it out somehow. And work a lot of other things out. We've got to stop pretending we're going to get any money and we have to find a new place to start. Just leave us alone, Ben."

At the doorway Ben looked back. Dillon was carrying her toward the rear of the house and Lennie had slipped her slim brown arm around his heavy neck.

When Ben arrived home the children were eating. He and Joan ate later on the side porch, candle flames moving in the night breeze. He told her about his day, and she was awed, amused, appalled. Long after he had finished the story she said, "Ben, do you ever think that everybody else in the world is slightly mad? That we're the only sane ones? And the only safe ones?"

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"Knock on wood. Sometimes I even feel superstitious about it." She rapped her knuckles lightly on the table. He looked at her and said, "You are a sort of handsome wench, and you seem to smell awfully good."

"This gunk is called Tigress, and I place myself upwind from you, darling."

When they carried the dishes back into the kitchen Sue was on the living room floor making an intricate ceremony out of doing her nails and her homework while she watched television.

"Where'd Toby go?" Ben asked.

Sue looked around blankly. "I thought he was here. Maybe he's in his room." Ben turned the television volume down and sat down with the evening paper. Joan came into the living room fifteen minutes later.

"Where's Toby?"

"In his room, isn't he?" Ben said.

"No. He's not there. Sue, see if you can find him, dear."

Sue sighed and went on the errand. She was back in a few minutes looking puzzled. "His bike's here and his spinning rod. I don't know where he is."

"He didn't say anything about going out?" Joan said, a worried note in her voice. Sue turned off the television set. The room and the house seemed oddly quiet. After a while Joan put her mending aside and stood up and said, too casually, "Guess I'll try his friends."

"Good idea," Ben said. He listened to her phone from the kitchen alcove. He heard her try one number, another, another.

She came back in, frowning. "I don't know whom else to call."

Ben grew increasingly restless. He went out and walked around the yard, down to the sea wall. Star reflections were steady on the still black water. He could hear a mocking bird. He stood in the night and called his son in a great voice, then listened to the stillness that settled back down around him.

By midnight it had gotten very bad indeed. There had been times of worry, but not like this. There was a frantic time when they could not find his swimming trunks. Then they were found. Ben had thoughts he did not dare express to Joan. As a lawyer he had seen some of the night creatures the police brought in, knew the smell of evil that hung about them. Sue was sent to bed but she came out again in her robe and sat in a chair in the living room, muted and tense. They snapped at her when she made a suggestion, and then apologized to her.

If he had decided to run away, he would have left a note and taken his bike, and the money from the box in his bureau drawer.

At twelve-thirty Ben called the police, talked to Dan Dickson, a lieutenant on night duty, a casual friend. When Dickson heard the short time the boy had been missing, he tried to take it lightly. But as Ben answered his questions he became more serious. He took down a complete description to relay to the cars on patrol. He said he would come out to the house later, and would Ben please get out some recent pictures of the boy. When Ben turned away from the phone he saw the expression on Joan's face and knew she was close to the edge. He did not know what to do about it. He held her in his arms and felt the trembling of her body. "Steady, Joanie," he whispered.

Her voice was muffled against his shoulder. "I keep thinking . . . how I knocked on wood. I said we were safe."

"He's all right."

"He isn't. I can't believe he is. I try. I can't believe it. Help me, darling."

He sat down again. He thought of what Lenora had said. He had played God that very day, sitting in judgment. Things had been good for them for so long. He had been full of righteousness, smugness, complacency, certain that his own special star was firmly fixed in the sky.

Now he paid for pride with a black fear, with new humility.

Dan Dickson came, red-cheeked, creaking with black leather, filling the hallway. He did not bring a lessening of tension. He asked more questions, selected two of the pictures and left, after telling them not to worry. Like telling them not to breathe.

Sue fell asleep in the chair. Ben sat and looked at Joan. The hours had marked her. She looked older than ever before. The night was a great dark ship moving slowly by them—so slowly the movement was barely perceptible.

He awakened with a start and saw that it was after three. He had dozed off. His mouth was dry and sour. Joan gave him a weak, absent-minded smile. He went outside. The night was deathly still. He wanted to tell someone of their trouble. But if they told friends, their friends would come over to stay with them. He had asked Joan. She did not want their vigil shared. He went back in and told her she should lie down. She said she couldn't sleep, but she agreed to lie down. He woke Sue up. Her face was stunned with sleep, and he led her, groggy, to her room. It made him remember carrying them both in from the car at night after trips: small, furry, sleepy animals who made odd mutterings and could remember no part of going to bed when they awoke in the morning.

He went in and sat with Joan. He held her hand. She said, "I keep thinking . . . dreadful things."

"Don't. Try not to." But he could not stop himself from thinking them. When he walked out of the house again there was color in the east, a gray band touched with red. He felt older than the sky.

The sun came up over Flamingo, round and red, promising a hot day. Mooney saw it as he drove north. His mouth was broken, face swollen, body sore from the beating Dil Parks had given him. He had gone back to the cabaña at ten and found Parks, a bulky shadow, waiting for him. Now he drove north, telling himself he was being smart, that it had come out all right. Yet he felt furtive and ashamed.

Lenora Parks saw the sun against the bedroom windows. Dil snored heavily beside her. Lenora felt drained, sad, ancient. Yet she felt a strange hope for herself, for their marriage. They had talked in the night as they had never talked before. It had cost him a lot to forgive her, and she had learned of a strength she had not known he had. She had the feeling that this was a beginning for them.

Laurie Preston lay beside her husband and watched the same sun. She turned and looked at Joe, saw the dark crust of beard, smelled the alcoholic sweat, saw the grubby knuckles, the dandruff at his hairline. She looked at him with contempt—and with sadness. Because last night had been the end of something. It was over. He did not know it yet, but it was finished. She did not feel pain. Just contempt, and the lingering sadness of what might have been.

Dr. Tomlin was awake and heard Laurie's light quick step in the hallway. He felt good for hearing it, for hearing the assurance that she was in the house.

Ronald Crown awoke and did not open his eyes. Morning light glowed dark red through the eyelid blood. He heard the drone of a boat. He thought of Ace and of the sound the Ace had made as he fell, and he thought of how the other two had looked at him. It was good to be looked at in that naked frightened way. Then he started to think of the day and the job ahead and how all the rest of it would be.

When Sally Leon woke she heard Ronny humming in the kitchen, Harry running water in the bath. She smelled a sharp ammoniac odor. She looked at the boy, at his wide, glistening, miserable eyes. He had wet himself and the blanket under him. She talked to him gently, telling him it was going to be all right. But she was thinking that people might not look in this house for him. It might be several days. And that would be too late for the kid. The poor kid must be awful thirsty already. Maybe Harry would let her get him something, and clean him up. She decided not to ask

Harry. She went to the kitchen, ignoring Ronny, poured a glass of tomato juice and took it back to the kid, stripped the tape gingerly from his mouth. He winced with pain but didn't cry out. He was a good kid. She held the glass to his lips, holding him up with one arm around him. He drank until it was gone and whispered, "What are they going to do to me?"

"Nothing," she said. She put the tape back on, pressed it down.

The sun climbed. The bright day moved like a carnival float going down a holiday street. Tourist flesh baked in the sun on the beaches. Cars became ovens. Sprinklers turned on green lawns.

At the Mather house, Harry, Ronny, and the woman worked steadily, wiping away all prints. Ronny took the car out and had it gassed, the oil and tires checked. Mullin listened to the eleven o'clock news, heard about the county-wide search for Toby Piersall, son of a prominent local attorney. It was feared that the boy had been kidnapped. Mullin listened and grew more nervous. He thought of road blocks. Even with all the papers in order, some cop might get on their back. Some rare cops seemed to have the knack of smelling trouble. If so it would be one dead cop. He wasn't going back. Not ever. His stomach felt knotted and his hands shook. This was the worst time, the few hours before kickoff. When they started to roll he would feel better. Then there would be an outlet for some of the tension. Waiting was hell.

Next door, in the Piersall home, the phone rang almost constantly. Ben had forced himself to talk to reporters. Their friends phoned about Toby. He thanked them for their interest in a tired mechanical voice, and said there was no news as yet. The doctor had given Joan a sedative. She was sleeping.

One call was from Lenora Parks. She expressed her concern about Toby. He was surprised she had called. He sensed she had something on her mind. Perhaps some new idea that would get them the money.

"Ben, I hate to bother you at a time like this, but I want to tell you that I'm going to go see Uncle Paul and tell him the whole thing."

"That won't help you."

"I don't expect it to. He won't forgive or forget a thing like that. It's like burning a bridge. Maybe I've got religion or something. If we can stop hoping, we can go ahead on our own steam, I think. It's nearly ruined us, thinking about the pot of gold. I . . . I just wanted you to know that we're both going over and tell him. Maybe I'm trying to earn a little of your respect, Ben."

"You are earning it."

"I'm imposing on you at the wrong time. I hope Toby is . . . is all right, Ben."

He hung up. They were searching the beaches, empty houses, vacant lots. Hundreds of volunteers had joined the search for Toby Piersall. Sometimes even small children got amnesia.

At five o'clock they were ready, Mullin, Crown, and the woman. The empty suitcases were piled on the back seat of the car. Mullin was satisfied that the house was clean of prints. The car was parked headed out the drive. The guns were checked and loaded. Crown had found a rock the right size and knotted a length of clothesline to it. It was on the floor in the back. Mullin checked his watch. The woman had gone back into the house, saying she would just be a moment.

Sally Leon did not hesitate when she went back in. She knew there would not be much time. She went to the boy and stripped the adhesive harshly from his forearms and wrists, the fine blonde hair tearing as she pulled it away.

Harry was trying to be too careful. She knew she could not go away and keep thinking of the kid in the empty house. Having the kid free could make no difference now. He would be too scared to tell a straight story, and even if he could, it would be a long time before his folks could reason it out. It couldn't hurt anything to free him—not now.

"Don't move for ten minutes," she said hurriedly. "Understand?"

He nodded. Harry yelled at her from the front door. She hesitated, looking imploringly at the boy, and then ran out, softly awkward as she ran.

They drove away from the house. Mullin drove carefully, precisely, following the map in his mind.

"Too hot for a mask," Ronny said.

"Suit yourself. I'm wearing one."

They went slowly through the late afternoon streets of Flamingo, out into an area where the houses were farther apart, where some of them wore the grotesque Moorish pastry of the boom of the twenties. Untended palms wore a ruff of dead fronds. They all looked down the street and saw the stone house on the left behind the wall.

"Make it cream and silk," Mullin said. "Don't rush it. We've got the time."

Arnold Addams was walking from the garage toward the rear of the house when he heard the quick toot of a horn at the gate. He stopped and looked toward the gate, saw the Buick and recognized it as belonging to the people who had brought Mister Joe home drunk. He wondered what they wanted with Mister Joe. These people weren't too popular with Miss Laurie. You could tell that all right.

He didn't get a good look at the three people in the car as he opened the gate. The car came in so fast he had to jump back out of the way. These folks didn't have much manners. He closed the gate behind the car and turned and saw that the light-haired fellow had jumped out and he was throwing a rock on a line over the phone wires. It looked like some kind of crazy game. The fellow grabbed the two ends of the line and gave a great heave and pulled all the phone lines down.

"Hey there!" Arnold Addams said

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feebly, but with indignation. He turned as the other man came toward him. The man had a hideous ape face that froze Arnold's heart. Something swung and hit blackly against his head and he felt himself going down, but didn't feel himself hit the ground.

Mullin looked down, leaned over and hit the Negro again, solidly, with the side of the Luger. The mask limited side vision. The rubber was hot and his face had begun to sweat under it. Ronny came over and they both took a wrist and dragged the unconscious man away from the gate, over behind the shelter of the wall. The woman was turning the car around. Mullin nodded at Crown. Crown headed for the front door. Mullin went around the house to the back door. The back door was unlocked. He went into the quiet kitchen and turned and bolted the door behind him. He had to turn his head constantly to make up for the lack of side vision.

Nervousness and tension were gone. He felt strong and sure of himself. He crossed the kitchen and entered a hallway that ran the length of the house. It was brighter toward the front of the house. He held the Luger in his right hand, muzzle half raised. Ronny came toward him, stood close to him, said softly, "The old man and the girl are in the study. There's no sign of Preston."

"I'll take them while you find him."

Ronny moved off and Mullin went to the study door. He could hear Ronny going quietly up the stairs. He looked into the study. The girl had a book open on her knees. She was reading to the old man in a quiet voice.

Harry Mullin took a deep breath. He stepped into the room. "All right!" he said loudly.

The book fell to the floor. They stared at him. "Who are you?" the old man asked. "What do you want?" There was a slight tremor in his voice—age or fear.

"Just sit right where you are. Don't talk," Mullin said. The mask tickled his mouth. Sweat was running down into his collar. The girl moistened her lips. The two of them stared at him. At last he heard a strange voice, querulous, complaining, and heard the silky sound of Ronny's voice, heard them coming down the stairs. Mullin moved away from the doorway, farther into the room. A young man stumbled into the room after a violent push from behind. Ronny stood in the doorway. "What the hell is going on?" Preston demanded.

"Shut up," Harry said. "Get over into that corner. That's right. Face the corner. Kneel down. Down. Okay. Now put your hands on top of your head. And stay there."

"What do you want?" the old man asked again.

"I think you know what we want, pops," Harry said. "You keep money around and sooner or later somebody is going to take it away from you. That time has come. Where's the box, pops?" He watched them carefully and saw the girl's inadvertent sidelong glance toward the wall at his right. "Watch them," he said to Ronny. He went over to the paneled wall. No special effort had been made to conceal the safe. There was an exposed finger groove on the sliding panel. He slid it open and looked at the face of the safe. It had a big dial, a sturdy look.

"Now come here and open it, pops."

The old man sat straighter in his chair. "I don't believe I will, thank you." His voice was stronger.

"Now," Mullin said, smiling behind his mask, "we got a little difference of opinion. I think you'll open it."

The old man smiled. Mullin had to admire him. There was nothing chicken about this old man. "I happen to be the only one who knows the combination. It is a very good safe."

"Stop quacking, old man."

"As a doctor I know the state of my own health. If you attempt to use violence on me, my heart will very probably stop. And you'll be left with a very pretty problem, won't you?"

Mullin motioned to the girl. "Come over here, honey. Yes, you. Come on, or I come and get you." The girl got up slowly. She looked at the old man. She moved slowly, timidly, toward Mullin. Mullin looked at the old man and saw the sudden doubt, apprehension.

He motioned the girl closer. It had to be dramatic. When she was close enough he stabbed suddenly with the stiffened fingers of his left hand, stabbing her brutally in the solar plexus. The girl doubled up violently and fell to her knees, fighting for breath with a gagging sound. It was the only sound in the room and it gradually died away.

"Pops?" Mullin asked.

The old man pushed himself to his feet. "I . . . I can't fight that sort of thing."

"Soon as she can stand up, I'll try it again."

"No. No, please. I'll . . ."

Ronny gave a yell of warning. Mullin turned in time to see the book flying at his head. Preston on his feet lunging toward the fireplace. There was not quite time to duck the book. It struck his head a glancing blow, twisting the rubber mask so that the eyeholes became useless. He pawed at the mask with his free hand and got it straightened. Preston had used the old man as cover, and now he came from behind the old man, came from an unexpected direction and Mullin saw the quick glint of brass as the fireplace tongs came down on his gun wrist. The gun tumbled across the rug and Preston pounced on it as Mullin stood immobilized by the pain in his wrist. Just as Preston started to straighten up, trying to reverse the gun in his hand, Ronny—at last presented with a clear shot—fired. He was using the Magnum. The slug hit bone. Preston was swept back as though struck by a swinging

"I wouldn't marry you if you were the first man on earth!"

boom. He crashed solidly into the bookcases and rebounded onto his face. He tried to push himself up off the floor. Ronny fired again. The gun sound was a vast ringing hammer blow.

"No," the girl said in a soft weak voice. "No, no, no."

"You and your fancy mask," Ronny said with contempt.

"Shut up," Mullin said. He couldn't close the fingers of his right hand. Bone grated in his wrist. He went over and picked up the gun in his left hand. It lay close to the dead fingers. He turned and looked at Ronny. "You said he was just a punk. You said he wouldn't have the nerve to try anything."

The car horn blew suddenly in the signal of warning. Ronny's eyes went wide. "Go check it," Mullin ordered. Ronny left the room.

"Move fast, pops," Mullin said. The old man walked to the safe with a wooden, tottering gait. He started to work the combination.

Ronny came to the doorway. "Fat man and a blonde woman. They parked out by the curb. They're looking at the black boy."

"Call them in here! Do something! Fast."

Ronny ran out and he heard him call, "You, out there! There's been some trouble. Would you step into the house please?"

He followed the couple into the study. They were in the room before they noticed the guns. The blonde woman put her hand to her throat. They both stared at the body. Then they looked unbelievingly at the fright mask on Mullin.

"Shut up!" Mullin said savagely. The safe door was open. The doctor went back and collapsed in his chair, eyes closed, lips bluish. Ronny lined up the two women and the heavy man, facing the wall. Mullin looked at the stacked money, at the incredible quantity of it. There was so much of it it had a ludicrous look. It made him want to laugh. "I'll hold them. Yell to her to bring in the three bags."

Mullin could stand the heat of the mask no longer. He pushed it up off his face. The old man was staring steadily at him. Mullin cursed him softly. Ronny and the woman came in with the bags, bumping them against the door frame.

Mullin motioned at the safe. "Pack it up." He heard the woman gasp, heard Ronny's low whistle of amazement. Mullin stood holding the gun on the others. He heard the rustlings and thuds as they packed the money. He could not seem to think clearly. Everything had been all right until Preston had broken his wrist. His thinking had become fuzzy. The big rolls of tape bulged in his side pocket. He tried to reachieve the feeling of calmness and certainty. He made himself breathe deeply and slowly. The wrist was hurting and swelling. It was a problem he did not like to think about.

"All set," Ronny said.

"Get the tape out of my pocket."

"That wrist looks bad."

"It's broken, damn it. Get the tape. Get to work."

Ronny took the blonde woman first. He made her lie face down on the floor. She objected and he cuffed her twice and she submitted meekly. Tape on wrists, ankles, and a strip across the mouth. The Preston girl was crying quietly. She made no protest. Ronny took no chances with the heavy man. He slugged him over the ear with the Magnum, taped him quickly as he lay unconscious. He didn't move the old man from the chair. He taped his wrists and ankles to the chair and put a strip across his mouth. It was a heavy chair.

"Now tape the one out in the yard," Mullin said.

"See if you think I got fat boy taped up enough. He looks powerful."

Mullin went over to the heavy man. He leaned over to see if the wrists were done properly. As he straightened up something crashed against his head and dropped him across the unconscious man on the floor. He was semiconscious. He could not move. He came back to full consciousness after his wrists and ankles were taped, just as the strip was placed across his mouth, pressed down. He looked up into Ronny's eyes. Ronny smiled down at him. He could see Sal over near the door, standing beside the suitcases, her eyes wide.

He thought Ronny was leaving him for the police. He thought that until he saw Ronny tear off a final three inch piece of wide tape. When he began to understand, he had the final, ultimate understanding of horror. Ronny put the tape across his nostrils, pressed it firmly in place. He strained and writhed with the effort to breathe. The room darkened until only Ronny's eyes were left, looking down at him. Then black blood burst behind his eyes, blotting out the world.

Toby Piersall had heard the Buick drive out. He lay still. His hands were full of pins and needles. When the woman had taken the tape off they had felt numb, as if they didn't belong to him. Now they hurt and the fingers didn't work right. He fumbled for the corner of the tape across his mouth and worked it free.

He sat up, moving more quickly and stripped the tape off his legs and ankles. It hurt too, but not as much. It took a long time to stand up. He was stiff and he felt high and tall on his legs. They felt wobbly, like a colt he had seen once, new-born. He had to lean against the wall for a little while. If they came back, he couldn't run. He listened to the stillness of the house. One of them might be left. He couldn't be sure. It could be a trick. He went to the windows. The outside air smelled fresh and good. He unlatched the screen and pushed it out. When he tried to climb out he fell heavily, jarring himself and biting his lip. He got up on the awkward stilt legs and walked slowly across through the sunshine toward his own home. He didn't want to see anybody. He wanted to get clean and

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then be alone in his room with the door shut and be safe there, and lie there and hear the others moving around the house and his father laughing and his mother singing, and even hear those corny records Sue played all the time. He wanted to lie on his bed and look at his models. He wanted to grease his bike and fish off the pier and make everything just like it was before. But he sensed that things would not ever be just as they had been before. There were dark things in the world. He had known about the dark things from far off, like in a movie or a book. But not close by. When they were far off you thought you could lick them by being quick and brave. When you saw them close by they were different. They made you into nothing. A bug on the sidewalk. They made you small and afraid and somehow dirty.

He walked into the house. He walked into the living room. His mother was on the couch. She jumped up and stared at him for a measureless moment, eyes and mouth wide. Then she was on him with wild cries, with tears that frightened him, rubbing her fingertips over the tape-raw lips, holding him tightly. Sue and his father came. They all tried to ask him questions at once. He could not answer. His father silenced the others with a roar of impatience. In the silence he said, "Where were you, son?"

"Next door. In the Mather house. I was all taped up. There were three men and a woman. The F.B.I. is after one of the men. I saw his picture in a magazine. I looked in their window to make sure. They caught me. It was him all right. They're gone now, I think." To his own enormous disgust he began to cry helplessly. His father went quickly to the phone.

Piersall's boy returned home at five-fifteen on Friday the fifteenth. Police entered the Mather house at five-twenty-five. The body was discovered almost immediately. The boy's identification was positive enough to warrant notifying the F.B.I. Descriptions were obtained. Walter Hedges, fortunately, had jotted down the number of the plates on the Buick. Immediate cooperation of the State Highway Patrol was obtained. Road blocks were established on Route 41 both north and south of Flamingo, as well as on pertinent secondary roads. These road blocks were in operation by ten minutes of six and were reinforced shortly thereafter.

A maximum effort was begun, utilizing all local police officers, all local radio facilities. It was assumed that the group planned some local operation, and it was hoped that the road blocks had been established quickly enough and far enough from Flamingo to ensure that the missing trio was inside the net and would remain so.

It was Lieutenant Dickson. on patrol with a Sergeant Moody in Car 6, who thought of the Tomlin residence as a possible target for the trio, rather than a bank, supermarket, or dog track. It was ten minutes after six when Car 6 turned into the block where the Tomlin house was.

Sally Leon seemed dazed, numbed. Her attitude irritated Ronny. He made her carry one suitcase out. He took the other two. He looked at the car and had an uneasy feeling about it, a hunch that it might be too readily spotted. He told the girl to wait. He looked at the two-tone job by the curb and saw that the keys were missing. It had dealer plates and it was of two shades of blue. He went in and got the keys out of the fat man's side pocket. He went back out. The woman was in the Buick. He opened the rear door and took out two of the suitcases.

"What are you doing?" she asked dully.

"You know the route, don't you? I'll follow you in the other car. Take it slow and easy. I'll hang back in the other car. I don't want that car found here. When we get to a good place I'll pass you and pull over. Then you can join me in the blue car. We're taking too damn long. Get rolling."

She drove out slowly. He swung the gates shut, heaved the two suitcases into the blue car, got behind the wheel and started after her. He looked in the rear vision mirror. He saw the police car coming up behind him. Sally had passed the intersection ahead. The siren started, a terrifying sound that stopped his breath. He swung left at the corner, leaving the pursuing car a choice. He looked back and saw the flash of black and white as the car continued on after the fleeing woman. Ronny drove two fast blocks and slowed down. If they were after the Buick so quickly, then main highways were going to be no good at all. He turned back toward the center of town. He could hear the thin fading scream of the siren. He suddenly thought of one way he might be able to leave town without difficulty. He adjusted the rear view mirror and drove on without haste, carefully, cautiously.

The siren awakened Sally Leon from the daze she had been in ever since she had watched Harry die. It had been horror as in a dream. She heard the siren and she saw the police car coming. She saw the months and years ahead, the starch and bars and coarse denim, the hard knuckles of the matrons, the harsh antiseptics of the cell block. She heard the way they screamed at night. She put the accelerator to the floor. When she reached the boulevard she ignored the STOP sign and swung out into the heavy traffic. She barely missed a panel delivery truck. She forced two cars off onto the wide shoulder. Tires screamed as she made the hard turn west.

This too was part of the Dream. The cameras picked up the speeding car and the pursuit. This was the heroine, tears of fright filling her eyes, the road swimming toward her at thunderous speed. It could not, of course, be real. The car was in a studio, rocked by levers while they dubbed in footage of a flashing road, dubbed in the tire sounds and the endless scream of the siren. And these were glycerine tears. Soon somebody would yell Cut and the bored men on the high catwalks would douse the lights and light cigarettes and look down at the sound stage. Then she would go back to her dressing room, sit at the table stacked high with fan mail, and the maid would bring her some coffee.

There was another STOP sign ahead. She went through it, touching the brake lightly, swung north on the Tamiami Trail into traffic. She found a clear stretch. But the siren was getting louder. She did not dare look back. A line of traffic loomed up ahead. She swung into the left lane, directly toward oncoming traffic, gas pedal to the floor. The oncoming cars darted off to her left, horns blaring, bouncing high on the shoulder. One did not move quickly enough. There was a tiny jar and clash of metal which did not slow her down.

The road was clear again. She had gained on the siren. Far ahead she saw the alternate wink of red lights for a railroad crossing. Far off to her right in the dying sunlight she saw a purple train coming. The cars ahead of her had stopped. Cars coming the other way had stopped. She kept the pedal to the floor, knowing that she could reach the crossing first and angle back between the waiting cars and be gone while the train blocked pursuit.

When she was still over a hundred feet from the crossing the monstrous purple engine crossed the road. She put the brake to the floor and closed her eyes. The wheels locked. The skid sound swallowed the siren sound. The noise of impact was like a single sharp cough in a great brass throat. To the woman it was impact without sound. It was a great flash of pure white light, and she stood under the marquee at the première, having just alighted from her limousine. The white bulb flashed and she smiled at all of them, at her fans.

"We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin. Harry Mullin has been found dead in the home of Dr. Paul Tomlin, retired local doctor. Mullin and his partner and

a woman raided the Tomlin home over an hour ago. They forced Dr. Tomlin to open a safe. Joseph Preston, who with his wife was a house guest, was shot to death by Mullin's partner. Mr. and Mrs. Dillon Parks arrived while the robbery was in process, and were tied up by the trio. Mullin was killed by his partner and the man and woman escaped with a large amount of cash, estimated by Dr. Tomlin to be close to eight hundred thousand dollars. Here is another bulletin. The getaway car has just been struck by a passenger train of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, seven miles north of Flamingo, while being pursued by a police vehicle . . .".

Ronald Crown abandoned the blue car in downtown Flamingo. He smeared his prints on the wheel and door handles, walked five blocks with the two heavy suitcases, and registered at a bay front motel at dusk, signing his name as George Peterson and explaining that he had arrived in Flamingo by bus.

He sat alone in the room and waited for his confidence to come back. It took a long, long time, longer than ever before. He felt that he had made too many bad decisions. And there were too many witnesses. He looked at his hands and he watched the trembling stop. He breathed slowly and deeply. It was going to be all right. Move carefully, quickly—and it would be all right. Because out there is the wide darkness of the water, and a million paths across it.

He found the boat at eight-thirty, tied up at a dock behind a private home. It was a sixteen-foot boat with a wide beam, with a husky outboard motor uptilted at the stern, with a paddle, with a five-gallon can of fuel. He could see into the house, see a man reading a paper. He went back to the motel and got the suitcases and went out the back way and down the shore. He put the suitcases in the boat, untied the lines, used the paddle to push away from the dock. The moon was new, stars high. The water was black, with an oily look. After he passed under the causeway bridge, he used the bridge lights to take the cover off the motor. He used his lighter flame to examine the unfamiliar controls.

Once he had the motor started, he headed down the channel toward the pass. Once he brushed an oyster bar, but the pin didn't shear. The motor was noisy and powerful. The water was choppy in the pass between Flamingo Key and Sand Key. The Gulf was calm. He headed well out from the land, turning gradually north. He went out until the city lights were dim on the horizon. The night wind blew against his face. Far up the coast he saw the reflected lights of another city. He hummed to himself, his voice lost in the motor roar. He grinned into the wind, ran his fingers through his pale hair. Somewhere up the line he would land near one of those glowing towns. He would buy clothing. There would be a train or a plane or a bus.

It wasn't going to be anywhere nearly as difficult as he had expected. It was going to come out all right after all.

Ben Piersall played golf alone on Wednesday, the twentieth of April. The windless heat had continued. The fairways were dry. His timing was off. But it was good to play again, and think of the things that had happened. Alien violence had come to Flamingo. The town had been datelined all over the country. He remembered the way the article in *Time* had begun: *Last Friday in a tall stone house in the West Coast Florida resort city of Flamingo, an unpleasant death came to lean, nervous, mask-faced Harry Mullin, murderer and thief. Forty minutes later his doughy blonde consort, Sally Leon, was smashed to her death against . . .*

He wondered if the town would ever look exactly the same to him again. There was a stain on the city. It seemed to have become a part of a rougher world. He knew his own home would not be the same. The boy had changed. He had done more growing up than should be expected of an eleven-year-old. And they had all learned that they lived closer to the unseen edge of disaster than they had realized. Perhaps it would be good. Perhaps it would mean more appreciation of each day. But there was still a nervous edge to their laughter, and the nights seemed longer and darker than ever before.

The others were changed too. Maybe it had helped Dil and Lennie—helped their marriage. Only time would tell. Laurie Preston would stay on with the doctor.

He three-putted the eighteenth green and then pulled his caddy cart into the locker room, mentally totaling his score. He opened his locker. Some men were talking in the next aisle and he recognized Walter Hedges' self-important voice.

". . . over the phone. They found the boat this afternoon. He was about sixty miles off Fort Myers. As near as they can figure, he died sometime yesterday or maybe during the night. But he'd been dying for days. Ever since Saturday. Nothing aboard but him and a paddle and the money. Just enough wind out of the northeast so he couldn't make a nickel paddling against it. They figure he was headed up the coast and they figure he thought he had extra fuel in a five-gallon can there in the boat, so he went pretty far out. But that can was full of straight oil. It hadn't been mixed, so it didn't do him any good. All that money, and I bet he would have given every dollar of it for one glass of water along about Monday . . ."

The voice trailed off as Walter walked out with his friends. Ben dressed. That was the end of it. The manhunt could stop. The last one of the four strangers was dead, the last loose end snipped off. He drove slowly home through the dusk. He looked at the Mather house as he turned into his driveway.

Joan met him at the door. The screen door hissed shut behind them as they walked arm in arm into the house.

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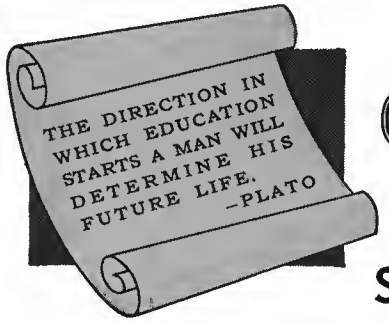

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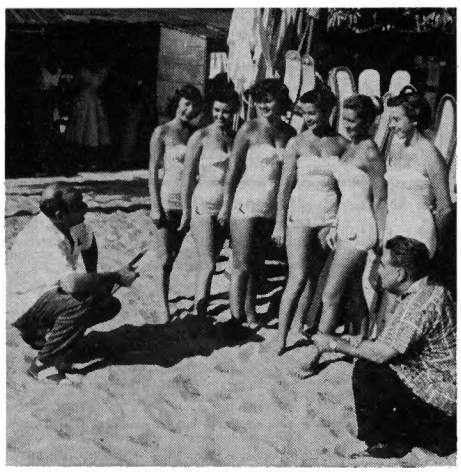
THE LAST WORD

NORTHERN GLOW

Vancouver, British Columbia: What a terrific magazine COSMOPOLITAN is! Someone handed me a copy recently and since then I've been collecting all the back issues I can. —HELEN KONDRATIUK

ENDURING YOUNG CHARMS

Winter Haven, Florida: I thought your readers would enjoy seeing the "hardships" artist Ben Stahl endured in the



Artist and aquamaids

line of COSMOPOLITAN duty down here at Cypress Gardens [See illustration for "Full Fathom Five," page 34]. Here's a photo of Ben and me on the beach with some of our beautiful aquamaids.

—DICK POPE

CREDIT CORRECTION

Chicago, Illinois: We appreciate your mention of the American Medical Association's interest in hospital accreditation ["How Emotions Cause Unnecessary Surgery," November, 1955]. However, that part of our activity is now handled by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, a voluntary agency which represents the AMA, American Hospital Association, American College of Surgeons, American College of Physicians and Canadian Medical Association. COSMOPOLITAN readers who want information on specific hospitals should write to the Joint Commission, 660 North Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois.

—GEORGE F. LULL, M.D.
SECRETARY-GENERAL MANAGER
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

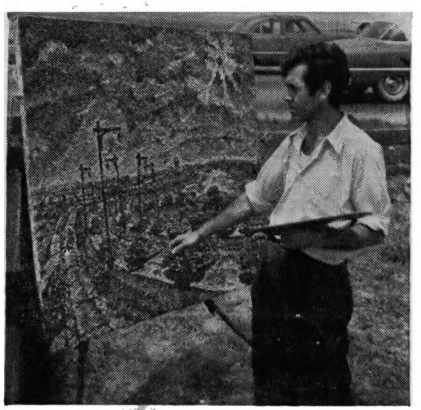
TOO MANY BUREAUS

New York, New York: Martin L. Gross' November article, "How Many Secrets Do You Have Left?" leaves me trembling with tribulation. We are progressing backwards . . . straight into decadent, ancient Rome. The rising monarchy of Credit Bureaus is a despicable example of self-exalted gods. There is only one consolation: they will be their own undoing. —HAROLD V. BLACKMAN

GROWING ARTIST

Brooklyn, New York: Thirty-four years ago, the Quaker H. E. Field reproduced three paintings by Samuel Rothbort in the *Arts* Magazine. An opposing critic wrote: "Giving a young artist publicity is like giving a growing boy strong wine." The fact remains that Field's personal interest encouraged my father's art, and he doesn't drink liquor.

I don't drink liquor either, and I see not only good fellowship in your recent



Like father, like son

presentation of my work ["What One Artist Sees," November, 1955], but also challenge and responsibility. My thanks to the COSMOPOLITAN staff.

—LARRY ROTHBORT

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Looking into February

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★ ***FAMILY CRISIS**—What social scientists have discovered about reactions to sickness, conflict between husbands and wives, and loss of income, can make you a happier family.*

★ ***THE FINGER**—by Henry Kane, is a thrilling novel about a wife who finds her missing husband's finger in an icebox, the same finger whose print seems to prove his guilt.*

★ ***PHIL SILVERS**—tells the surprising backstage story of his transformation from Top Banana to Top Sergeant Bilko, the slick, fast-talking schemer whose backfiring confidence games have made him into one of the top-ranking television comedians.*

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Center: Stripe Shirt, same as left, now shown over pocketed Bermuda shorts with adjustable side zipper in Black, Charcoal, Navy, White 4.98

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